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College Years

RALPH D. PAINE



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1.



Peter Burnham clamped a heavy hand on the lad's shoulder.

COLLEGE YEARS

RALPH D. FEIN

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NEW YORK

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1909



COLLEGE YEARS

BY

RALPH D. PAINE

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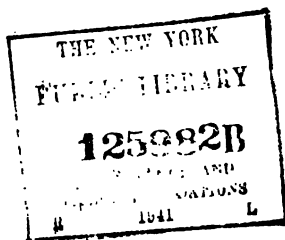
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PETER BURNHAM, PITCHER

PETER BURNHAM did not make his appearance at the Yale Field to try for the university nine until mid-way in the playing season. The team had returned from its tour of practice games during the Easter vacation and the available material seemed to have been thoroughly tested, particularly the pitching talent, for which the college had been searched as with a fine-toothed comb. No more than a handful of his classmates had even a speaking acquaintance with Peter Burnham. He had joined them at the beginning of this, his Sophomore year, a belated arrival who showed no inclination to play a part in their manifold activities. To the "solid men" who had already forged to the front as leaders of the class he was no more than one of a large number of indistinguishable book-worms, or "greasy grinds," who cared nothing about "working for the college."

A very tall, loose-jointed, and ungainly figure was Peter Burnham as he plodded to and fro across the campus, from dormitory to recitation hall and "eating joint" in a monotonous circuit. Whether from shyness or ingrained taciturnity, he had little to say even to his neighbors, and their boyish effervescence and native friendliness were dampened in the presence of his

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rugged, unsmiling countenance, wherefore they left him alone. Captain Tommy Prentice of the university nine could not recall having laid eyes on him when Peter Burnham stalked across the diamond and stood watching the pitchers "warm up" for the afternoon practice. He attracted the captain's notice because he was clad in a faded, grass-stained baseball uniform which made him look taller, thinner, and more awkward than usual. The visor of a battered cap was pulled over his eyes and he was chewing gum. Presently he walked to the home plate with a careless, slouching gait, and abruptly addressed the captain:

"My name is P. Burnham. I have come out to try for the nine."

"You took a few months to make up your mind about it, P. Burnham. I am not looking for candidates at this stage of the season," dryly returned Tommy Prentice. "What position do you think you can play?"

Peter Burnham scowled, chewed gum for a moment, and gazed down at the other from beneath bushy black brows. Then he said with heavy deliberation as if anxious to make himself clear:

"I entered college last fall with three 'conditions,' for I had to stay home and work when I ought to have been here as a Freshman. I have had to study all the time to catch up with my class and get rid of those conditions. I passed the last one yesterday, and now I can give some time to baseball. I've pitched a good deal, but I can play behind the bat or hold down a base,

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and I guess I can cover a good deal of ground in the outfield."

"And where did you learn to be a whole baseball team?" snapped Tommy Prentice, inwardly staggered by the phlegmatic assurance of this extraordinary stranger.

"In my home town, Carbonville, Pennsylvania. The State Leaguers were after me hard, and I was offered a try-out with the Philadelphia Nationals last season. But I play ball for the fun of it, and I was coming to college. I don't intend to be a professional ball player. I expect to plug my way through the Law School some day."

While he was speaking, Peter Burnham was staring over Tommy Prentice's head at the trimly clad Yale players, his serious, dogged features becoming curiously alight with intensity of interest. The captain felt oddly uncomfortable, as if he were being patronized by this calmly confident outsider, but he was a fair-minded youth and he replied with a quizzical glance:

"Why don't you ask for my place at short-stop, P. Burnham? It is about the only position you failed to mention."

"I guess I could push you hard for it, and, anyhow, I may be able to give you a few hints about handling hot line drives," returned the other without the shadow of a smile. "You are fast on your feet, but your throwing to first is too uncertain."

"Oh, see here, no more nonsense," and Tommy Prentice was plainly nettled. "I will call a few of

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your bluffs right now. Go get that mask and protector on the bench, and play behind the bat for an inning or two. My regular catcher is laid off to-day and you can have a chance to handle Stuyvesant's pitching. If you can hold him, I shall take some stock in you."

Peter Burnham smiled for the first time, then gravely nodded, and without another word sauntered to the bench and made ready to face the redoubtable Stuyvesant. "Confound him, he looks as if he thought this was mere child's play," peevishly muttered the captain as he ordered the first nine into the field while the "scrubs" went to bat. Stuyvesant peeled off his sweater and swaggered to his place, a handsome, stalwart, curly headed young man, with an excessively good opinion of himself. Peter Burnham walked toward him as if to inquire what signals were to be used between pitcher and catcher, but Stuyvesant shrugged his shoulders, turned his back, and tossed the ball at the second baseman. Tommy Prentice comprehended the intentional slight, but refrained from rebuke. Stuyvesant was vain, spoiled, and hard to handle, but inasmuch as he was Yale's main reliance in the box, the captain felt obliged, sorely against his will, to humor his vexatious snobbishness.

No sooner had a batsman taken his station than the pitcher sent a swift out-shoot wide of the plate. With no trace of his former awkwardness, Peter Burnham instantaneously extended himself and with one glove easily gathered in what Stuyvesant had intended to be

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a passed ball. Then straightening himself to an astonishing height, he slammed the ball down to second with a deadly swiftness and accuracy that caught the baseman wholly unprepared. Tommy Prentice grinned and sung out:

"Put some steam into your arm, Stuyvesant. Don't be afraid to let yourself out."

Peter Burnham smiled grimly behind his mask, and the disgruntled pitcher flushed with anger. His conceit was more sharply pricked as he observed how nonchalantly this shabby upstart handled the subsequent bombardment, easily sure of himself, playing his position with intuitive brilliancy and dash. The captain, surprised and impressed, was eager to discover whether the stranger could bat to match his ability in the field, and therefore ordered Stuyvesant to remain at his post and pitch an inning for the "scrubs." When it came P. Burnham's turn at bat he faced Stuyvesant with such an unruffled, indifferent air that the star Yale pitcher felt insulted. There was just cause for resentment when this lanky, solemn-visaged person landed viciously on the second ball delivered and drove it into far left-field for a clean three bagger. Even Captain Tommy Prentice learned something of the art of base-running as he watched Peter Burnham flit around to third like a long, gray shadow, and shortly thereafter steal home with cold-blooded, masterful audacity.

Mechanically chewing gum, Peter Burnham emerged from the mud and clods in which his terrific slide had

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enveloped him and, indicating the pitcher with a jerk of his thumb, remarked to Tommy Prentice:

"Swelled head—bad case—been having things too much his own way. I don't want you to think I am that kind—but do you mind my pitching a couple of innings for the 'scrubs'? I want to be tried out, and I can pitch some."

The captain's heart was fast warming to this reliant, self-contained ball player, and he cordially returned:

"Get busy. I have a notion that you are going to put my first nine up against the real thing."

Peter Burnham promptly moved into the diamond and proceeded to contort his six feet and three inches of length into a series of spectacular kinks before he let fly the first ball, which smacked against the catcher's glove as if it had been shot from a gun. "One strike," called Tommy Prentice to the baffled batsman. Twisting himself into another hard knot, Peter Burnham became suddenly untangled, and again the deluded bat swung against empty air. Then, by way of variety, he lazily tossed a slow-dropping ball which looked absurdly easy to smite to the outfield fence. But the captain exclaimed "three strikes," and marched to the plate as the next victim of Peter Burnham's exhibition of the science of trajectories. He saved himself by popping up a weak fly, after which the third man ingloriously struck out. Tommy Prentice had seen enough to make him think hard and he called Peter aside with the friendly injunction:

"Don't risk getting stiffened up on the first day,

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P. Burnham. Put on your sweater and jog-trot into the campus. If you have nothing else to do, will you come around to my rooms this evening? I want to talk to you."

The tall pitcher nodded, pulled his frayed sweater over his head, and trotted from the field without looking behind him. The captain gazed after the singular figure and said to Stuyvesant:

"What do you think of him?"

"I think he is a mucker," sourly replied the crack Yale pitcher. "He looks and acts like a rank professional, a cast-off from some minor league nine. I don't care how much baseball he knows—he isn't the kind of man that ought to play on a Yale team."

"Just because he doesn't patronize your tailor and didn't make a Sophomore society, eh? I liked the way he handled himself, and I believe he is a man from the ground up. Afraid he will make you hustle, are you?"

Stuyvesant flushed and sourly answered:

"You had better find out more about him before you ask him to associate with a team of gentlemen at the training table. As far as my position goes, I won't lose any sleep."

"He will keep you wide-awake in the day-time, all right," retorted Tommy Prentice as he beckoned the "scrubs" to come in from the field.

Shortly after supper the captain heard a hesitant rapping at his sitting-room door and opened it to find Peter Burnham waiting, hat in hand. In his street

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clothes, which came nowhere near fitting him, he looked overgrown and uncertain of himself, as if the confident demeanor of the afternoon had been put off with his baseball uniform. Nevertheless, as he entered with a muttered word or two, he impressed Tommy Prentice as a man of reserve power, more mature, more largely experienced in the stress and toil of the world beyond the campus than the prevailing type of happy-go-lucky undergraduate.

"Are you going to have time to come out to the field every day?" was the captain's first question.

"I can make time from now on," said Peter Burnham, and his smouldering black eyes fairly sparkled as he went on: "You see, I would rather play ball than eat. I was captain of a nine when I was a ragged little shaver in knee pants, and I have been playing ever since. When I was working in a coal-breaker I was never too tired to play on the open lots after supper, and I thought of nothing else on Sundays and holidays. It has been a hard fight to keep grinding away at my books all the spring and never go near the college diamond."

"You did not come to college to play baseball, I can see that," was the captain's smiling comment. "Tell me more about yourself and your home town. Up in the anthracite country, isn't it?"

"Yes, in the blackest, ugliest corner of it. And I am going back there to practise law some day, even though there may be more money in playing ball." Peter Burnham smote his knee with a hard, sinewy

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hand and straightened in his chair, determination written in every line of his rough-hewn, aggressive features. He knitted his brows and there was a perceptible note of regret in his voice as he continued:

"I am not very popular with the fellows in my class. They size me up as a greasy grind and a grouch with no college spirit. Behind my back they call me 'Slovenly Peter.' But I am a good Yale man, Prentice. I love the place and its traditions, and I worked like a nigger to get here. But I want something more than an education at Yale. I want to work for her, to fight for her, to win for her. Though I can't travel with the popular men, I *can* play ball, and Yale is not going to turn me down because my clothes and manners are not up to par, or because I toiled with my two hands to get an education and be a Yale man."

"You will get a square deal from me, on and off the field," resolutely quoth Tommy Prentice. "And, although I don't know you very well, Burnham, I somehow feel that I can talk to you as straight from the shoulder as you have talked to me. I saw enough this afternoon to show me that you have forgotten more baseball than I ever knew. But I must use some tact in handling the situation. Stuyvesant, the pitcher, showed a nasty spirit to-day—you sized that up for yourself. He is a trouble-maker all the time, and if I am not careful he will set the whole team by the ears. He has been the best pitcher in college for the last two years and we can't do without him. Supposing you do make good and crowd him out of first place, I shall

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need him as a change pitcher. If you make the team, and I think you will, I am going to ask you to overlook his unmannerly breaks. It is all for the college, you understand. And now, what do you think of the material? It sounds rather funny for me to be asking you such a question, but somehow you seem older than us fellows, as if you were a seasoned outsider who had dropped in to play with us for the fun of it."

This ingenuous confession of confidence and esteem gave Peter Burnham so much genuine pleasure that he grew red in the face and studied the pattern of the rug, as if trying to tide the telltale signs of an unaccustomed emotion.

"A fine willing lot of boys," he said after a brief interval of silence. "You have a smart fielding team and you seem to be handling them with good judgment. Stuyvesant is your hardest proposition. I don't want to say much until I have been with them a week or two. I appreciate your asking my opinion. It means a good deal to me. I shall be glad to give you any advice that seems worth while. But you are the captain, all the time. I believe in discipline. I will take my medicine; you need not be afraid of that."

Peter Burnham arose, held out his hand, and Tommy Prentice gripped it with honest warmth. "Three o'clock at the field to-morrow afternoon," said the captain.

"All right, sir. Good night and thank you."

Ten days later Peter Burnham was chosen to pitch for Yale against the Brown University nine while young

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Mr. Richard Stuyvesant sulked in the outfield. It was a one-sided contest, for the pitcher, whom a Providence newspaper referred to as "the slab-sided skyscraper from the Elis' camp," struck out fourteen men and allowed two scratch hits. By this time Peter had been taken to the training table, and at supper, after this splendid performance, his comrades had much to say in his praise. With eyes fixed on his plate he returned as few words of thanks as possible and refused to be drawn into the general conversation. Tommy Prentice alone had broken through his shell of reticence, and when they were apart from the others the pitcher waxed even loquacious. On this occasion, the captain was glad of Peter's uncommon powers of silence, for Stuyvesant, sore and angry at being publicly set aside, behaved as if bent on picking a quarrel. His unpleasant remarks were not launched directly at Peter, but their insinuations were not hard to comprehend. His neighbors tried to suppress him, but he was in a rash and bitter mood, and persisted in talking about "muckers in college baseball." At length, when Peter Burnham had paid no heed whatever to these thinly veiled taunts, Stuyvesant quite lost his head and said in louder tones to the disgusted first baseman who sat beside him:

"I just heard a mucker story that is the limit. A fellow who had been a coal miner or something of the kind, butted into a college ball team and tried to pass himself off as a gentleman. And he thought nobody would find out that his father kept a gin-mill, a regular

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booze-kennel. I call that pretty rich. I suppose the son tended bar for the old bum in his spare time."

If Stuyvesant imagined that Peter Burnham would be ashamed to confess himself the son in question, he was disastrously mistaken. With a black curse the man from Carbonville leaped to his feet, kicked his chair aside, and doubled around the corner of the table in a headlong rush at Stuyvesant. The quarters were cramped, Peter stumbled, and before he could resume his onset two players had made flying tackles and were jamming him into a corner of the room. Towering above them, a sinister figure, transformed from the self-repressed student into the two-fisted, elemental man of the mining town, Peter shook his long arm at Stuyvesant and shouted in a voice his comrades had never heard:

"Yes, my father kept a saloon, God rest his soul. He was an honest man, a good man, and I am not ashamed of his memory. He would have disowned a sneaking whelp like you. If you ever say another word against him, I'll kill you, so help me. Let go of me, fellows. I won't put my hands on him. I promise. He isn't worth it."

As suddenly as he had blazed into deadly wrath, Peter Burnham subdued himself, returned to his place, picked up his chair, and sat himself down to finish his supper. Silent, inscrutable, he waited until most of the men had departed, and then walked toward the campus with Tommy Prentice. The captain respected and admired him more than before, but felt

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an awkward diffidence about referring to the unhappy episode. With bent head and hands in his pockets, Peter Burnham slouched along the pavement until they sighted the lighted windows of the Old Brick Row which glowed like so many friendly beacons. Peter halted, gazing at them. After a while he said with a sigh:

"Yale means a great deal to me, Prentice. This is my battle-ground and I am going to win. And part of my campaign is joined with your interests, and I want to do my duty. I ought not to have lost my temper, after you asked me to help you keep Stuyvesant with the team until the big games are played. He isn't big enough to hurt me. The college is first, and I will make no more trouble until after the team disbands. Then Stuyvesant will have to eat his words; but you and I will say nothing more about it. You heard what he called my father. My father wanted me to be a good man, a strong man, and he did the best he could."

"Dick Stuyvesant is brain-sick with jealousy and disappointment. He is an overgrown baby who was spoiled at home," said Tommy Prentice. "Judging by results, *his* father is a failure alongside of yours. You lost no friends to-night, Peter. We all swear by you. Good night."

To the captain's immense relief Stuyvesant wore a chastened air for some time thereafter, and, inasmuch as Peter Burnham ignored his existence, the playing season moved toward its climax with no more open dissension.

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Tommy Prentice was therefore surprised beyond measure when Peter confided to him after a hard day's practice:

"Stuyvesant can't see anything bigger in life than pitching a championship game of ball. He never thinks of the college for a minute. It is all for his own glory. That is what makes him half-crazy now. I don't want to bother you with trifles, but he tried to cripple me to-day. Did you see his bat fly out of his hands when he swung at the ball, and I was standing a few feet away? He meant to land on me and call it an accident. I dodged in time, because my eye is quick and I happened to be looking straight at him. I saw it in his face. I have handled a good many men in my time, some of them bad, and I don't go wrong on reading signs. Don't let it worry you. I can take care of myself. But you ought to know."

"Tried to cripple you?" echoed Tommy Prentice, taken all aback. "I can't believe it. He couldn't be insane enough to——"

"It is the same motive, jealousy, that has made a good many sudden funerals in the hard-coal country," quietly replied Peter. "Never mind. I shall get him yet. I am in no hurry."

It seemed to the boyish captain that he vaguely discerned the shadows of a darker, sterner world than he had known, as if this Peter Burnham had been moulded and hardened into manhood before his time. College quarrels were soon mended. It was alien to the spirit of the place to hold fast to a grudge, patiently,

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unhurriedly, and be content to satisfy it at some distant day. But the youngster made no comment. He had come under the domination of a stronger man than himself, and not alone in baseball matters was Peter Burnham his confidant and counsellor.

Although he was studying hard for the final examinations of the college year, Peter showed no signs of weakening under the strain of pitching the nine to victory in the series of championship games with Princeton. His energy was so unflagging and his work so consistently brilliant that Stuyvesant's last hope of being used in at least one of the games faded and died. He had been totally eclipsed, and there was small chance of his being able to display his prowess before the thousands of cheering spectators at the Commencement games with Harvard. He was not a thorough-paced villain, only a vain, foolish boy, whose dearest ambition had been snatched from his grasp. Shortly before the first Harvard game, Peter Burnham said to the captain with a contemptuous laugh:

"Have you heard that Stuyvesant is to pitch for the summer nine at Hillcrest on Lake George? A big hotel is backing the team. He mentioned the fact to one of the men at the training table."

"Well, what of it, Peter? It is an amateur team, isn't it? He is not going to play for a salary. His family may have a summer cottage up there, for all I know. Stuyvesant expects to play with us next year. He hasn't given up the hope of crowding you out of your job, and he would rather be an outfielder and substi-

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tute pitcher than to be retired from the lime-light entirely. He would not queer himself by playing professional ball; I am sure of it."

"You don't know him," growled Peter. "Let me tell you something more. The manager of the Hillcrest nine wrote *me* a letter only two weeks ago, and what do you think he said? He wanted me to spend the summer at the hotel and pitch on the team, for fun, of course. But he suggested that every Saturday night he would be delighted to play a game of billiards with me for fifty dollars a side. He added, as a postscript, '*I am a terribly bad billiard player.*' It made me sick. It was easy enough to see what he was driving at. I was to win all those billiard games and pocket fifty dollars a week, and still be able to swear that I had not played ball for money so that I might keep a clean record as an amateur with my college team. I wrote the foxy sport that it would do me fifty dollars' worth of good to give him a punch on the jaw."

"So you think Stuyvesant has accepted the offer you turned down," said Tommy.

"Of course he has. He doesn't need the money as much as I do, either," and Peter glanced ruefully at his own rather seedy clothing. "Nor does he dream that I know what the arrangement with the hotel is. He wants to play to the grand-stand, to be a little tin god among the fluffy summer girls, and he has no scruples against pocketing the cash to pay his college poker debts. He owes money right and left and his own pals are beginning to sour on him."

^

PETER BURNHAM, PITCHER

"But you can't prove it, Peter. His tracks are covered. After the Harvard games the team and Stuyvesant are off my hands."

"He ought not to be allowed to play with us next year, even if the team has another captain," and Peter looked ugly. "He ought not to be in college at all. He is a mistake. He has no business to be in Yale. I am ashamed of him. And, between us, he is not coming back. I am going to attend to that."

"But you can't run him out of college," protested the other. "He has the cheek of the devil, and, besides, you can't make out a case against him. I owe him a grudge or two myself, but I have given up the notion of picking a row with him."

Peter Burnham's face was even more unpleasant to see as he slowly spoke between his teeth:

"No man can insult my father and try to break my arm with a baseball bat and not be sorry for it sooner or later. Better leave him to me. I will square accounts for both of us."

Against the crimson-legged foemen from Cambridge Peter pitched two whirlwind games, and achieved a glorious finale of his season's career. After the second victory he tarried not to see the boat-race at New London, but with a few words of farewell to his comrades of the nine he departed toward the grimy anthracite region of Pennsylvania. To Tommy Prentice, who had urged him to be his guest for part of the summer, he explained that he had promised to go to work as book-keeper in a coal company's office the day after his last

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game. The Yale captain, now a new-fledged alumnus, was made of less heroic stuff, and he looked forward to a long and lazy vacation before attempting to earn his salt in his father's employ. Late in July he returned from a coastwise cruise in a classmate's yacht and found the following letter from Peter Burnham:

"It is a dull summer in our part of the country and our colliery has closed down for repairs. This throws me out of a job. I have been thinking some about Stuyvesant. Last night, in bed, an idea came to me that looks good. I wish I could get a chance to play ball somewhere on Lake George for the rest of the summer. I should be glad to pay my own expenses or work for my board, for the satisfaction of getting a ball team together and licking Stuyvesant's nine out of its boots. It would make him feel sadder than anything else in the world. If I could surprise him, then outpitch him, and rub it into him good and hard before all those summer people, it would break his heart. This sounds foolish to you, I suppose. I am pitching for the Carbonville Eureka's and keeping in first-class form. If you have time, write and tell me what you are doing to kill time. Sincere regards."

Had Tommy Prentice been in Peter's place he would have hammered the handsome countenance of Richard Stuyvesant with his two fists. It did not occur to him that Peter's conception of "getting even" was more subtly intelligent, more certain to inflict suffering and humiliation. He could not comprehend the spirit of a revenge which sought to wreak its purpose by stab-

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bing a man through his consuming vanity. The letter appealed to Tommy as rather humorous, and he said to himself with a laugh:

"Of course, Peter couldn't evolve a plan to get after Stuyvesant's scalp without sticking strictly to baseball strategy. He is a genius as long as he doesn't wander away from the diamond. And I begin to think his idea is a corker. Why, I have nothing better to do myself. I'll be delighted to play short-stop with his Lake George avengers."

The seed having been planted in the fertile soil of Tommy Prentice's imagination soon sprouted in a much larger growth than Peter had dreamed of. Why not muster as many of the Yale nine as possible, reflected Tommy, and play the host for a house-party on the shore of Lake George? It would be the most delightful kind of a reunion, and all his late comrades would be glad to play ball against Stuyvesant's hotel nine. Thereupon he despatched urgent invitations, and took it blithely for granted that most of them would rally to the call. Without waiting for all the replies, he set forth for the Lake George region to find quarters for his guests.

The impulsive pilgrimage resulted in the lease, for one month, of a large and well-appointed farm-house about twenty miles from Stuyvesant, at Hillcrest, and a half-hour's brisk walk from the pretentious Lake-view Hotel and cottage colony. Having installed himself as lord of the manor, Tommy impatiently awaited the coming of his trusty companions of the diamond,

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who soon began to appear with enthusiastic applause of the scheme. Among the early arrivals was Peter Burnham, who greeted the captain with an air of blinking amazement, as if he had been caught up on a magic carpet and transported to a scene from the "Arabian Nights."

"Did you really work all this out from my suggestion?" he asked. "What is the next move? You seem to have it mapped out from start to finish."

"Back in yonder woods is a forty-acre pasture," airily answered the host. "A force of hirelings is rolling the infield and carting rocks from the rest of it. As soon as the other fellows turn up we shall begin daily practice, and nobody will be the wiser. The Lakeview Hotel, near by, is supporting some kind of a nine made up of college has-beens and scrubs, and their great series to wind up the season will be played with the Hillcrest outfit, Captain Richard Stuyvesant. When the proper time comes, I shall interview the manager of this Lakeview Hotel, inform him that a number of Yale players happen to be visiting me, and offer our services to strengthen his team. Whereupon he will gladly side-track his second-rate aggregation and permit us to fight for his colors. This means that the Yale nine, in a solid body, will confront one Richard Stuyvesant on the day of his first game with Lakeview, and give him the scare of his life. Later features of the campaign will be mapped out as needed."

Viewed as an undergraduate house-party, this mobilization of Yale baseball heroes was a happy inspiration.

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Its abounding good-fellowship was a revelation to solitary Peter Burnham, who thawed and became even jovial. He particularly enjoyed a visit from a class-mate who had been secretly summoned from Hillcrest, where he happened to be a guest at the hotel. Having been pledged to say nothing about Tommy Prentice's baseball colony, this visitor delivered himself of the following report from the enemy's camp:

"Stuyvesant is actually chestier than ever and thinks he has a team that will play horse with anything in these parts. A lot of rattle-headed summer girls are making a fool of him, and to hear him talk you'd think there never was a Yale pitcher by the name of Peter Burnham. He expects to wind up the season in a blaze of glory, have a big dinner given in his honor for winning the championship of Lake George, and maybe grab off an heiress for all I know."

"What kind of a team has he?" asked Peter, never for a moment diverted from the main issue.

"Pretty fair—half a dozen old college players, Dartmouth, Amherst, and Harvard men, most of them playing for the fun of it. But they are mere shadows beside the splendid Richard Stuyvesant, the curly-headed hero of the Yale diamond. He wears his university jersey with the 'Y' on it in swimming, and you ought to see his condescending nod when he meets a couple of our Freshmen who are staying at the hotel. He is the limit, sure enough, and he has me blushing for my college most of the time."

"Have you heard him say anything about us fel-

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lows and the baseball season at New Haven?" asked Tommy Prentice.

"Oh, he doesn't think much of you as a captain, and he sneers a good deal at Peter Burnham," cheerfully replied the bearer of tidings. "It will be worth a fortune to watch the classic features of the Stuyvesant person when you march on the field. I shall roll in the grass and sob for joy."

This entertaining information inspired the house-party to more vigorous practice in the forty-acre pasture and filled them with impatience to move on the enemy's works. Tommy Prentice interviewed the manager of the Lakeview Hotel with most satisfactory results. He was overjoyed at the opportunity of annexing the Yale championship nine to fatten his own profits and prestige, and in the fulness of his gratitude offered to subsidize a brass band to play the heroes into action. He was persuaded to subdue his elation to the extent of swearing, with his hand upon his heart, that he would not mention his good fortune to another soul until the day of the game.

Two steamboats were required to carry the hotel guests and cottagers of Lakeview to the scene of the first contest at Hillcrest. The baseball team went on board early and were sequestered in a cabin where they lingered until the crowd had gone ashore lest any advance tidings should be carried to Stuyvesant. Captain Tommy Prentice led his veterans into a curtained omnibus and they were driven to the secluded club-house on the golf course. As soon as they were dressed in

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their own gray uniforms, with "Y-A-L-E" lettered across the chest, and the blue stockings and caps proclaiming the historic color of their clan, Tommy Prentice made a brief address:

"Peter Burnham and I have good reasons for wanting to hang Stuyvesant's hide on a fence. You stood by us at New Haven, and we want you to play as hard to-day as if you were going up against Harvard or Princeton. It may look foolish to you, but you will understand better before the day is over."

Peter Burnham pulled his battered visor low, hunched up his belt, and ceased chewing gum long enough to add:

"Eat 'em alive. If you don't knock Stuyvesant out of the box, Prentice and I will disown you. You don't like him; I know that much. I hate him."

The baseball grounds lay a short distance from the Hillcrest Hotel. The holiday crowd massed along three sides of the green carpet of turf like a colorful border, the charming aspect of innumerable young women in summer costumes, and the long lines of carriages and automobiles made the scene suggest the background of an important intercollegiate contest. Clad in immaculate white uniforms, the Hillcrest players had begun to scatter over the field for preliminary practice. Dick Stuyvesant swaggered past the grand-stand and, having beckoned to his catcher, began to "warm up" his mighty right arm.

Presently there appeared from behind the stand a string of gray uniforms. Stuyvesant bestowed a glance

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of studied indifference on his despised rivals from Lakeview, and then stood staring with one arm still upraised as if he had been electrocuted in that posture. There was no mistaking the prodigiously tall and lanky figure of Peter Burnham. At his heels marched the stocky, active likeness of Captain Tommy Prentice. Behind these formidable apparitions came other members of the Yale nine, one after another, Burgess, Hall, McIntire, Townsend, and the others. As they passed Stuyvesant his former comrades nodded carelessly as if this were the most commonplace meeting. Then clustering about Tommy they raised a lusty cheer which smote the ears of the Hillcrest pitcher with peculiar unfriendliness:

“Who are we
Can’t you see!
The Lakeview
Vigilance
Com-mit-tee.”

Pulling himself together, Stuyvesant rushed across the field and blurted to the Hillcrest manager:

“They have put up a job on us. This is not the nine from Lakeview at all. It is the Yale University team, captain, pitcher, and all. I won’t play. I am going to take my men off the field.”

However faulty the manager’s sporting ethics, he had plenty of courage and he snapped back:

“We may be up against it, but we are not going to crawfish. If the Lakeview people were smart enough to get a stronger team of college men than we rounded

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up, why, it is our fault. You are here to play ball, Mr. Stuyvesant. So shut up and do the best you can."

The Yale men were seated in a row upon one of the players' benches. When Stuyvesant returned from his conference he passed within earshot of them and their cheerful remarks to each other concerning his personal characteristics were irritating in the extreme. There was no doubt that he had been chosen as the victim of some kind of a conspiracy, and his nerves were already shaken. He could not have been more amazed to see them hop from a passing cloud, but what troubled and dismayed him even more was that their manner was so openly hostile. He would have given all he possessed to be a hundred miles from this hateful field on which he had hoped to make so gallant a figure. With a half-hearted shout he summoned his men to the bench, and Captain Tommy Prentice led his men out for practice. Stuyvesant watched them with nervous, frowning concern, and muttered:

"They handle themselves as if they had not been out of training at all. They never moved with more ginger. Why have they been working so hard for this game and where did they come from? No hotel could hire them to play ball, even for a day."

All too soon to please him, the umpire, a weather-beaten league player, dusted the home plate with his cap, looked at his watch, and barked "Time. Play ball." The toss of a coin had favored Tommy Prentice and he led his men into the field, Peter Burnham stalking to the pitcher's slab with an air of careless assurance

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as if his task were hardly worth while taking seriously. Stuyvesant bitterly regretted that he had headed the batting list with his own name, and as he walked to the plate all his jauntiness and swagger departed.

The demeanor of Peter Burnham was also altered. Frowning, deliberate, he looked at the environing crowds, then at his intended victim. A curious, expectant silence prevailed. The coming of this Yale nine and its famous pitcher was so spectacular, so surprising, that all sorts of rumors were flying about. While the multitude wondered, Tommy Prentice and his comrades chuckled as they gazed at Peter Burnham. His grim, menacing figure made more than one of them think of a headsman about to swing his axe. Then they saw him double himself in his familiar contortions and an instant later Stuyvesant dodged back from the plate with an involuntary grunt of fear. Peter had delivered a projectile of an inshoot, which must have passed within an inch of his quarry. Tommy Prentice, dancing jig steps at short, said to himself:

"Peter did it on purpose to shake Stuyvesant's nerve. He is going to toy with him. Oh, this is just nuts."

Stooping low, Peter sent the second ball rolling along the turf to the home-plate as if he were playing at bowls. Stuyvesant glared down at it and heard laughter ripple along the sides of the field. "Two balls," croaked the grinning umpire. Peter Burnham looked bored, fiddled with the ball a moment, then tossed it high in air as if it were a bean-bag. The catcher had to turn and

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run backward to catch it, and as for Stuyvesant he could not have reached the ball with a telegraph pole. Having sufficiently indicated his contempt for the batting prowess of Richard Stuyvesant by wasting three balls on him, the Yale pitcher no longer dallied with his victim. One, two, three, he shot the ball across the corners of the plate with a velocity that made the catcher wince. Stuyvesant swung desperately at each of these missiles and walked to the bench with hanging head, struck out before he could realize it.

Next came a former Dartmouth captain with whom Peter took no rash chances. This foeman deserved respect, for he banged out a vicious base-hit which smoked through Tommy Prentice's fingers and made him surmise that the game might not be a holiday lark. The Hillcrest team was retired without scoring, however, and as the Yale men trotted in from the field Tommy Prentice said to his pitcher:

"How did you dare to play horse with Stuyvesant? He is a rattling good batter and base-runner, you know that."

"But he has a guilty conscience," solemnly answered Peter. "He has gone all to pieces. If I said 'booh' to him he would jump over the grand-stand. He couldn't hit a balloon to-day."

With their leader broken and demoralized, the Hillcrest nine was sorely handicapped. They had confidently expected to defeat a scratch nine by means of superior pitching talent. Outgeneralled and outplayed, they did their best and deserved a happier fate.

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It was a rout, a Waterloo, from the first inning to the seventh, when the score was Lakeview 11, Hillcrest 0. When Tommy Prentice's men were at bat they made a farce of the game. Stuyvesant's face was pale and twitching, his delivery grotesquely wild. After dodging two particularly erratic balls, Tommy Prentice threw himself flat on the ground and buried his head in his arms as if trying to escape being struck by the next one.

Peter Burnham was a sportsman, after all, and he began to be sorry for Stuyvesant's plucky companions, wherefore he let down toward the end of the game and permitted them to score four runs in two innings. The Hillcrest manager had to bully and cajole Stuyvesant into pitching the game out. He was stricken with a nervous panic and wished to efface himself from the field before the Yale players had opportunity to torment him more. He could not escape them, however, and broken-spirited, humiliated, and apprehensive he stole away toward his room in the hotel while the crowds were melting amid the cheers of the Lakeview partisans. Tommy Prentice and Peter Burnham hurried after him and stood guard in the hallway until he had dressed and was coming down stairs for supper.

"I suppose you will play the other two games of the series?" spoke up Tommy. "We are anxious to get a chance at you on our home grounds at Lakeview."

"No, I am done with it. You have disgraced me and driven me out of here. Isn't that enough for you?" faltered the beaten pitcher.

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"Score one for us," said Peter Burnham. "You were made to look like a whipped pup before all the pretty girls, Stuyvesant. They knew you were a quitter. They couldn't help seeing it. That put the iron into your soul. But I am not done with you quite yet. Shall I tell him the rest of it, Tommy?"

"Go ahead, Peter. You know more about the programme. And you are chief executioner."

"You will come down to the billiard-room with us," sternly commanded Peter Burnham. "And you will play five games of billiards with me for fifty dollars a side. And you will be very careful to *lose* those five games. The two hundred and fifty dollars will be given to charity. I don't want the dirty money. Go and tell the other fellows to join us, Tommy. Right about, face."

"It seems as if we were pretty hard on him," whispered Tommy Prentice, as they followed the lagging, speechless Stuyvesant down the long hallway.

"Not a bit of it. He intended to come back to college and masquerade as a clean, decent ball player, fit to associate with sportsmen and gentlemen. He doesn't belong in Yale and I am going to run him out."

The Yale players flocked into the billiard-room, serious of countenance, rather subdued of manner, curious to see the last act of this singular drama of retribution, yet inwardly shrinking from the sight of Stuyvesant's degradation.

They saw Peter Burnham force a billiard cue into

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the unsteady hands of Stuyvesant who protested with quivering lip:

"This is awful, fellows. If I have done wrong in playing ball with this summer nine, I am sorry for it. I—I did not realize what I was doing. Won't you give me another chance? I have been disgraced in public and now—and now—before you—before my own team that I was so proud to play with—the men I thought were my friends——"

A pitiable figure was this youth who, in the eyes of his former comrades, had betrayed his college, sold his birthright, exposed himself to scorn and contempt. To them the spirit and traditions and ethics of the campus were the most vital things in the world. They did not yet wholly comprehend the meaning of this scene dominated by Peter Burnham, but the words and appearance of Stuyvesant told them that he dreaded what was to come. Peter deliberately picked up a cue, chalked the tip, and spoke with fierce menace in his harsh voice:

"All ready, Stuyvesant. You play at this table till I tell you to quit. I want you to show the fellows how you get your money for playing ball. *And you lose, every string, understand?*"

Stuyvesant looked at the silent spectators, then at Tommy Prentice standing at his elbow, and there was a hunted, heart-broken appeal in his eyes which became suffused with tears as he leaned over the table and tried to control the cue with nerveless fingers.

"Look at him!" snarled Peter Burnham. "A fine,

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sandy Yale man, isn't he? He will begin to blubber before long. He can't push a ball across a table. His feelings are hurt. He used to have a great deal of regard for *my* feelings."

Stuyvesant's cue crashed to the floor. In a last flurry of rebellion he wheeled to face his tormentor and passionately cried:

"I won't play it out. I won't let you stand there and make a show of me. I'll spoil your fun by telling the fellows right now what this infernal game of billiards is all about. I *did* take fifty dollars a week for playing ball and I tried to cover it up. I can't go back to college after this. I am queered, down and out—for good. Isn't that punishment enough?"

Peter Burnham clamped a heavy hand upon the lad's shoulder, twisted him around so that they stood facing each other, and growled:

"You traded on your Yale uniform, you sold your 'Y' for a dirty salary, and you will give up every cent of that money. And before we go any further you are going down on your knees and tell the fellows that you were a cur and a coward to call my father what you did."

Stuyvesant's lips moved, but he could not speak. Shame and fear and anguish had wholly mastered him. With Peter's hand still gripping his shoulder he covered his face and began to sob helplessly. To the intense surprise of the beholders Peter Burnham's saturnine face took on a softer expression and as with a pitying impulse he caught Stuyvesant by the arm, led him toward the nearest door, and said:

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"Go to your room. I may want to talk to you later. You needn't be afraid. I don't hit a man when he is down."

Without vouchsafing more explanation Peter also left the billiard-room, turning in the direction of the porch and the lawn beyond. Much later in the evening Tommy Prentice found him pacing to and fro in a deserted pavilion that overhung the rock-bound shore of the lake. Peter Burnham had not the appearance of one pleased with a long-deferred triumph over a man whom he hated. Staring moodily at the restless, moon-lit water he slouched along beside Tommy, his shoulders hunched forward as if he were weary. Halting, at length, he gazed down at the frank, boyish face of his friend and said with a sigh:

"It wasn't worth while, Tommy. I wish I had let him alone. I was sorry for him to-night and ashamed of myself. He is only a boy and I had it in for him all those months as if he were a man. My life has been hard, I have had to fight or go under, and——"

"Oh, Stuyvesant got what was coming to him. Don't worry about that," cried Tommy Prentice reassuringly. "He is a beastly shyster, and I am glad we have run him out of college. Your strategy was great."

"No, you don't understand," very earnestly responded Peter Burnham. "You can't see it as I do. We broke his heart. When he began to cry and I could feel him shake under my hand as if he had a chill, I knew I had been too hard with him—I knew that I was the greater coward."

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More than ever Tommy Prentice felt that a much older and stronger man was talking to him, and having long since decided that Peter's opinions were wiser than his own, he recanted with a rather bewildered air:

"But I thought you wanted to make it as hot for him as you could. And I was trying to help your game along. Now that you own up to being sorry, I will say to you that I couldn't help feeling some sympathy for Stuyvesant to-day. I honestly believe he wished he were dead, Peter."

"Then you won't think I have developed a soft streak when I tell you what I have done this evening, Tommy. I went up to see Stuyvesant, and I told him by-gones were by-gones with me—that if he wanted to come back to college I would not try to queer him. As for the other fellows, don't you think you can persuade them to look at it in the same way and say nothing about the scene in the billiard-room and so on? The boy honestly wants a chance to square himself, to live this down, to be manly and decent. He has been jolted to the very foundations of his soul, and I am willing to gamble that the lesson will stick. Anyhow, I think it is worth trying."

"The fellows will do anything you say," replied warm-hearted Tommy Prentice. "They all look up to you. As for me, I will back you, of course. You are a sure cure for a swelled head. Say, by Jove, I feel better. To-day's doings kind of stuck in my throat, Peter."

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The pitcher smiled with something like paternal tenderness as he said:

"I wish you were coming back next year, Tommy. But you can think of me as trying to be a good Yale man. That means a great deal in my creed. And it means for one thing, giving Stuyvesant a chance to be a good Yale man. The doctrine of the Golden Rule may be old-fashioned, I had never steered by it very much, but I have just discovered for myself that it isn't played out."

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THE Senior class crew was in such desperate need of men that Ned Howarth, the captain, offered a bonus of a shore supper to volunteers who should consent to man the waist of the boat for the fall regatta. He could not hold out the hope of glory, for the Senior eight had been whipped in every race for three years on end and was the theme of unholy jests and derisive song. During its inglorious career there had been no fewer than five captains, each defeat resulting in mutiny and the uproarious selection of a new leader. Ned Howarth took this disgraceful crew no more seriously than had his predecessors, but he felt it his duty to muster eight men and a coxswain and enter the regatta for the honor of the class. In a spirit of levity he suggested to Peter Burnham, the crack pitcher of the Yale nine:

"You are not very busy on the diamond this fall. Why don't you give us a hand in the Senior crew? Honestly, it is disgraceful to see the class show such a rotten lack of interest. Why, the race is only three weeks off, and we haven't put the shell in the water yet. Come on, Peter. It is great exercise."

The lanky pitcher, from his altitude of six feet three inches, regarded Howarth with a quizzical frown. To

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his mind the honor of the class was second only to the prestige of the college and he saw no humor in the dire straits of this notoriously useless crew. He had never handled a sweep, nor did he quite see how he could double his elongated frame within the cramped confines of a racing shell, but if he ought to row, then row he would with might and main. Dubiously rubbing his chin, he replied:

“If you say so, Ned, I’ll try my darndest, though it doesn’t sound like my long suit. But if I can swing a bat, I guess I can push one of those slim-waisted oars through the water. But I want you to understand that if I go into this thing, our crew is going to try to win. I don’t tie up to any athletic jokes. The man that lays down on the job has got me to whip.”

“Now you are shouting, Peter,” and Howarth grinned for joy. “I’ll pass the word around and the other class eights will be scared clean out of their rowing shoes when they hear what they are up against. Come down to the boat-house at three this afternoon.”

Peter Burnham proved to be such a drawing card that a dozen Seniors appeared as candidates, and hugely enjoyed the tall pitcher’s efforts to keep his knees from smiting his chin as he floundered, splashed, and sweated in the rocking shell. If his feet had not been strapped fast he would have yanked himself overboard, but Peter was no quitter, and with muffled curses he swung his prodigious length of back to and fro and tried to heed the captain’s exhortations. The diminutive coxswain scolded him so wapishly that Peter yearned

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to straddle past the oarsmen in front of him and drop this pest overboard by the back of the neck, but, reflecting that the ordeal could be no worse than pitching the last inning of a Harvard game with the score tied and the bases filled, he ground his teeth and stolidly endured a mile pull down the harbor.

After he had crawled from the shell, aching in a great many muscles he had never before suspected he owned, Ned Howarth asked pleasantly:

"Was it as good fun as you expected, Peter? I can count on you to pull Number Four from now on?"

"Good fun, *Not!*" growled the plain-spoken pitcher. "And some of these 'varsity crew men have the nerve to tell me they like it. I didn't know there were so many liars in Yale College. Oh, yes, I'll pull if you want me to. But don't you let me hear you call rowing 'a college sport.' It will make me peevish and might break up our friendship."

When the Senior crew foregathered at the boat-house next day they found a stocky, rosy-cheeked man of perhaps thirty years walking up and down the float with his hands in his pockets and gazing at the river. He nodded cordially as the men filed toward the dressing-rooms, and Ned Howarth poked Peter in the ribs as he excitedly exclaimed:

"That is 'Pa' Kingsley. You must have heard of him. He was captain and stroke of the great record-breaking crew seven years ago. He was in my brother Jim's class. I suppose he has dropped into town to look over the 'varsity material and maybe give them

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some pair-oar coaching. I am certainly ashamed to have him see our job-lot of misfits claw the water. It will make him sick."

"Don't let him rattle you. Keep your eye on the ball," exhorted Peter. "He may not see any records broken, but, by the Great Horn Spoon, we will show him we are in dead earnest, Ned."

A few minutes later the famous "Pa" Kingsley introduced himself to Howarth on the float, and added with an engaging smile:

"You must be Jim Howarth's kid brother. Any kin of his is a friend of mine. This is the Senior eight, is it? I am waiting for a couple of the 'varsity men but they can't get out of recitations until four o'clock. If you like, I'll be glad to steer your boat and coach you for a little while. Getting hammered into pretty good shape by this time, I suppose?"

Howarth looked confused and his comrades snickered audibly, the four ex-captains finding particular joy in the situation. Only Peter Burnham was unmoved, and a glance at his scowling mien made Howarth answer as gravely as he could:

"Delighted, and thank you, Mr. Kingsley, but this is our second day on the water and we are pretty bad. Our class does not support the crew as it should."

Kingsley surveyed the group with an expression of humorous surprise, for in height they ranged from Peter Burnham, the sky-scraper, down to chunky "Bunch" Lee, who could boast of no more than five feet six inches.

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"Rather an uneven collection, I should say, but you never can tell. It is all in getting together," was the coach's tactful comment as he stepped into the coxswain's seat. "Don't capsize the shell, please. I never saw an eight-oared boat upset, but you fellows are apt to do most anything."

The crew had rowed a few strokes amid showers of spray when Kingsley bade them halt and sputtered:

"This outfit must look like a paralytic centipede from the boat-house. Now, see here, it is a disgrace to a Yale class to turn out this kind of a caricature. Howarth, for the sake of your name, and because I think the world of your brother, I am going to lay over in New Haven for a week or so and lick you freaks into shape if I have to kill you. Will you do your level best?"

"You bet we will," heartily chorused the boat from stern to bow, whereupon the self-sacrificing "Pa" Kingsley, who loved nothing better than browbeating a crew, began to coach in dead earnest. When, at length, the tired and dripping men were permitted to climb stiffly from the shell he said in an aside to Ned Howarth:

"Peter Burnham is a great pitcher, and I don't want to hurt his feelings, but, my stars, there is too much of him to put into one boat. He is as thin as the last run of shad and he warps and kinks himself into hard knots. Can't you convey it to him gently and try another man in his place?"

"Not on your life," very decidedly returned the cap-

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tain. "I beg your pardon for being so obstinate, but I coaxed Peter to row, and he has the right spirit. He will break his neck to win and his example is going to hold the other fellows right up to their work. You see, sir, our class crew has always been a merry jest, and Peter is about the first man to take it seriously. Can't you make him cut off his stroke about a foot at either end or rig hobbles on him so he will be in time with the other men?"

"If you put it that way, I will try to make him fit in," said "Pa" Kingsley, pleased with the youngster's spirited defence of his classmate. On their way to the campus Ned Howarth explained to Peter:

"Kingsley is the man who broke his oar and jumped overboard in the great Yale race against the Triton Boat Club on the New Haven harbor course. You must have heard of it. The Tritons were the crack amateur club crew of the country and were ready to bet all kinds of money that they could whip the fastest college eight that ever floated. Kingsley was rowing stroke for Yale, and they were only a mile from the red buoy, almost out in the open Sound, when his oar snapped and over he popped like a shot, and he couldn't swim more than a dozen strokes to save his soul. Our launch picked him up, but he was about all in, and could just manage to gurgle that he didn't propose to be a passenger and make his crew carry dead weight for three miles. Number Seven picked up the job of stroking the boat without turning a hair and they all licked into it for dear life, rowed the greatest race you

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ever saw, and beat the Triton by three lengths in four miles. The college went clean crazy about it."

"Um-m, great, wasn't it? I never used to read anything but baseball news in those days," said Peter Burnham, and his black eyes burned like coals. "There is the real, true-blue Yale spirit for you, Ned. So the proper thing to do is jump overboard if you break an oar, is it?"

"Yes, but *you* wouldn't have to swim, Peter. Just you step carefully out and wade ashore if it ever happens to you."

The dramatic episode seemed to make a vivid impression upon the mind of the pitcher, and thereafter his demeanor toward "Pa" Kingsley was that of a respectful admirer and he bore with exemplary patience the tongue-lashings inspired by his painfully awkward efforts in the boat. Peter Burnham was a valuable moral force, however, and he tried to make the other men regard the rowing as earnestly as he did. They were honestly endeavoring to prove a credit to their class and the unexpected help of so masterly a teacher as "Pa" Kingsley worked wonders, until the Sophomores and Juniors began to fear their rivalry. By dint of superhuman exertion Peter Burnham was taught to curtail the swing of his amazing length of back and to maintain a semblance of harmony with his shorter-coupled comrades. It was not a pretty crew to look at, but there was no lack of courage and ginger, and the men could be depended on to pull themselves to a standstill.

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In the days of Peter Burnham the fall regatta was rowed on Lake Saltonstall, famed in the old college song:

“And if it is a girl, sir,
I’ll dress her up in blue,
And send her out to Saltonstall
To coach the Freshman crew.”

This beautiful sheet of water lay several miles from New Haven, framed in heavily wooded hills which seemed a bit of wilderness, so thinly peopled was the region near the lake. The races were started at the upper end, almost two miles from the rude boat-house and the railroad that skirted the foot of the lake, and the hundreds of undergraduates who cheered their class oarsmen could see no more than the finishes. It was on a crisp October afternoon that the Senior crew launched its shell and made ready to row up this sparkling stretch toward the starting place. The other class crews had preceded them and were lazily skating over the polished surface like gigantic water-bugs. The hills were ablaze with autumn coloring, the bright air was keen with frost, and the water was uncomfortably chill as it splashed from the dripping blades.

“Pa” Kingsley had reluctantly departed several days earlier, with a parting exhortation to his erratic proteges to “keep their slides under them and hit it on the catch as if the devil were after them.” Peter Burnham was thinking hard of the particular advice with which he had been bombarded and, as he clumsily rocked his long body back and forth, his face was as

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darkly, grimly determined as if he were waiting for the umpire to call "time" in the deciding game of a championship baseball series. Two or three of the crew, including the captain, were afraid Peter would knock their heads together if they suffered defeat. The shell wobbled and rolled, the blades took the water at various angles, but there was compensating life and power in the lifting stride, and the other crews whose style was much smoother gazed at this boatload of "'Pa' Kingsley's misfits" with novel anxiety.

Far up the quiet, uninhabited reaches of the lake the Seniors pulled their shell around to align it in position for the start. Three other eights were paddling and drifting toward their respective stake-boats amid a great shouting of orders. One by one, the coxswains jockeyed their crews into place and clutched the ropes attached to the empty stake-boats by means of which they held their eager eights in leash. The starter fired a pistol from a skiff anchored off to one side and the four class crews dug into the water with tremendous fury.

In the tense excitement of the moment Peter Burnham thought only of swinging every ounce of energy in him against the handle of the pliant sweep. Thrown to the winds were the painstaking admonitions of "'Pa" Kingsley. He seemed to stretch and elongate like an india-rubber man, and the length of his stroke was so extraordinary that he could not pull it through to the finish without a jerk that lifted him clear of his sliding seat. His mental distress was most acute, but

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his crew was gallantly holding its own, and to his delighted amazement began very slowly to surge ahead of the Juniors who were lashing the lake into foam just off to starboard.

"Now for a three-bagger," yelled Peter as he doubled himself up and laid back on his oar with his eyes shut. "You are all out of time with me. Why don't you get together?"

"Why don't you keep in time with the crew, you crazy old fool?" shouted the coxswain. "Watch the man in front of you."

Incredible as it appeared to the rival crews, the Senior eight, jabbing away at some forty strokes per minute, was making a terrific race of it, and by pluck and main strength creeping into the lead beyond a doubt. The others had been caught napping. They were absorbed in watching each other and had underrated this boatload of outcasts after all. Wilder and wilder became the oarsmanship of Peter Burnham. This was no time for finicky science, thought he, and the only sensible way to lick the other fellow at this game was to pull as hard and as fast as you could. Half-way down the course he was pumped for breath and was banging into the man in front of him, now with his head, again with his oar handle. It would have broken his heart to know it, but if the crew should win, it must be in spite of him.

At last he lifted himself bodily from his seat in a heave that would have uprooted a goodly tree, and, *crack!* the overworked oar buckled and snapped in

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twain. For an instant Peter sat glaring at the splintered handle gripped in his brawny fists while the coxswain cried in great distress:

"Sit still and try to keep out of the other men's way, Peter. We've got to win with seven men."

In a flash of memory Peter recalled the heroic feat of "Pa" Kingsley in the race against the Triton eight. The only proper thing to be done in these tragic circumstances was to jump overboard. Leaning far out, he coolly grasped the outrigger, released the trailing piece of oar from its lock, and flung it clear. The boat rolled as he shifted his weight and Ned Howarth at stroke shouted imploringly:

"You can't jump from the middle of the boat. The port oars will knock your brains out. Forget it."

"I play the game according to the rules and here goes," snorted Peter as he jerked his feet free of the straps, nimbly arose, and lurched over the side head foremost. Ned Howarth and Number Six, gasping with horror, were in the middle of a stroke and could not wrench their blades from the water, but by a miracle of luck Peter lingered long enough beneath the surface to escape collision and came bobbing up abaft the swirling rudder. Lustily treading water, he waved a fist in farewell while the short-handed crew spurted with renewed ardor, determined to win or die with seven men. The race swept on and Peter was left to fight his way to the nearest shore, for not a solitary boat had followed the flight of the crews down the lake. The water was exceedingly cold but the strong heart of

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Peter Burnham was warmed by the consciousness of duty done as the situation demanded, and he swam with sturdy strokes for a point of rock that jutted from the umbrageous bank.

It was not until he had crawled shivering from the water and was forlornly perched upon the sunny side of the rock that Peter realized his unutterably distressful plight. His only garments were a scanty pair of rowing trunks and woolen socks, for he had pulled off his jersey at the stake-boat in order to be stripped to the waist, as was the Spartan custom of these young oarsmen. The October wind made his teeth chatter as he gazed sadly up the deserted lake and could perceive no hope of rescue in that quarter. The boat-house was almost a mile below, hidden from his vision by a curve of the shore-line. The only human beings in sight were a farmer and his bevy of women-folk seated upon the opposite bank, who were regarding the derelict with what must have been sympathetic emotions.

Abashed at thought of his airy costume, Peter coyly withdrew into the underbrush which painfully scratched and tickled his long legs and unprotected body. Through thicket, swamp, and dense woodland he dismally surmised that he must make his way on foot to the distant boat-house. He was a modest young man, and the thought of parading along a public highway, even if he were lucky enough to find one, made him blush. It was to be moving or freeze in his tracks, and, gingerly, with strides high and wide, he pranced through



With strides high and wide he pranced through the bushes.

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the bushes, the most startling denizen of the forest since the painted Indian had roamed this way in breech-clout and moccasins.

"Ouch! there won't be a square inch of hide left on me," groaned Peter as he wriggled from an ambush of briars. "I did my stunt according to rule, but I thought they always had a launch or something to pick a man up. This is the billy-be-darndest pickle that ever happened outside of a nightmare."

A very long and slim white streak, this unfortunate oarsman picked his way through a morass, voicing loud and frequent lamentations, trying to skirt the lake shore but compelled to make detours inland in order to pass around the stretches of sheer rock that jutted from the water's edge. His progress was slow and the sun was dropping behind the lofty hills. The air became more chill and searching, and Peter Burnham would have sworn the temperature had plunged below zero. At length he came to a wide, swampy patch densely overgrown with bramble and saw-tooth rushes and he waded into the lake in order to flank it. But after stepping off a ledge in icy water to his waist he floundered ashore and sought to circumnavigate the landward end of this barrier.

Mounting a small hill, Peter came to the edge of a steep gully beyond which gleamed a dusty ribbon of turnpike. Tied to a tree at the roadside was a two-horse team harnessed to a spring wagon or open carry-all, obviously belonging to some one who had driven from home to view the boat-race from a near-by place

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of vantage. Peter had no intention of confiscating the team and, finding the coast clear, he thought to steal along the highway until the swamp lay behind him. Scrambling down the treacherous slope slippery with moss and rotting leaves, he tripped, fell head over heels, and rolled to the bottom and out upon the road like a shot rabbit.

The horses were mettlesome and when, without warning, this singular apparition sprawled under their noses, they instantly fell victims to acute equine hysterics. With one wild plunge they broke the strap that anchored them to a tree and fled the scene. Picking himself up before they had gathered full headway, Peter saw at a glance that he had wrought the mischief, and leaped in pursuit. He was the fastest base-runner of the Yale diamond and a few space-devouring strides landed him close behind the wagon. His long arms shot out and his sinewy fingers gripped the rear seat. With a stupendous heave and spring he pulled himself on board and scrambled forward to lay hold of the reins.

Bracing himself against the dash-board, Peter pulled as if he were at one end of an oar, but by this time the addle-headed horses had determined to make a runaway of it, and with bits in their teeth and necks extended they were careering along the turnpike, which rang to the rataplan of their pounding hoofs. They were strong, well-conditioned beasts, and in vain Peter tugged and seesawed, until he realized that to save his neck he must think only of keeping them in the road.

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Clad only in his rowing trunks and woolen socks, he was being madly whirled he knew not whither, out of the frying-pan into the fire. As a chariot driver of ancient Babylon his costume might have passed muster, but in this staid farming region of Puritan New England he was a strange and even scandalous figure. Small time had Peter Burnham, however, to think of such trifles as the wagon caromed and bounded from side to side of the rutted road while the horses maintained their headlong gait with untiring frenzy.

Fortunately the turnpike ran fairly straight and wide and Peter's uncommon strength of hand and arm kept his steeds from bolting into trees and telephone poles. Once he met a team and his heart grew sick within him, but the other man drove desperately up a bank in time to escape wreckage and turned to stare wide-eyed at the spectral figure that flashed past him with a rattle and roar. If Peter's whirling thoughts could have been focussed in speech he might have said to himself:

"Where in blazes am I heading for now? This started out to be a boat-race and look at me. Going lickety-split, without any clothes, in a wagon I never saw before, and how shall I ever get home? Why didn't I have sense enough to stick to baseball?"

The fiery steeds could not bolt forever into the unknown, and after running for some time at top speed the sight of their heaving sides and lathered flanks inspired the melancholy young man with hope that there might really be an end of his misfortunes. Little by little the pace slackened until the strain on his aching

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arms had sensibly lessened and he was able to get a fresh grip of the reins. Yearningly he glanced down at a plaid carriage blanket rumpled beneath his feet, but he dared not stoop to pick it up with one hand for the team was not yet under control. He would have given all his hopes of making a fortune in after years to feel that warm robe cuddle across his bare shoulders, but the time was not ripe.

Little children playing in dooryards stared at the uncanny vision which thundered past in a cloud of dust and ran screaming to their mothers. Peter heeded them not, but gazed straight ahead and yanked viciously at the reins until the weary horses subsided in a lagging trot. Then he clawed for the plaid blanket, pulled it around him with one hand and drove with the other. Hopelessly lost in a region wholly unknown to him, unable to whip his courage to the point of seeking refuge and trying to explain himself, Peter allowed the horses to shuffle along at their own will, for they appeared to have a destination in mind. The cold wind played wickedly about his bare shanks, but the blanket was a protection to be profoundly grateful for. Unfortunately Peter lacked a sense of humor and was unable to perceive the ludicrous aspect of his dilemma as he grumbled to himself:

"These misbegotten brutes seem to be going home, wherever that is. What kind of a story can I put up when they get there? I suppose I ought to hop off and take to the woods, but I'd kill a man for the chance of hugging a red-hot stove and swiping a pair of trou-

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sers. I am going to stand by the ship. I jumped overboard once to-day and, for the love of Heaven, look what it did to me?"

Peter drew the plaid blanket closer around his shivering frame and gloomily surveyed the darkening landscape which appeared unfriendly and forbidding. Suddenly the horses cocked their ears, moved at a brisker pace, and veered into a grassy lane toward a square white farm-house, set among towering elms. Peter's heart thumped against his ribs and he thought of jumping out and making his way to New Haven on foot under cover of darkness. But he saw a picture of himself parading through the lighted city streets draped in a plaid horse blanket, and with a shudder he decided to face whatever fate awaited him at the farm-house. Huddled low on the seat as if to make himself as small as possible, Peter was rapidly borne up the lane, past the side porch of the dwelling toward the large barn whose doors had been left open.

From the kitchen door emerged a woman, vaguely discerned by Peter, who called in a high-pitched, querulous voice:

"Back so soon, Henry? Land sake's alive, you're alone, ain't you? Where did you leave the folks, I want to know?"

Advancing to the end of the porch, she peered at the wagon which Peter had brought to a halt, and he made her out to be an elderly person of a thin, acidulous cast of countenance surmounted by gray corkscrew curls. The sight of the shapeless figure slumped alone on the

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wagon seat threw her into violent consternation and with shriller vehemence she ejaculated:

"Why, it ain't Henry! Goodness me, *what is it?* Mercy on me, it's our hosses with a lunatic thingum-a-bob a-drivin' of 'em. The folks have been murdered. Whee-ee, help, help, and not a livin' man on the place!"

Wringing her hands, she fled indoors and could be heard fumbling with locks and bolts. With a weary shrug Peter drove the team into the barn, methodically unharnessed, blanketed, and tied them in empty stalls, as the least he could do to mend the wrong he had done the stranded and abandoned "folks." Girding himself with a stray bit of rope he stalked toward the house, muttering in a tired voice:

"Nobody home but a fretty old maid, and I am left to perish in sight of warmth and clothes. All I can do is to make signs at her or crawl up the roof and drop down the chimney."

His woolen socks made no sound as he mounted the porch and stooped to look into the lighted kitchen window. The demoralized spinster had barricaded herself behind a table and was fanning the air with a coal-shovel. Startled afresh by the grotesque figure that glowered at her from without, she screamed and ran up-stairs with amazing velocity. Peter retreated to the steps and sat down, doubling his legs under the plaid blanket, resting his chin in his hands, a beaten, broken man. In this stupor of sullen dejection he remained for some time, until the lone inmate of the farm-house raised a window somewhere above him

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and cautiously poked forth her corkscrew curls in a courageous reconnoitre. Peter glanced up and plaintively observed:

"I'm still here. You can't drive me away, ma'am. I am perfectly harmless. A small child could club me to death without the slightest risk. Lend me a few old clothes and a pair of number twelve shoes and I'll burn the wind getting away from here. I dare not tell you how it happened. Your poor brain could not stand it. But your folks are alive and well."

As a rule, the speech of Peter Burnham was somewhat harsh and abrupt, but sorrow had so crushed him that this appeal was voiced in gentle, timorous accents which made his audience feel less fear of him than before, and she remained hanging out of the window while she expostulated:

"I suppose your keeper was careless and you got away from him somehow. And I've always heard it's best to be soothin' with poor demented critturs like you. A-roamin' the country in a hoss blanket and bare legs! The idea! Are you really sane enough to tell me where you come from and what you are doin' with brother Henry's team?"

"I was rowing in the class boat-race on Lake Saltonstall and I jumped overboard and jumped into the buggy trying to stop them," patiently but confusingly began Peter from the shadows.

"That will do, young man. Sss-sh, don't you dare to be took vi'lent," severely broke in the listening dame. "It sounds crazier and wuss than I imagined. I've

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heard of the pranks of them college students, but there ain't a bit of rhyme or reason to what you're tellin' me. You are a lunatic, I tell you. Shoo! Scat! Go 'way!"

"For God's sake, madame, where can I go?" wailed Peter. "Throw me down a pair of brother Henry's trousers, and I will send them back to-morrow, upon my honor I will. I'm frozen to death."

"Henry is only five foot six in his stockin's," said she in a yielding mood. "The Berrymans is all sawed-off men, built close to the ground. And you are seven foot high if you're an inch. You can't get 'em on or I'd throw you down Henry's best Sunday suit to get rid of you."

"I am not very thick through, and I can get them on somehow," was Peter's hopeful reply. "Any old duds will do. Please, oh, please hurry up."

She vanished from the window and Peter waited in lugubrious isolation, tormented by the fear that she might not return. Presently, however, a garment sailed down from above and wrapped itself about his head, then another, and a stiff hat and a pair of shoes landed close after. He tucked them under one arm and galloped toward the barn while from the upper window came the shrill exhortation:

"Don't you set the barn afire and you just get away from here as quick as them long legs can carry you. If I am really and truly goin' to escape with my life, the good Lord be praised."

The window came down with a bang, but Peter did

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not turn his head. He was wriggling into a pair of trousers which stopped just below his knees, and squirming into a bobtailed black coat whose sleeves ended at his sharp elbows. There was an appalling gap between the two garments and Peter ingeniously wrapped a gunny sack around his middle to serve as a waistcoat. Tugging at the coat, he managed to button it, and, abandoning the shoes as hopelessly small, he jammed the absurdly flat derby hat of ancient vintage on his head, drove it home with a vicious blow, and limped out of the barn to seek the road to New Haven. Hungry and footsore as he was, his homeward march was no small ordeal to contemplate, but it seemed so trifling compared with what had gone before that his spirits began to rise.

The hour was drawing near midnight when this pitiable wayfarer tramped up the back streets of New Haven, shrinking from public notice but unable to evade the jeering comments of a few stray loafers who trailed after him in an interested little procession. In a smouldering rage Peter footed it slowly along the rough pavement, his woolen socks worn to shreds, the tails of his ridiculous coat flapping against the small of his back, his bare shanks gleaming grandly, his funny little flat hat cocked over one eye. At length he came in sight of a comfortable looking white house abutting the sidewalk of a small street leading toward the Town Green and the campus. The appearance of the house was old-fashioned and dignified, but light streamed from every small-paned window at this unseemly hour, and

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Peter heard the mocking sounds of song and laughter. He had not thought of turning into this tavern which still bore the name of the lamented Mrs. Moriarity, but the rollicking chorus of a long Yale cheer made him stand stock-still and stare at the lighted windows, for clear and distinct at the end of the nine "rahs" he heard the company shouting "*Peter Burnham*," "*Peter Burnham*," "*Peter Burnham*."

The sorry caricature of Peter Burnham, leaning against a lamp-post in the chilly night, cocked his head with an air of acute surprise and murmured:

"It must be that fool Senior crew. But what are they celebrating and why are they cheering me? I'm going in. This sounds like getting back home, sure enough."

Kicking open the swinging door, he strode into the room and, at sight of him, the revellers were stricken dumb as oysters. Their emotions were so overpowering that Peter was first to break the silence with, "Well, here I am. Who won the race?"

A mighty roar of laughter rose to the low rafters. Then, with one accord, the members of the Senior crew fell upon their lost comrade and dragged him to a chair. The longer they gazed at Peter Burnham the harder they laughed, while he sat in his impossible raiment, glumly eying them, his poor weary feet hoisted upon a chair. It was Ned Howarth who managed to gasp:

"We won with seven men, Peter. It was your victory, for if you had stayed in the boat and kept on rowing we would have been licked sure. That's why

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we were cheering you just now. Oh, oh, where did you get 'em, and where have you been?"

"A nice lot of yaps you are to call yourselves friends of mine," growled the unreconciled Peter, tenderly caressing his shins. "How did you know I wasn't drowned?"

"We saw you swim ashore and sit down on the rocks," gurgled the coxswain, who was wiping his eyes. "Did a naughty tramp kidnap our little Peter? Explain those clothes, quick."

"So you won the race," and Peter actually smiled. "You can't hurt my feelings by telling me I won it by quitting the confounded boat. I never said I could row. I hated the whole silly business. If I tell you what it landed me into, you will call me seventeen kinds of a liar. Give me four orders of poached eggs and a bushel of toast and a gallon of coffee and I shall be in shape to give you a line of talk that has Mister Gulliver's Travels beaten a mile."

"But that dinky little hat, Peter, and that coat," implored Howarth, "and that fancy waistcoat, so simple yet so natty! And those poor sprained feet and the frazzled socks! And six hours to be accounted for! We can't wait. We shall blow up, to a man. We stayed at the lake until after dark and ransacked the woods, and then brought your clothes home from the boat-house."

"Then one of you fellows can run up to college and get them," snapped Peter. "I'll dress down here between eats. All I care a hang for is that you won the race. Was I as rotten as all that, Ned?"

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"You got excited and forgot your coaching a bit, but you meant well," tactfully replied the captain. "Nobody else could do much rowing as long as you were swinging all over the boat from stroke to bow. It was 'Pa' Kingsley's coaching that saved the day for us. I sent him a telegram to-night. But you surely helped to put the right spirit into the crew, Peter, and we are awfully proud of you. But *would* you mind turning loose a few paragraphs of the first chapter?"

A waiter slid in front of Peter a platter of cold meat and a loaf of bread to serve as a preliminary round, and, thus fortified, the wanderer graciously began to unfold the singular narrative of the Broken Oar, the Runaway Team, the Elderly Spinster, and Brother Henry's Garments. When the tale was brought to a close, the coxswain, who had a notable bump of curiosity, piped up:

"But what became of the folks that belonged in the wagon, Peter?"

"You can take the clothes back to-morrow and find out, kid. I had troubles enough of my own."

"*Now*, don't you think rowing is sport?" asked Ned Howarth with twinkling eyes.

"Sport!" roared Peter, as he pounded the table and then jerked his little hat over one ear. "Sport! It's a three-ringed circus. But never again for me, until they revise the rules and bar that broken-oar, jumping-overboard stunt. Gad, though, I am glad I helped win the race by getting out of it."

A CASE OF "PROFESSIONALISM"

I

A FAST freight had been derailed with such disastrous results that a dozen cars of merchandise were heaped and strewn piecemeal across both lines of track. The early afternoon express, bound to Cape May, had been halted by this chaotic barricade, and its passengers poured forth in an irritable swarm to bombard the wrecking crews with asinine questions. The red-faced, sweating foreman sputtered poor consolation from the deck of a derrick car:

"Ye can see wid your own two eyes that 'tis lucky we'll be if we get this mess cleared away by sunset. Now run off and lave me be. Me timper is frazzled entirely."

In the face of this forceful admonition to mind his own business, a slender, well-groomed young man of cheerful demeanor sauntered nearer the irate foreman and offered him a most excellent cigar with the mild query:

"Are we really stuck here for four or five hours? I don't mean to be a nuisance, but there is a girl in Cape May and she takes it for granted that I never arrive anywhere on time. She won't blame the rail-

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road for this. She will say it was all my carelessness. I want to rush a telegram through to her and try to square myself."

The foreman grinned, mopped his face with his shirt-sleeve, and quite amiably returned:

"If the ties ain't tore up too bad we may get your train through in three hours or so, me boy. Ye can wire the gurrl, on the word of Peter McCarthy, that for once ye are unavoidably detained."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. McCarthy. I will wander up the nearest road and chat with the natives if this wilderness happens to be populated," replied Hector Alonzo McGrath. "My fellow sufferers back yonder make me tired. They ought to be grateful that their own train isn't smeared all over the New Jersey landscape instead of cursing themselves black in the face over what can't be helped."

With this philosophic finale young Mr. McGrath of Yale betook himself to the grade crossing beyond the wreck and turned into the country highway which made a white streak through the sparse and sandy woodland. The prospect offered little promise of natural beauty or wayside diversion, but the explorer footed it resolutely, hoping to discover some sign of farm or hamlet to awaken his idle interest. The mid-summer heat was tempered by a lively wind which blew from the eastward with the breath of ocean in its salty tang, and before long this casual wayfarer discerned a strip of marsh and the cool glint of a small tide-water river. Presently the road turned toward a ram-

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shackle wooden bridge, and just beyond it McGrath saw a low-roofed, weather-worn farmhouse. He was hot and thirsty and desirous of resting in the shade of the ancient trees which guarded the dooryard of this humble dwelling.

"It is the old homestead, right out of a book," observed young McGrath to himself. "Ten to one the moss-covered bucket hangs in the well. And it wouldn't surprise me one bit to see a blue jeans quartet file out of the barn-yard, take the centre of the stage, and sing close harmony. They may take me for a sewing-machine agent and throw me into the creek, but I am going to make a social call all the same."

He crossed the bridge, turned into the dooryard among beds of prim, old-fashioned flowers, and waited on the gray stone step for some response to his pull at the jingling bell-wire. A Yale undergraduate, as yet unacquainted with the sensation of earning a dollar by dint of his own exertions, this Hector Alonzo McGrath pursued his light-hearted and whimsical way with small knowledge of what the struggle for existence meant to the world beyond the campus gates. To one older and wiser than he, this small gray cottage, its tottering outbuildings, its patched and unpainted barns, and its rudely fenced fields would have been eloquent of years of unremitting toil to hold poverty at arm's length. To the young collegian they were agreeably picturesque and nothing more.

Presently there appeared in the hall a woman of middle age, ruddy of cheek, brisk of foot-fall, with the

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kindest, friendliest eyes which smiled a brave cheerfulness. Her hair was grayer than it ought to have been and there were more wrinkles about those honest, cordial eyes than was meet for her years, as if life on this wind-swept, meagre farm had been something else than merely picturesque. As she smilingly replied to Hector's courteous petition, she smoothed imaginary wrinkles from an immaculate white apron which obviously had been snatched up and donned in haste.

"Why, of course, you can have all the water you want to drink, young man. The well is in the side yard. I'll bring you a pitcher and glass or I can show you the way to the pump."

Hector hastily voiced his preference for the pump and his hostess led him along a gravelled path and through a densely covered grape arbor fashioned of bits of spars which must have washed ashore from the sea toward which the wandering river led past the doorway. The random caller drank his fill from the gourd that hung beside the pump-handle and was so evidently loath to depart that she suggested:

"Why don't you sit down in the grape arbor and get cooled off? It must be dreadful hot and dusty walkin'. I hear there was a smash-up on the railroad. Did you come past it?"

"I belong in the Cape May express that is waiting for the railroad to be put together again. It is much nicer to be here than blistering over there on the track," replied the bold invader. "Please don't let me bother you. You can leave me here with perfect

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safety, Mrs. —er— I do not know your name. Mine is McGrath."

"Mrs. Harriet Trent, and I am glad to meet you," said she, as they sought the shade of the curtaining grape vines. "It is selfish for me to think of my own disappointments and I ought to be thankful nobody was killed, but I had my heart set on goin' over to Oakville this afternoon and I understand there's no trains runnin'."

"How far is it to Oakville?" asked Hector with genuine sympathy, for the smiling face of Mrs. Trent could not dissemble the note of wistful regret in her voice.

"It's only a mile by train and two miles by horse or afoot," she explained. "My son went over this morning and he counts on seeing me there by three o'clock. He is in the athletic games at the county fair grounds, and it's the first time he has tried to run and jump against first-rate, grown-up athletes. I feel pretty sure that Arthur can win without me, but we sort of looked forward to this for some time. And I am just too tired to walk that far."

Hector Alonzo McGrath smote his knee and declared with exuberant enthusiasm:

"Athletic games! Why, Mrs. Trent, I dote on 'em, all kinds, at any time. I am a student at Yale and I have tried to make every team in the college for three years straight without the slightest success. But I am just as keen about it as ever. Please tell me some more about your son."

Mrs. Harriet Trent was beaming as she gazed into

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the ingenuous countenance of this attractive stranger and replied with a zest to match his own:

"Why, I'd give most anything to have Arthur meet you, Mr. McGrath. So you are really in Yale College. He would just love to talk to you. He is going to enter Princeton College this fall. Now, what do you think of that? Of course you are surprised, but it is as true as I'm sittin' here. He seldom gets a chance to talk to college students like you. When he was a little boy I was dreadfully afraid he would want to go to sea like his father that was lost in his schooner six years ago next November. But he took to books instead, got it straight from his grandfather Trent, and has talked about goin' away to college ever since he was twelve years old. It ain't been easy, but he went to the Oakville High School off and on, and studied all summer long, and now he's really and truly passed his examinations for Princeton College."

She paused, nervously twisted a corner of the white apron, and resumed with an abashed and slightly troubled air:

"I just run on till I'm clean out of breath, don't I? And me a perfect stranger to you. You must think I'm odd. But folks around here don't understand what my son is drivin' at."

"I love to hear you talk, Mrs. Trent," seriously returned Hector. "Can't I persuade this fine son of yours to go to Yale? We want that kind of men at New Haven."

"I wouldn't say anything against Yale College for

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worlds," she protested, "but Arthur won't listen to anything but Princeton. It was a young Princeton professor duck shootin' down here five years ago that put the bee in Arthur's bonnet, and he's never thought of any other place since."

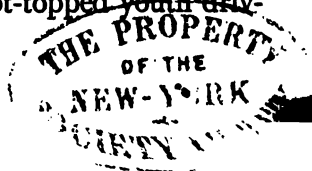
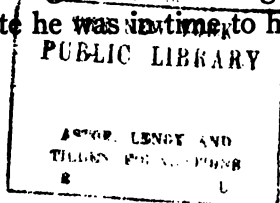
"But how will you get along without him? Can you run the farm alone? Have you any other children?"

"Nobody but Arthur," and her brave eyes were sad. "He will be home summers and vacations to look after things and I'll make out somehow. I don't worry about that. He wouldn't go away if he thought I was goin' to suffer. He is going to work his way through college, and if he prospers and finds jobs enough maybe I can go to Princeton and stay awhile in the winters. We don't borrow trouble nor cross bridges till we come to 'em."

"Great Scott, we have forgotten all about those athletic games," exclaimed Hector, glancing at his watch. "Of course you are going over to Oakville right now. Can't we charter a horse and buggy? I have plenty of time to go with you. I want to see your son win a few medals."

"Our old horse went lame last week and is turned out to pasture, and that ends it, though I thank you for your interest in me, Mr. McGrath. You certainly are good hearted and well-meanin'."

Hector pricked up his ears at the sound of wheels rattling across the bridge. Darting madly through the gate he was in time to hail a carrot-topped youth driv-



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ing a grocer's wagon which was piled high with berry crates. To Hector's importunities the red-headed one made this crushing rejoinder:

"Of course, I can't give you a lift. Can't you see I'm goin' straight away from Oakville as fast as I can make this old plug travel? You must be loony. Gid-dap."

"A five-dollar bill looks sensible, doesn't it?" calmly commented the other. "Dump those crates in the yard here, and right about face. I need your wagon."

The peppery lad began to toss his cargo overboard without another word and, despite her vehement protests at such unheard of extravagance, Mrs. Harriet Trent was fairly kidnapped by her energetic guest and whisked toward Oakville in a cloud of dust. Hector banished the boy to the back of the wagon and handled reins and whip with such skill that the journey was made at breakneck speed. Mrs. Trent clung to his arm and maintained a courageous composure while he learned more and more from her confiding revelations how unconsciously heroic, how pregnant with loving sacrifices, and how fired with noble ambition had been the long struggle toward the goal of the chief desire of this mother and her son. Together they had wrought a miracle of zeal and faith and works in wrestling success from adversity, nor could Hector McGrath find room in his heart for doubt that Arthur Trent would somehow fight his way through four years of college.

When the grocer's chariot clattered into the straggling outskirts of Oakville the joyful noise of a vil-

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lainous brass band welled from the fenced enclosure of the county fair grounds. The gates were plastered with posters whose rampant type proclaimed:

GRAND ATHLETIC CARNIVAL
Under the Management of the
OAKVILLE A. A.
FOURTEEN CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS
Gold and Silver Medals
AND
\$50 IN PRIZES

"If this young Trent expects to get into college athletics he must not be competing for money," thought Hector with a start of dismay. "It will queer him as sure as a shot, with all these fussy rules against professionalism, even if he wins only a ten-cent piece. Doesn't he know any better? If he doesn't, I ought to warn him. It's the only decent thing to do. Whoa, Dobbins."

But Hector did not wish to give the doting mother cause for worry, and it would be foolish of him to raise a false alarm. Of course Arthur Trent must know enough to avoid spoiling his chances of an athletic career at Princeton by steering clear of competing for cash prizes at this picayune country meeting. It was the comfortable habit of Hector McGrath to let well enough alone and to meet disagreeable issues by deftly stepping around them. So he temporized, kept his reflections to himself, and escorted Mrs. Trent to a seat in the flimsy grand-stand overlooking the trotting track

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and baseball field on which runners, jumpers, and weight tossers were strenuously disporting themselves. The scene was like a caricature of the pretentious college athletic meetings at which Hector was wont to cheer himself purple of countenance, but he had the true sporting spirit which finds its enjoyment in the contest itself and he was prepared to be thrilled regardless of environment or record-breaking finishes.

Near the "take off" for the running broad jump stood a group of awkward, sunburned young rustics clad in motley, home-made athletic costumes. Somewhat apart from them, making ready for a trial leap, was a youth of different mould. There was no trace of the muscle-bound clumsiness of the farmer or the slovenly carriage of the factory hand in his graceful, confident manner of handling himself. Trimly and compactly built, he appeared to possess both strength and fleetness in an uncommon degree, the combination of qualities seen in the successful half-back or end-rush of the college football field. As he launched into his stride and gathered himself for the jump, Hector said aloud:

"He certainly makes those clodhoppers look outclassed. By Jove, he is a corker."

"That is my son, Arthur," cried Mrs. Trent, her voice a trifle unsteady with excitement. "Oh, do you think he can win?"

"He can't help it. He is a natural-born athlete," stoutly affirmed Hector. "Why, oh why didn't a Yale professor have sense enough to shoot ducks down here and bag that boy of yours when he was young?"

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"I am sure he will come over and see us as soon as he can, Mr. McGrath. I don't believe he knows I'm here."

A few minutes later a pompous village worthy bel-
lowed huskily, through a megaphone, that A. Trent
had won the broad jump, "distance twenty-one feet
and four inches, breaking the record of the Oakville
Athletic Association by a whole foot." The victor
waved a joyous greeting to his elated mother and was
about to run across the intervening track when the per-
spiring gentleman of the megaphone roared:

"All out for the quarter-mile run. Take your places
at the start."

Mrs. Trent clasped her hands and breathlessly con-
fided to Hector:

"This is the race Arthur wants to win most of all.
The first prize is ten dollars and he needs just that much
more to put in the savings-bank to pay his bill for tui-
tion before he can get into college. It has been worryin'
him lately and he won't have me deny myself any more
than he can help. Do you suppose he can run faster
than those big hearty men, some of 'em years older
than Arthur? There must be a dozen of 'em. Oh,
there they go."

"I'm willing to bet ten dollars on him against the
field," was Hector's prompt reply. "But he ought not
to be running for money in this race. I ought to go
over and talk to him. No, it's too late. They are
lined up on the mark. Oh, I have no business to let
him do it. He doesn't know any better. I—I——"

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"What in the world is the matter with you?" anxiously asked the mother. "Are you afraid he can't win the race? Is he doing anything he hadn't ought to?"

The starter's pistol cracked and the bunch of runners shot away from the quarter pole of the trotting track. It was too late to intervene and, inwardly lamenting his procrastination and lack of decision, Hector could only stammer:

"I—I was only thinking I might give him some useful advice for the race. I know a lot about this kind of sport, Mrs. Trent. Of course he is going to win. Look how easily he runs. He is going to set the pace all the way. He would make the best of them hustle on a good track."

At the end of the first hundred yards Arthur Trent's rivals were pounding heavily in his wake, and when half the distance had been covered they were strung out in a hopeless procession. Sprinting as if this were no more than a hundred-yard dash, the swift-footed youth tore down the home-stretch of the track, head up, striding powerfully, a winner in such easy fashion that he seemed to be running for his own diversion.

"He could have stopped to pick daisies or turn handsprings down the middle of the track and won as he pleased," declared Hector McGrath, who was dancing a jig and pounding the railing with his costly straw hat.

"He don't expect to have any time for athletic games in college and I don't know but what I'm sorry,

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after seein' him do so fine," murmured Mrs. Trent with a sigh of relief that the intolerable suspense was ended.

Arthur Trent wheeled from the track and, vaulting the barrier of the grand-stand, grasped his mother's outstretched hands. Her eyes were shining as she told him:

"It was just splendid. I am so proud of you. How many more races did you win before I come?"

"The shot-put and the hurdles, mother," laughed the panting lad. "Four championships, and I have earned twenty dollars in all. Just think of that. And ten dollars of it belongs to you for a birthday present. It was lots of fun. I am going to make a try at the last event, too. That's the mile run. It's great to have you here."

As he surveyed the manly, resolute face of young Trent, Hector could not bring himself to say a belated word about "professionalism" in college sport. It was too late to mend matters and he moodily looked at his watch. He must hurry away if he expected to re-join the Cape May express. Offering his hand to Arthur Trent, he said sincerely:

"Glad to have a chance to congratulate you. It was great work. Your mother will explain how I happen to be here. I understand you are headed for Princeton, but if ever I can be of any use to you, just write to H. A. McGrath at Yale. There is a chartered grocery wagon at the gate and your mother is to ride home in it. I'll pick up a rig from some of the folks here and

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hustle to my train. Good-by, Mrs. Trent. I must get through to Cape May to-night. This is a great boy of yours, and he's the kind you deserve to have."

II

After a blithesome, care-free summer Hector Alonzo McGrath returned to New Haven to enjoy the dignified station and manifold responsibilities of a Yale Senior. He found the football squad hard at work under the leadership of Jim Stearns, and promptly offered himself as a candidate for any position from guard to quarter-back. With more candor than tact the outspoken captain informed him:

"You have tried for the eleven for three years, Hector, and you never came as close to it as fifteenth substitute. I don't want the unpleasant job of firing you from the squad, so be a good boy and roll hoops or play marbles until the chess season opens. It is a cinch you can make the intercollegiate chess team this year if you don't overtrain or sprain your thinker."

"I had a notion you might want a good, plunging half-back, Jim, but never mind," was Hector's meek retort. "You will regret it when your team is whipped. Yale has never appreciated me, but I won't be sore on you. You are a part of the system. You can't help it."

"Go chase yourself or I shall turn you over my knee and proceed to wallop you," declared the football captain as he called his men from the training house to

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the field for the opening line-up of the season. Hector McGrath found an outlet for his single-minded devotion in watching the daily practice, cheering the good plays, and riding back to the campus with the tired and muddy athletes. As the season wore on he continued to be a loyal "heeler" whom the worst weather could not dismay. He trotted out to the field with unflagging interest, elated when the work of the first eleven was encouraging, depressed and volubly worried when the scrub was able to score a touch-down or field goal. In fact, he seemed to carry a heavier burden of responsibility upon his rather frail shoulders than did his friend and classmate, Jim Stearns, the captain.

The preliminary or practice games played against college teams of no great prowess were satisfactory to the Yale coaches. The eleven was strong, fast, and slowly developing unity of action as the weeks of October slipped past and the shadow of the great contest with Princeton began to fall athwart the Yale field. So great was the confidence of Hector McGrath in the winning abilities of Jim Stearns's brawny, hard-driven young men that he began to overhaul his cash resources with a view to backing his faith with more substantial proofs. He had no intention of risking utter bankruptcy in the event of defeat, however, until an ill-fated impulse moved him to visit New York early in November as a relaxation from the strain of lectures and recitations, although his instructors might have disagreed with his opinion that he stood in need of any recuperation of the kind.

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In the crowded lobby of a pretentious Fifth Avenue hotel Hector encountered one Aspinwall Smythe, a young man affecting loud garments and a manner of speech even louder. Hector had made his acquaintance in preparatory school, from which the "disgusting Smythe person," as he called him, had somehow passed the barriers of Princeton and there maintained a precarious foothold through Freshman year, after which the campus knew him no more. Notwithstanding his brief career as an undergraduate and his compulsory retirement from the shades of Old Nassau, Aspinwall Smythe was a blatantly aggressive alumnus, unusually eruptive on the eve of the football match with Yale, when he flourished large bundles of his inherited wealth under the noses of such Yale men as he chanced to meet in public places and offered to "bet them to a standstill." Hector McGrath was accustomed to say of this pet aversion of his:

"Aspinwall Smythe is the only real grievance I have against Princeton. It is no disgrace to be beaten by her football teams, and when we whip her she takes it like a good sport. But she can't live Aspinwall Smythe down in a thousand years."

At this chance encounter in New York, Mr. Smythe was flushed with wine and he fell upon Hector McGrath with a roar of triumph, proclaiming so that grill-room, café, and lobby might hear his war-cry:

"A Yale man, and he's my meat! I thought I had driven them all into their holes. Hello, you little paper sport. Come down to the big city to bet three

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dollars on your team? I've been looking for Yale money for a week, and you Elis are too sandless to bet on your own eleven. Whoop, I've bluffed you all."

McGrath eyed this fat and florid nuisance with huge disfavor and curtly responded:

"There is no call to make a howling ass of yourself, Smythe. If you want to bet on Princeton, you won't have to look any further. Now put up or shut up."

With a foolish chuckle Aspinwall Smythe dragged from his trousers' pocket a corpulent roll of bills and announced:

"Now it's your turn to shut up and run back to New Haven, you Yale shrimp. Take it in a lump at even money or leave it alone. I don't bother with pikers."

"I'll take it," snapped Hector, his cheeks aflame. "Now count it, and then I will write a check to cover it. We'll let the hotel safe hold the stakes."

Mr. Smythe appeared somewhat subdued, but he dropped into a convenient chair and began to count his money with fumbling fingers. Hector McGrath stood watching him in a most distressful frame of mind. His bank-account was at low ebb and he had drawn upon the paternal allowance three months in advance. That square-jawed father of his who had made his huge fortune in the steel mills of Pittsburg had a businesslike method of dealing, even in family matters, and Hector knew that any further appeals for succor would go unheeded until the day on which the next remittance fell due. It seemed as if Aspinwall Smythe

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would never finish pawing over that harrowingly plethoric wad of bills, but at length he grunted between puffs of his cigar:

"Twelve hundred dollars to a cent. Now aren't you sorry you met me, eh?"

"Oh, pshaw, you are dealing in mere chicken feed. I thought you were really plunging on your team," observed Hector with desperate bravado. "All right. Wait until I get a blank check from the desk."

When this rash young man from Yale boarded the midnight train to New Haven he was in no mood for slumber. For some time he sat in a corner of the smoking compartment of a sleeper, busy with pencil and paper. At length he said to himself with furrowed brow:

"I am shy just about five hundred of that fool bet, and I must beat that check to the bank between now and the Princeton game. But I couldn't let that Smythe swine walk all over me. I don't think I had better try to touch any of the fellows. They may want to put their spare cash on Jim Stearns's team. The sooner I get at the horrible situation and look it sternly in the eye, the better for little Hector's nerves."

Losing no time next morning in taking the war-path, he first sought a retiring gentleman of sleek aspect, Abraham Hamburger by name, whose charitable vocation it was to respond to undergraduate signals of distress by lending them cash on personal notes for a modest recompense of ten per cent. a month. Mr.

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Hamburger was cordial but evidently unhappy as he declared with gestures more eloquent than his words:

"My money is all out, so help me, Mr. McGrath. I cannot give you four or five hundred dollars; no, not before December. But I can give you two hundred. It will help some, maybe."

Hector signed a note without reading it, stuffed the two hundred in his pocket, and fled in search of another accommodating gentleman, known as Moses Einstein, whose racial characteristics were strikingly similar to those of Mr. Hamburger. This campus philanthropist purchased second-hand garments and had relieved many a case of acute financial distress by his ready presence. Finding Mr. Einstein loafing in the shade of an elm convenient to the dormitories of the Old Brick Row, Hector grasped him by the collar and swiftly propelled him toward his rooms in Durfee Hall.

"I have more clothes than I need, Moses. They are apt to make me proud and undemocratic," vouchsafed Hector as they climbed the stairs. "Come up and look 'em over."

Without further parley the owner of the superfluous raiment bolted into his rooms and began to toss overcoats, evening clothes, riding breeches and tweeds on divan, window-seat and chairs, chanting meanwhile:

"Every one of them as good as new and made by McTavish, the swellest tailor on Fifth Avenue. Here, let me pick out a pile for you to cast your vulture's eye over. One suit, two suits, three suits, a fur-lined coat, another good suit, a dinner coat, a lovely outfit of

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swallowtails. Oh, pshaw, make me an offer for the whole confounded lot."

Moses was fairly licking his chops. He had long ago noted the surpassing cut and fit of the clothing worn by Hector McGrath, and now this superb wardrobe was fairly hurled at his head. Too excited to haggle, he threw prudence to the winds and shouted:

"One hundred and fifty dollars. It is a big price, an awful price, but I will give it for the lot."

"Nothing doing, you robber," bellowed Hector, "but I will be a sport and make you a counter-proposition. I will match coins with you, double or quits. If I win, you give me three hundred for my clothes. If you win, you get them for nothing."

It was a torturing decision for Moses Einstein to be compelled to make, but his blood contained a sufficient number of red corpuscles to thrill to this sporting challenge, and after a moment of painful hesitation he faltered, quite out of breath:

"Double or quits, Mr. McGrath. Here is a couple of half dollars. I will match you best two out of three. I am a dead-game Yale sport."

The undergraduate was inwardly aquake, but he preserved a semblance of composure while the lips of the agitated Moses Einstein moved as if in prayer. The two coins rang on the table and Hector won the first round. Then the skittish goddess of chance allotted a victory to Moses. Honors were even and there was tense silence as the twain slowly disclosed the coins that lay beneath their hands.

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"I match you and you owe me three hundred, Mose," whooped Hector. "Now you can run and get an express wagon for the most luxurious wardrobe in college. Me for the simple life! Clothes are a cursed nuisance."

Moses wrung his hands and uplifted his voice in heart-broken lamentation, but his sorrow failed to carry conviction. He had made an excellent bargain after all, in spite of the adverse result of his bold hazard. After his departure Hector surveyed the looted closets with emotions of dismay and consternation, but the three hundred dollars wrenched from Mr. Einstein had power to soothe, and he straightway hastened to the bank and made good the amount of the check that he had so recklessly drawn to the order of Aspinwall Smythe. The football team was holding its practice behind locked gates and Hector had to waylay Jim Stearns on the campus with the question which seethed uppermost in his mind:

"Just between us, Jim; are we all right? Are the men in good shape and do the coaches seem cheerful? I have plunged the limit, bet all my cash, sold all my clothes, and stand to starve and freeze to death before Christmas if we lose the Princeton game."

"If you are such an ass as all that, you ought to be put in a padded cell, Hector," was the unexpectedly disquieting reply. "We are going to have to play almighty hard to win. Our team is fit enough, but Princeton is going to turn out a great eleven this year. You are a little fool to be betting yourself blind two weeks before the game."

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"Well, I hope you won't forget what it means to Hector," feebly returned the other. "If you lose you will have to buy me a meal-ticket, Jim. In my low state of mind you are about as cheerful as a sore thumb."

III

The day after Hector McGrath's desperate game of high finance with Messrs. Hamburger and Einstein he discovered on the sporting page of a New York newspaper certain tidings which caused him to blink in a dazed kind of fashion, rub his head, and ejaculate, "Now, what do you think of that? Wouldn't it jar your underpinnings?"

The headline of the surprising intelligence smote his mental processes in this wise:

PRINCETON MAKES A FOOTBALL FIND.

Arthur Trent, a Phenomenal
Half-back, Picked to Play
For Old Nassau.

Hector read with wondering interest the following dispatch:

Princeton, November 10th. A sensational piece of news leaked from the secret football practice to-day. Hurlbert, right half-back, has been shifted to the scrub and his place taken by a strapping young countryman from South Jersey, Arthur Trent, who will play in the Yale game. He is working his way through college and refused to try for the team early in the season on the ground that he could not afford the time. The captain and coaches finally brought sufficient pressure to bear and popular

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opinion fairly forced Trent into football togs. He is a man of wonderfully fine physique, very fast on his feet, and tremendously strong. Although without previous knowledge of football he has shown such astonishing aptitude for the game that he is considered the phenomenon of the Princeton season.*

Hector flung the newspaper aside. Until now his absorption in the activities of the campus had shoved into the background of his memory that episode of midsummer when he had enjoyed the hospitality and the endearing companionship of the mother of Arthur Trent, when they had driven together from the gray, crumbling farmhouse to the county fair grounds of Oakville. His first impulse was to rush in search of Jim Stearns and tell him that this Arthur Trent had made a "technical professional" of himself by competing for cash prizes, and urge that a protest be lodged against his playing with the Princeton team. This was an effective and summary way of crippling the enemy's strength. But as loyal as he was to Yale, as fond as he was of Jim Stearns, and as much as he had personally at stake, Hector hesitated, and the longer he delayed the more his indecision grew. He vividly recalled the mother's pride in her splendid son, her devotion and her sacrifices, and her intimate part of the struggle to send him to college. It was true that he had won a paltry sum in athletic competition, but did he know that he was placing a bar sinister athwart his career at Princeton? Hector became more and more

* The time of these stories, it will be observed, was before Freshmen were made ineligible for University teams.

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perplexed as to what he ought to do. Had Arthur Trent confessed his offence to the Princeton coaches and were they overlooking it as worthy of extenuation? And, anyhow, were the rules devised to safeguard the purity and sportsmanlike spirit of college athletics ever meant to punish such a case as this?

One fact was clear—Hector McGrath had it in his power to deprive Yale's dearest foe of her phenomenal half-back. He had only to instigate a protest and offer himself as an eye-witness of the violation of the code to carry conviction. What held him back from this step was a worthy and wholly unselfish emotion. He could not bring himself to see that young Trent had done anything deserving punishment. To drag him into an ugly scandal, to let his name be bandied about in the newspapers as a "professional" unmasked by Yale in the nick of time, why, all this would be unjustified by the facts and wickedly cruel both to the boy and to his mother. Trent was intrinsically the kind of man any college should be proud to enroll among its students. After wrestling with these reflections for a long time Hector said to himself:

"I don't want to see Jim Stearns whipped, and I hate like poison to lose twelve hundred dollars. But even if it means a victory for Princeton to let this Arthur Trent stay on the team I'll swear I don't see how I can feel square and decent if I get him fired in disgrace, and that is all there is to it. He hasn't been slaving like a nigger all these years to go to college to be an athlete. And his mother isn't living by herself in that

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tumble-down cottage to make a football hero out of him. They are the real thing. I don't care what the college lawmakers say. They didn't want to bar that kind of a man when they made their rules. And if Arthur Trent wants to take that view of it and keep his mouth shut, it is none of my business."

This view of the problem sufficed no more than overnight. After the first recitation hour next day Jim Stearns slapped Hector on the back and remarked:

"You had better apply for that meal-ticket early to avoid the rush. We are up against it harder for the Princeton game than I thought. Did you hear they have taken Hurlbert out and put in an unknown named Trent at right half? Hulbert was as good as any man we have behind the line, and this Freshman must be a wonder or they wouldn't put him in as near the end of the season as this. I hope you saved a good pair of walking shoes out of the wreck of your wardrobe, Hector. You may have to hoof it home from Mr. Princeton's town."

Hector flushed, stammered, and looked aside. In the face of this speech it seemed the rankest treason to hold his tongue. But the vision of Mrs. Harriet Trent framed in her old-fashioned garden persisted in obtruding itself. *Her* son could knowingly do nothing dishonorable, and even now Hector could not square it with his sense of right and justice to turn informer. He managed to laugh at the captain's warning and replied with an effort to appear at ease:

"You will have that infant phenomenon, Trent,

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tied up in a hard knot in the first five minutes of play, Jim. Wait until they send him at your side of the firing-line. It is a foolish move for Princeton to make at this eleventh hour."

On the following Sunday no fewer than three New York newspapers published photographs of Arthur Trent as the sensation of the Eastern football season. The accompanying paragraphs praised him for modesty and manliness and told how he had been waiting on the table at an eating club and helping the local expressman in order to earn his college expenses. But the argument which swayed Hector McGrath's sympathies most strongly was the fact that even in these badly reproduced photographs, Arthur Trent had his mother's eyes, kindly, trustful, smiling at the world as if they knew no guile.

"I guess I shall have to stand by the old homestead," was Hector's final verdict. "It may cost me twelve hundred good dollars, but the price isn't big enough to make me play Judas to the Trent family."

The great Yale-Princeton game of that year was played without the enthusiastic presence of that ardent "heeler," Hector Alonzo McGrath. His reasons for staying behind in New Haven while the college, almost to a man, joyously departed to view the conflict were not wholly of a financial aspect. To an impatient classmate who implored him to forego his mad resolution to maroon himself on the campus, he explained with some heat:

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"My nerves won't stand it. I come within an ace of blowing up whenever I see a big game, and this year I have too much at stake to risk it. No, I'm going down to Heublein's and take the bulletins as they come off the wire. There will be time enough between them for me to stow away a bracing drink, and I can be quiet and within easy call of an ambulance if Princeton happens to score from the kick-off. Good-by, Bill. Just tell them that you saw me."

At the hour when the vast holiday multitude was filling the slopes of the amphitheatre of another city, Hector Alonzo McGrath might have been seen to wander pensively across the New Haven Green and seek a shadowy corner of a deserted café. A stout, grizzled German waiter, who had been called "Bismarck" by his student patrons for a dozen years, waddled to the table and asked with genuine solicitude:

"Is you sick or sometings, Mr. McGrath? How it vas dot you stays away from the game?"

"I am not strong enough to tell you, Bismarck," wearily quoth the solitary guest. "I want you to bring the bulletins over to my corner as fast as they come in, and read them to me in a low, soothing voice. Don't let yourself get excited no matter what news you get, or you're likely to see me jump on the table and bark. I am on the edge of a collapse from excessive brain fag."

Bismarck bowed, made no comment, and ambled off to ask the cashier about the telegraph service, fearing that any delay in serving up the bulletins piping hot might bring on one of the mysterious attacks so

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darkly hinted at. Hector's nerves were indeed atwitter. Now that it was too late to alter his decision, he was a prey to wretched misgivings, lest after all, he had chosen the wrong course. He was enough of a man to think rather of his duty to Yale than of his imperilled twelve hundred dollars, yet the latter motive was by no means forgotten and he miserably reflected:

"It is a toss-up whether I am a martyr to my convictions, or just seventeen kinds of a fool. And some wise man put it down in a book that he'd rather be a rascal than a fool. Hither, Bismarck. You needn't wait for a bulletin, so fetch me a mug of musty ale."

The waiter trotted in with a slip of paper in his fist and the mug of ale on a tray, anxiously enquiring:

"Vat vill you have first, Mr. McGrath. Here is the trink und here is the openin' message from the game."

"Read it, Bismarck. For Heaven's sake, read it quick."

"All right, Mr. McGrath. It says like this, 'Yale kicks off und Trent rushes ball back to midfield from Princeton twenty-yard line. Princeton loses ball on fumble. Stearns makes ten yards for Yale through left tackle on first down. Time called. Yale man hurt.' Dot is all, Mr. McGrath."

"Just like one of these college athletic stories with Christy pictures, isn't it?" was Hector's comment. "The brilliant Freshman who makes the team at the last minute sails in and wins the game. I don't like the way this Trent person starts off. Fact and fiction seem to be agreeing too blamed well."

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But through several successive bulletins, as sonorously proclaimed by Bismarck, the name of Trent no longer came to harrow the feelings of the audience. Yale was having the better of it, and the first half ended with the blue leading by one touch-down to nothing.

"Maybe he isn't going to be a story-book hero, after all," sighed Hector. "Say, Bismarck, wouldn't you rather be right than be President?"

"I haf sometimes thought I vas right till I asked my wife, but I haf never been President," very seriously answered the waiter. "Vat is it on your mind so troublesome, Mr. McGrath, eh?"

"Well, I think I will leave it to you, Bismarck. Do you think it pays to hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may? In other words, you have lived a good many years, and in your time you have had a bird's-eye view of several thousand young men at their meat and drink. From your observations, is virtue its own reward and is a conscience a nuisance of an organ like your appendix, or not?"

"If you mean vat I t'ink you t'ink you mean, Mr. McGrath, *I vill tell you dot ven a man can look himself straight in his own eye he vill be happy.* It is no room for arguments. I know und I have seen. Now vill I feed you anudder bulletin?"

"Let them come, Bismarck. I feel stronger. You have spoken a wise word in due season. Ah, the cashier is waving a bunch of tidings at us. Hop over and fetch it."

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It would be painful to dwell too long with a description of the second half in which Princeton scored a touch-down, then another, and held this margin of victory until the last moments of the game. Then the doleful waiter read in a voice weighted with woe:

"Stearns breaks through und has a clear field for Princeton's goal, thirty yards away. He is run down and tackled by Trent three yards from Princeton's goal line. Time called. Game ends. Princeton 10—Yale 5."

"And Jim might have tied the score if he hadn't been tackled by Arthur Trent," gasped Hector. "The Freshman didn't win the game, and the joke is on the story writers. But he kept us from making it a tie game and he cost me twelve hundred. And he broke Jim Stearns's heart. Well, Bismarck, say it again. How did you put it? What is the way to be happy when you're broke and sore on life in general?"

"Ven a man can look himself straight in his own eye he vill be happy, Mr. McGrath. I vas sorry you feels so bad. But some day you vill be older den you vas at this minute und you vill forget football games und such trifles."

"Good-by, Bismarck; I am going to get some fresh air," said Hector cordially, and with slightly brightening countenance. "I am much obliged to you for your company. The returns are all in and the smoke is beginning to clear, and I honestly believe that I can 'look myself in my own eye.'"

THE HONOR OF THE GAME

WHEN the sporting editor of the *New York Chronicle* visited New Haven in quest of a Yale correspondent to write athletic news, he was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Peter Burnham. The famous pitcher was doing what he could in his spare time to earn his college expenses, for his own resources were pinchingly small. It occurred to the astute sporting editor that this tall, solemn young man had a reputation to make his name worth advertising as one of the experts who lent the weight of their authority to the pages of the *Chronicle*, and he also perceived that Peter could be relied on to do his best at whatever he undertook. Undergraduate correspondents were apt to be flighty and uncertain at times, thinking it more important to help celebrate a football victory than to "rush the story to the wire." One had only to look at Peter Burnham, however, to know that he viewed his duties with a matured seriousness, and the sporting editor lost no time in telling him:

"I thought you might be able to recommend a good man, but I look no further. You are the person for the job. There is eight dollars a column in it for you, with double rates for your signed forecasts of the big events, expert descriptions of the championship football and baseball games, and so on."

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Peter was dazzled, but distrusting his ability as a journalist, he appeared even more melancholy of countenance than usual as he hesitatingly replied:

"I never wrote a thing outside of my themes in the English courses and all the professors have soured on them. Just what do you want me to do?"

"Cover the news here at Yale. You can do it without turning a hair. Fire along the facts by wire and mail and I will have the stuff dressed up in the office. I will dictate a letter of detailed instructions when I return to New York. Are you on?"

"Oh, you will get nothing but facts, you may be sure of that," said Peter. "The trouble with my themes has been that they show no imagination, so the professors tell me. I am willing to try it, but if I don't make good I expect you to give me my walking papers in a hurry."

"Tut, tut; that is all I care to hear," cried the impetuous sporting editor, as he glanced at his watch and fled for a train to New York. Peter hurried to the gymnasium to join the nine in the dressing-room and ride to the field for the game with the strong team from Williams College. He was in the grip of a severe cold and did not feel up to form, but the captain had told him to pitch the nine innings, and he was not of the kind that makes excuses. As events turned out he was guilty of underestimating the might of the foemen who had come down from the Berkshires with fell intent to "throw a scare into Yale." To make matters even worse, Peter's support was unexpectedly erratic.

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He was freely batted through the earlier innings, and doughty Williams won the lead by three runs and held it. Wearing his most truculent scowl, Peter settled down to his task in deadly earnest, and his bombardment of curves, shoots, and drops became fairly invincible. His rally was too late, however, and he slouched from the field wrapped in the gloom of defeat, moodily chewing on the score—Williams, 7; Yale, 6.

Immediately after supper at the training table, the conscientious Peter sat himself down to write his first despatch to the *New York Chronicle*. Having chewed his pencil and rumped his black hair for a considerable period of intense discomfort, he delivered himself as follows:

“Williams defeated Yale here to-day by one run—7-6. It was mostly the fault of the Yale pitcher, Peter Burnham, the undersigned. He was simply rotten. After such an exhibition the captain ought to keep him on the bench and give the other pitchers a chance. His career in intercollegiate baseball has been so successful that it looks as if his head is swelled, and in games with the less important college teams he is not inclined to extend himself. Williams earned a clean-cut victory by timely hitting and snappy work in the field. The runs were made as follows.”

Peter added the requisite details, copied the official score, and walked toward the telegraph office with the glum reflection:

“He told me to give him facts, and there they are.”

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When the sporting editor had read the despatch he chuckled aloud and tossed it upon the telegraph copy-desk with the comment:

"I have that old duffer Diogenes skinned a mile. I dashed out and found an honest man without the aid of a lantern. Tone that down and let him off easy. No danger of any fake stuff coming from that correspondent, is there?"

Peter would have been surprised to know that he had gained merit in the eyes of the sporting editor. With indefatigable thoroughness he set about raking the campus for news, and dug up several interesting stories that otherwise would have been overlooked. His first month's check was enclosed with a letter of commendation which gave him immense satisfaction, although he showed it to none of his friends, fearing they might think he was blowing his own trumpet. His work at the Yale Field was not slighted, for the championship season was drawing near and his mighty right arm must be depended on to pitch Yale to victory.

It was Hector Alonzo McGrath who gave Peter the opportunity to win his spurs as a genuine journalist. They were walking across the campus when the youth, who had profound admiration for the pitcher's prowess, carelessly remarked:

"I am awfully sorry I can't be at the field this afternoon to see you make the Dartmouth team fan the air, Peter. My father is going through from New York to Boston in his private car, and, as usual, he is in such a blazing hurry that he can't stop off; so I am going

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on with him and take the midnight train back to New Haven. He is up to his ears engineering a whopper of a railroad deal that is going to consolidate a few million miles of track, more or less, and give Wall Street the shock of its life."

"I thought he made steel for a living. Is this a new kind of steal?" said Peter, whose jests were notoriously bad.

"The gentlemen who wake up some morning and find their railroads missing may feel peevish enough to put it that way," returned Hector with a grin. "I don't know how he happened to draw cards, but he holds four aces, as far as I can glean from his brief letters. This is strictly under cover, of course."

"Um-m-m, it will be a big newspaper story when he springs it," muttered Peter, looking at Hector with quickened interest from under his heavy brows. "I am a kind of imitation journalist, Hector, and I am getting the habit of looking for news. What you tell me is not exactly in the athletic line, but I wish I might have first chance at it. I suppose your father will give it to all the newspapers at the same time."

"Oh, *I* think it is straight athletics, Peter. A man who can juggle railroads would make a corker of a hammer-thrower or shot-putter. It sounds to me like a job for a professional strong man. Great Scott, if it will do you any good to get the tidings first, of course father will give you the inside track. It is not much of a favor to ask for a friend of mine. Besides he is a baseball maniac and knows your record as he knows

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his stock-ticker. Come along to Boston with me and we will hold him up. He will be proud to shake the hand that belongs to the arm that belongs to the man that soaked it to fair Harvard."

"Your intentions are always good, for such a flighty little cuss," was Peter's judicial comment. "But ten to one your father would want to throw me off the car. And I can't go anyhow. I must pitch in the game this afternoon. I have made up my mind that I want to be a newspaper man instead of studying law next year, and this story of yours might land me a job after graduation, if it is as big as it looks. But I can't throw the college down, you know that."

"Oh, let Dick Stuyvesant pitch. He is dying for a chance to make good."

"Nothing doing," and Peter shook his head. "Your old man did not get where he is by dodging his duty."

"All right, then, old Stick-in-the-Mud. But why not run down to the station and meet him? Plenty of time for that before the game. I want him to size you up for himself, and then I shall proceed to pester him about this railroad proposition and make him promise to give up. I have been trotting a very steady heat this term and my conduct has given him sincere pleasure. It is up to him to do something for his Hector Alonzo."

Peter was reluctant to obtrude himself, but Hector's volatile persuasiveness could not be withstood, and, still grumbling, the pitcher doubled himself inside Dan Mulligan's battered hack. With an eye to learning

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the tricks of the trade, Peter had become a painstaking reader of newspapers, and their frequent and heated discussion of the deeds of Stephen A. McGrath, captain of industry, tended to awe the mind of a humble undergraduate. Outwardly, Peter was unruffled, however, as he followed Hector through the railroad station and they swung themselves to the platform of a private car attached to the tail of the Boston express. Hector shouted riotous greetings at the burly, gray-haired man who met them in the vestibule, and Peter was introduced with no ceremony whatever.

"I am doing you a great honor, dad," exclaimed the disrespectful offspring. "Peter Burnham is an awfully busy man, but I coaxed him to come along and let you shake hands with him. He is the greatest ever, but I guess you know that."

Mr. Stephen McGrath looked up at the grave, square-jawed countenance of the pitcher, who had the grace to blush and stammer:

"You know Hector, sir. He *would* fetch me along."

"Quite right of him, Mr. Burnham. I saw you on the field last year and I made a lunatic of myself when you struck out the Harvard captain. I shall be very happy to have you join Hector for a flying visit to Boston."

Peter spoke his thanks and regrets and backed out of the car, while Hector followed to whisper:

"Leave the rest to me. He has those railroads crying like children. I can see it in his eye. I will work him while he is in this mellow mood. It will be like taking candy from a kid. See me at chapel to-

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morrow morning, sure. The train is moving. Good-by. Here is where I play little Horace Greeley, Junior, the boy journalist."

On his way to the field Peter bought an afternoon newspaper, and was keenly interested to read that Stephen A. McGrath had refused to be interviewed concerning the rumored railroad consolidation which was both affirmed and denied in a dozen startling rumors from as many unauthorized sources. But Peter was not to be beguiled from the task nearest at hand, and after pitching a masterly game he sententiously penned the narrative thereof and sent it to the *Chronicle*, claiming no personal credit for a victory in which he had loomed as a veritable Napoleon of the diamond. He found Hector Alonzo awaiting him on the chapel steps next morning, which precincts he profaned by dancing jig-steps and bawling at the top of his voice:

"Come a-running, Peter. *Veni, vidi, vici*. Score one for Horace Greeley, Junior. I ought not to take any more absences from chapel; but what's the odds? I can't wait. The booty is locked up in my rooms."

For once Peter was willing to incur the penalty of a "cut" from morning devotions, and he strode after Hector who was already briskly footing it toward his own dormitory. Once within his quarters the McGrath heir bolted the door and extracted from his desk a large, fat envelope with which he smote Peter a crackling blow across the head and lustily cried:

"He dictated the whole proposition to his stenographer in the car. It made my poor head swim just to

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listen to the mess of figures and things. He went to Boston to put the final rivets in the scheme and it was O.K.'d last evening. These documents I hold in my right hand are all yours, Peter dear. Take them as a slight token of esteem from your classmate."

Peter glanced at the sheets of neatly arranged memoranda, blinked as if his eyes were not to be trusted, and incredulously returned:

"But it sounds impossible. Did he understand what you wanted to do with this information? Does he trust me to give out this tremendously important piece of news? Is it really exclusive? What the deuce did you tell him? Have you read what he says here? Whew, man, look at this for a sample. 'New bond issue of fifty millions to extend the Continental and Southern.' 'Three presidents to be retired.' Why, by the Lord Harry, he has gobbled up the whole M. L. and R. system just as another feature of the story. And I have no more than begun to read the memoranda. He has kept all the newspapers playing a game of blind man's bluff, Hector."

"Maybe so. It seems to make you groggy, but he reeled it off a good deal easier than I can bluff my way through a philosophy recitation, and he asked me the college news between rounds, while the stenographer was trying to catch up with him. Your end of it is simple enough, Peter. Father looked you over for himself and, of course, I told him heaps more. He does not like reporters, real ones, and he knows you can be trusted to write the facts and not a word more. And

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while most of the New York papers have slanged and bally-ragged him right and left, he seems least hostile toward the *Chronicle*. In fact, he would be pleased to see the paper beat its competitors on this news. Of course, modesty forbids me to make more than passing mention of the fact that he doesn't think me as much of a fool as I look, and is willing to take a chance on my judgment. Now, go in and win."

"Here goes, then," said Peter, clutching the precious envelope as he made for the door. "You have done a great thing for me, and I shall write and thank your father."

"A mere trifle, Peter," airily exclaimed the other. "When dad and I get ready to bag a few more railroads, we shall be sure to let you know. By the way, can you lend me five dollars? I am flat busted, and my allowance isn't due till the end of this week. That fifty million dollar bond issue sounds like bitter irony to me."

By nightfall Peter was ready to shove his precious manuscript across the counter of the Western Union office; and shortly before it was time for an athlete in training to be thinking of going to bed he received this telegram from New York:

Congratulations. You knocked us breathless; but found Stephen McGrath at Holland House. He refused to see reporter, but sent word you were authorized to give us exclusive story. Great work. Letter follows.

MANAGING EDITOR, *Chronicle*.

The letter which arrived next day brought a check for one hundred dollars as a "bonus" and the offer of

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a position as a reporter on the *Chronicle* staff as soon as Peter should be graduated from Yale. He was soberly elated. The salary mentioned was double that usually given the cub reporter fresh from college. His career had been decided and the way made smooth by a miracle of good fortune, and he hastened to find Hector McGrath to whom he explained with a somewhat troubled air:

"I can't believe it. Don't you think I ought to tell the managing editor that I really didn't have much to do with getting the story? I want the position, but I am not going to sail under false colors."

"Nonsense! Piffle! Tommy-rot!" impatiently cried Hector Alonzo. You had the 'nose for news,' didn't you? You got after it like a hound on a hot trail. That is what the *Chronicle* is looking for. Don't be so disgustingly humble. Demand more money, why don't you? I didn't see any story in it when I happened to pass a few remarks about father's bag of railroad tricks. You were the bright-eyed sleuth, Peter."

The journalist was comforted and accepted the offer forthwith. His pride and satisfaction were unmarred and his dreams of the future untarnished until shortly before the beginning of the baseball championship season he received a most perturbing letter from his friend, the sporting editor, who had this to say:

DEAR MR. BURNHAM:

I have a very sensational athletic story almost ready to uncork. You are the only man who can run it out for us, and, as

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the "Senior Fence," a little apart from a shadowy group of classmates, who were softly singing in long-drawn harmony, "Stars of the Summer Night." Hector filled his pipe, while Peter, a slave to training rules, eyed it longingly. The cloistered tranquillity of the campus as it appeared in the shadows of nightfall, the long lines of buildings vaguely discernible, laid a spell upon Peter Burnham. He loved the place and its traditions with a depth of sentiment which he could not express. His life's work in journalism ceased to trouble him. He was still in Yale, and his standards of right and wrong were bounded by the campus elms and must conform to the standards of the great army of good men and true who had spent their four years here. They would not have asked him to win for Yale by any other means than as man to man, in the open, unafraid and unashamed. The anger was gone from his voice as he confided to Hector what the sporting editor had written, while Hector listened in silence, perhaps curious to hear his friend's verdict. Peter rose from his sprawling posture on the fence and stood gazing down from his uncommon altitude as he briefly and earnestly concluded:

"You helped me get this newspaper job. Now what do you think of a man who would write a letter like that to *me*? If that is New York journalism, then I think I am done with it."

"Hector nodded approvingly, whistled softly as if greatly surprised at something else, and said with a reminiscent smile:

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"You speak words of wisdom, Peter. The sporting editor's nose for news is too keen. He could not see the other side of the problem. But I can complicate it a good deal more. I know this Arthur Trent and all about his case of professionalism. I was on the spot when it happened. Yes, I was. And it was really my fault that he laid himself open to this charge. I thought it was dead and buried long ago. It is simply dastardly to try to rake it up to furnish a yellow newspaper sensation. Of course you are not going to touch it with a pair of tongs! And what is more, we must move heaven and earth to prevent the *Chronicle* making use of it in any shape. Arthur Trent is as straight as you are, Peter."

"You were mixed up in that foot-race at Oakville?" gasped Peter. Whew, of all the—what the deuce do you mean by saying it was your fault? You are the most tee-totally unexpected rooster. What is the answer?"

"It was this way," began Hector, delighted at having dumfounded phlegmatic Peter. "I was rambling along a backwoods road in Jersey last summer, and scraped acquaintance with Arthur Trent's mother and her little tumble-down farmhouse. He was over at Oakville that afternoon to compete in a track athletic meet and she was dying to go. So I kidnapped her and drove her to the scene in a grocer's wagon. We arrived just in time to see the fool boy toe the mark. She had told me he was going to run to win the purse to help pay his first term's tuition at Princeton. She

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was just the dearest sort of a mother, Peter, and proud as all creation of her strapping Arthur. He knew no better than to run for money. It was sheer ignorance and I knew it. I ought to have rushed on the field and explained things to him. But I hemmed and hawed and backed and filled and made a procrastinating, undiluted ass of myself. It was all over in a minute or so and I drove madly off to catch a Cape May train. Arthur Trent played against our eleven, you know that, and I dropped twelve hundred on Yale, a somewhat painful sequel which is neither here nor there."

"He made a tackle that spoiled a Yale touchdown and cost us the game," said Peter with meditative deliberation. "You could have had him fired from the Princeton team, then, but you didn't do it, and it appears to me that you dropped your twelve hundred because you believed in Arthur Trent and wanted to play fair."

"Oh, I did not care to be a counterfeit sport," was Hector's careless response. "Being separated from the twelve hundred made me fly a few distress signals, but we are not here to hold post-mortems. You are up against a hard proposition. My childish intellect can see that far into it. Of course, you can't afford to queer yourself with the *Chronicle*. I suppose a real newspaper man is ready to throw the harpoon into his own brother if the managing editor gives the order."

"That may be, but my mind is made up. I won't take the assignment," growled Peter. "I shall wire

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the paper to-night. But I suppose the sporting editor will print some kind of a story."

"Not if I can help it," and Hector's voice rang loud. "You must be as tactful as possible in refusing the assignment, and then stand from under, for I am going on the war-path. Arthur Trent and his mother are friends of mine. I told them that day in Oakville that I should be on deck if they ever needed me."

"Stand from under? I guess not," combatively returned Peter Burnham. "The facts as you have told them are good enough for me. You have been a bully friend to me and your friends are mine when it comes to a pinch. Shall I wire the sporting editor that I intend to knock his head off if he prints a line about Arthur Trent's professionalism?"

"Tactful Peter," laughed the other. "No, tell him that you have no time to go to Princeton, and he cannot take offence. Always handle the brute creation with kind words. We will wait and learn what he shoots back at you."

The sporting editor's reply was extremely disconcerting. He explained that in default of Peter's co-operation, he proposed to "take a chance on the-story," as soon as he had received the expected affidavits from the citizens of Oakville, including the deputy sheriff aforesaid. Peter was disorganized by these tidings, and could see no help for Arthur Trent, but the harder Hector was knocked down the higher he rebounded, and he announced with great vehemence:

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"I'm going to Princeton to-morrow to see Trent and give him warning. It is the only decent thing to do. And I want his friends in college to know how one Yale man feels about this thing. You are slated to pitch against him and it is an awkward situation for you to get into."

Peter rubbed his head with an air of perplexity. The situation was hopelessly tangled. The one thing clear was the elemental doctrine of standing by one's friend through thick and thin, and it seemed unmanly to desert Hector's quixotic crusade in behalf of the young Princeton athlete. Still another motive had power to sway Peter Burnham's conduct. It might be called the spirit of chivalry, as truly so as that of an armored knight who refused to press the attack against a foe-man whom he had disarmed. He was desperately anxious to have Arthur Trent play for Princeton because the Freshman had a fair right to play—the technicalities and hair-splitting of eligibility rules be hanged. The upshot of his absorbed reflection was the abrupt declaration:

"I am going to Princeton with you, Hector. I want to look Trent over myself and show him that I take no stock in this wicked rot that the *Chronicle* threatens to print. And perhaps when we get together we can devise some scheme to head off the story. I have not given up hope of our being able to squelch it somehow."

Hector grasped his loyal partner's hand and the twain were happy in the thought that whatever the outcome, they had decided to do what seemed right

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and best. They set out on this unconventional pilgrimage to Princeton next day, two Yale men invading the camp of the enemy. Having found Arthur Trent's campus lodging, they waited outside until he returned from baseball practice. Peter liked the compactly built, powerful youngster at first glance and was still more favorably impressed by his response to Hector's cordial greeting:

"I didn't think you would remember me, Mr. McGrath. Mother says nice things about you every time I see her."

"I saw you play football and that jolted my memory and my finances. No danger of forgetting you," said Hector with a rueful smile. "I want you to know Mr. Burnham, the Yale pitcher."

The boyish Princeton Freshman gazed at Peter with open admiration in his honest eyes and said as he extended his hand:

"You have made me lose considerable sleep. I didn't expect to meet you at such close range as this. Will you come up to my room. I am proud to have the chance to welcome you both to Princeton."

Hector began to explain as they mounted the staircase: "We came down purposely to have a talk with you. Our errand is rather peculiar, but I am sure you won't mind. Our intentions are eighteen carat."

Young Trent gazed anxiously at his callers and was evidently flustered and curious as he led them into a small, simply furnished room under the eaves. The sight of Peter Burnham's preternaturally solemn visage

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was particularly disquieting and Hector hastened to relieve the tension by blithely observing:

"This is not a Yale vigilance committee, Trent. We may be afraid of your assortment of curve balls at New Haven, but we have never stooped to assassination. Don't mind Burnham's face. He won't bite. His lineaments are never what you might call merry and gay. I can tell you in a word what we are doing so far from home. The *New York Chronicle* is getting ready to spring that story of the Oakville race you ran for cash. I have told Burnham the circumstances. He is the Yale correspondent of the paper and was asked to write this exposure. He refused, and wanted to come with me to meet you and talk it over. We don't want to see you get in trouble, and we don't want to have you thrown out of the Yale ball games. How about it? Did you tell the Princeton athletic management? And what did they have to say?"

Arthur Trent colored to his eyes, stared helplessly at Hector, then at the Yale pitcher, walked to a window, gazed at the campus, and then wheeled to exclaim with unsteady voice:

"Of course I told all about it when the athletic committee asked for my prep. school record. But when I ran that race I knew nothing about professionalism and its rules. Why, you can swear to that, Mr. McGrath. You were there with mother. Do you suppose I would have done anything I ought not to, with her looking on in the grand-stand? I—I—why, do

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you mean to say it is going to be raked up against me now?"

"Not if we can prevent it," said Peter Burnham, his harsh voice oddly softened. "What did the Princeton management have to say?"

"They made their own investigation," cried Arthur Trent with a passionate gesture of protest. "I insisted that they have a talk with my mother. You know her, Mr. McGrath. You saw our home. It isn't much of a place and you know how she worked and denied herself to help me get started to college. She is down there now, living all alone, but I hope to have her here with me next year. You know how I worked, too. I never dreamed of going to college for the sake of athletics. That is not what we were fighting for. I went to country schools and studied at home. What did I know about the rules meant to bar out crooked athletes, not honest men? Princeton thinks I am clean and straight, and when a Yale man like Peter Burnham agrees with my college, then my conscience is clear and I am not ashamed of my record. What do I care what the newspapers say?"

"Bully for you. But there is so much noise about professionalism in college athletics, that it will hurt you like the deuce to have a twisted story published." This came from Hector who went on to say, "Personally I am thinking more of your mother. She will not understand."

Arthur Trent's defiance crumbled. Country-bred as he was, the power of the printed word appealed to

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him as portentous and final. He hung his head and murmured:

"She worries about me a good deal. Yes, it will make her very unhappy to have me blackguarded by a New York newspaper. What am I going to do about it?"

Peter Burnham had an inspiration which he hoped might save the day. It was as brilliant as it was simple and obvious. Here they were foundering in a bog of perplexity and wondering if it had been worth while to come to Princeton. He waved a long arm and shouted triumphantly:

"It is as easy as falling off a greased plank. Come along with us to New York, Trent. We three will call on the sporting editor. Let him hear you talk as you have talked to us. I believe in you, and he can't help being convinced that he is wrong to think of printing that story. Why didn't we think of it sooner, Hector? This is our winning card."

"Your faith in human nature is touching, and I think you have flashed a superhuman gleam of intelligence this time," said Hector. "If a chat with Trent will not budge the gentlemen, then I advise threats of bodily violence. This Princeton man is a lusty looking scrapper; you consist of six or eight feet of bone and muscle, Peter, and while I am light, yet I am considered quite annoying in a scrimmage."

"But why should you Yale men be doing all this for me?" protested Arthur Trent in almost tearful amazement. "I have plenty of friends in Princeton. Why do you want to risk getting into trouble on my account?"

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"We were accidentally hauled into it and we ought to see it through," stoutly asserted Peter. "I hope to lick you two straight games on the diamond, but that is a different proposition."

"I will go to New York with you if you think it best," said Arthur Trent. "But when it comes to baseball, don't think I dare to call myself in your class as a pitcher. The sporting editor ought to see it our way if we give him the straight facts?"

"He will hear a poor opinion of himself if he doesn't," gruffly replied Peter who was no longer worrying about imperilling his position on the staff now that his fighting blood was stirred.

The sporting editor of the *Chronicle* was extremely busy when an office boy shoved Peter Burnham's card under his nose. He consented to be seen, however, and the Yale pitcher stalked into the littered den with the best intentions of being tactful and discreet. Sweeping an arm around to indicate his brace of friends who had followed with less assurance, he introduced them and explained:

"I have brought that college professionalism story along with me, Mr. Pope. This is your man. Does he look like a crooked athlete? It is all wrong, and you will make a bad mistake if you publish it. We are here to give you the straight facts."

The sporting editor fidgeted, chewed his moustache, and appeared excessively annoyed, as if he were not accustomed to having his judgment questioned in this blunt fashion. He was a pale, nervous young man of

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ragged, uncertain temper which flared at this provocation:

"I shall have the story ready to print in another week, Burnham," he exclaimed. "I can put my hands on the documents to prove this young man ran for cash and made a technical professional of himself. He has no legal right to play for Princeton and he knows it. What business is it of yours, anyhow? You refused to do the story for us. Why are you trying to throw it down? Do you deny it, Mr. Trent?"

He wheeled and glared at the abashed Freshman who stammered:

"No-o, I can't deny it, but the circumstances of the case make it, that is to say— Why, if there was anything in it do you suppose these Yale men would be standing up for me?"

"There is a nigger in the wood-pile somewhere," snapped the sporting editor, savagely tugging at his green eye-shade and casting a sour glance at Peter Burnham. "You fellows have cooked up a conspiracy to throw me down. You may have been chums before you went to college. You may be cousins for all I know. I can deliver the goods without any advice from you, Burnham, understand? Mr. Arthur Trent needn't come here to play the baby act. I've heard enough of your extenuating circumstances. News is news and the *Chronicle* can't be bluffed."

Hector Alonzo had been unwontedly quiet, but now he managed to edge into the heated conversation with the explosive remark:

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"Mr. Burnham is a thoroughbred sport and a gentleman first and a newspaper man afterward."

This added a large amount of combustibles to the flames, for the harassed editor popped from his chair and snorted:

"I am able to manage my own business and I won't be dictated to by a bunch of half-baked 'rah 'rah boys. If Trent wants to make a statement I am willing to print it beneath my story. That is all the satisfaction he will get in this office. I am surprised at you, Burnham. I thought you had the making of a good newspaper man."

The brave plan of intimidating the editor by a show of force did not seem feasible at close range, for the office was some ten stories above the street and the line of retreat strewn with difficulties. Peter had thrown prudence to the winds, however, to the extent of jeopardizing his future relations with the *Chronicle*, and standing over the sporting editor he glowered defiance and contempt as he exclaimed:

"You pasty-faced little shrimp. You don't know a decent man when you meet him. Don't you dare to come to New Haven again, for I'll spank you on sight. Come on, fellows, we have done our best."

"And the *Chronicle* is done with you," cried the sporting editor, dancing in his wrath. "You can't get a job in this building as an office boy. And I will take particular pains to see that your snivelling friend Trent gets what he deserves. You college athletes make me sick."

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Not until they were in the elevator did Hector break the lugubrious quiet that enwrapped the trio.

"The diplomatic service should be your career, Peter. I never beheld such exquisite tact and suavity. Now you *have* put your foot in it. My hearing may be defective, but did not the gentleman insinuate that you had lost your job?"

"That is what the little scoundrel said." Peter's accents were woe-begone, and poor Arthur Trent, in an agony of self-reproach, hastened to bewail:

"And it is all my fault. Why didn't you let me do the talking? It was my funeral. I can never, never forgive myself, Mr. Burnham."

"Don't let it put you off your game," grimly answered Peter. "I don't intend to let it handicap *my* pitching."

After escorting the disconsolate Princetonian to the Jersey City ferry, the crestfallen ambassadors from New Haven turned their faces homeward. When, at length, they parted on the campus, Peter said with the ring of indubitable sincerity:

"Somehow I don't regret our stunt, though most people would call it plain darn foolishness from start to finish."

"Good fun, I thought, Peter. But I sincerely mourn your departed job. Good night and God bless you."

Although Peter had tried to show a brave front in order to spare Hector's feelings, nevertheless he was much cast down and disappointed at thought of the

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tragedy that had summarily overtaken his newspaper career. The opportunity offered him by the *Chronicle* had been singularly promising. He could not hope to find anything like as good fortune elsewhere, and, unless the managing editor should intervene, the great chance had been flung away beyond recall. In vain Peter sought slumber and wondered if he had not been a rattle-headed fool. Doubts flocked out of the darkness to trouble him. The chapel chimes pealed midnight and he was sorrowfully saying to himself:

"What business of mine was it anyhow? Was there any sane reason why I should mix myself up in that Freshman's troubles? I thought I had some horse-sense, and I did have, until I listened to Hector Alonzo McGrath."

Thus berating himself, Peter spent a miserable night and was no happier in mind when he reported for baseball practice next day. After some delay the managing editor wrote confirming the distressful verdict on the grounds of Peter's evident inability to submit to the discipline of a well-regulated newspaper office, and adding the conjecture that the "Stephen McGrath story must have been a piece of blundering luck." Peter was too sore at heart to frame a reply in his own defence and was sulking in his room when Hector Alonzo ran him to earth and roundly scolded him for dodging his best friends.

"Just to make you look cheerful," he exclaimed. "I have come to remind you that the *Chronicle* is about due to spring that Arthur Trent sensation. The

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first Princeton game is only three days off and your genial friend, the sporting editor, will choose the dramatic moment to touch off his fireworks. Do you think Yale will be forced to protest Trent on the strength of those affidavits?"

"I don't see how Yale can help herself after being so fussy about the eligibility rules," said Peter. "But even if we keep quiet, Princeton will have to withdraw him to keep her own skirts clear. Nobody likes to win a ball game better than I do, but what glory is there in whipping a team unfairly crippled at the last moment?"

"Nobody but good old Peter Burnham would be big enough to take that view of it," cried Hector. "No, I will include Jim Stearns. He is the same kind of a trump. Have you done anything about getting another newspaper position?"

"Not a thing. Baseball is my business for the next month."

Late in the same day Peter was surprised to receive a letter from Arthur Trent, written shakily and much erased and interlined.

DEAR MR. BURNHAM:

I have been worrying a great deal because I made you lose your position with the *Chronicle*. And I can't help dreading to see that article about me which they intend to print before the game. My mother has been planning to come to see me pitch and is so excited about it that I know it will make her feel dreadfully if I am prevented from playing and called a crooked athlete. But this is not what I started to tell you. I venture to write in order to thank you with all my heart for the splendid thing you

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did for me. I am more grateful than I can ever show or say, and if I had known it meant so much to you to get into a row with your newspaper, I should not have stirred one step from Princeton. Sometimes I think I had better resign from the team right now and be done with it.

Most faithfully yours.

"Poor boy, he has gone all to pieces," muttered Peter. "A fine game of ball he will be in shape to pitch, and I don't know that I am much better off."

Even Hector Alonzo began to take a sombre view of life. It grieved him sorely that his loyalty toward Arthur Trent should have come to naught, and he felt a burden of responsibility for Peter Burnham's calamity. The day before he expected that the *Chronicle* exposure surely must appear, he languidly opened a telegram and read the first few words with no more than a flicker of interest:

Expect attend game at Princeton. Meet my car Jersey City ten-thirty Saturday morning.

No sooner, however, had Hector read the remainder of the message from his father than he whooped for joy, dashed from his rooms without coat or hat, and scurried for Peter Burnham's quarters. Like a tornado he burst upon the sad-eyed pitcher and roared:

"Read that, you blessed old fool. *Now*, is virtue its own reward? Hooray, let's write an answer, quick."

Peter sternly regarded his hysterical friend, took him by the collar, lifted him upon the window seat, sat down on him, and deliberately read aloud the concluding sentences of the telegram.

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Incidentally I have just secured controlling interest New York Chronicle property. Need it in my business. This may interest Peter Burnham.

Stephen A. McGrath.

"Now you shut up and stay so till I find a pencil," sputtered Hector, while Peter made strange sounds as if he were choking, and pawed the air. "Let up on me, you long-legged brute. Here we are. I know exactly what to wire dad. Oh, keep still. Um-m-m, there, how does this strike you?"

If you love your only son, instantly fire the sporting editor and order story about Arthur Trent, Princeton pitcher, suppressed. Chronicle intends publishing it to-morrow. Also be sure to hold position for Peter Burnham. Will meet you Jersey City.

"That sounds great to me," murmured Peter, shame-faced at having displayed so much emotion. "Now, send a telegram to Arthur Trent, and, by the Great Horn Spoon, there will be some warm work in the pitcher's box on Saturday."

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MONTGOMERY SPENCER's mother was a widow and he was her only child. Her life was bound up in the boy, but with the best intentions in the world she was fast spoiling his career in the making. At nineteen he was a rosy-cheeked six-footer who shaved himself every other day, frequently consulted his tailor, and perused the sporting pages of the newspapers with lively interest. His mother was blind to these and other signs of his maturity, and could not be persuaded that her one chick had actually feathered and was ready to be pushed from the nest to try his wings. Private tutors had prepared him for college in order that he might not be separated from her fostering care and companionship, for she was unwilling to **expose** him to the temptations of school life among lads whose manners, morals, and pedigrees she could not personally vouch for. After he had passed his entrance examinations for Yale, she had taken him abroad for a year of travel to rest his precious brain before he should matriculate.

So tenderly hedged about that his playmates were selected for him, Montgomery looked forward to college as his long-deferred era of emancipation. Not that he was lacking in love for his mother, or in appreciation of her absorption in what she believed to

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be his welfare, but he fretted like a hobbled colt at sight of unfenced pasture.

He came to the edge of open rebellion when it was time to discuss the question of his living quarters at New Haven during Freshman year. Pictured in his eager imagination was a cosey set of rooms in a lodging-house filled with his classmates, sharing their diversions, free to go and come as he pleased, a grown man with a latch-key. Mrs. Spencer listened to his plans with an expression compounded of worry and surprise. She did not interrupt, but Montgomery heard her sigh as he concluded:

"And you can take an apartment in New York for the winter, or go to the Mediterranean if you like. If you stay at home I can spend my Christmas and Easter vacations with you, and you can run up to New Haven now and then and look me over, and maybe see me play football on the Freshman team. I hope I can find a good room-mate."

In her gentle, insistent way Mrs. Spencer lost no time in protesting:

"But your ideas are utterly absurd, Montgomery. Of course, I do not intend to allow you to live in such wretched fashion. Your rooms would not be properly cared for; you would be eating all kinds of trashy food in ill-kept boarding-houses and restaurants. It is my first duty to guard your health and comfort. And I should be perfectly miserable wandering around alone. Supposing you should be taken ill! I shall lease a house in New Haven, engage my servants, and make

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a home for you while you are in college. You will be able to entertain your friends delightfully and to enjoy the kind of living to which you are accustomed. Particularly through this first year as a Freshman, you will need your mother and the familiar home atmosphere. It was one of you father's wishes that you should be sent to Yale, as you know, although had I been free to consult my own judgment I would prefer to see you in Harvard where more respect is paid the social position of a gentleman's son."

"It is Yale or nowhere with me," frowned Montgomery with unexpected decision, "and I want to go it alone, mother. A fellow can't get into the college life unless he lives with the rest of the men. That is half the fun of it. And in a couple of years I shall be able to room on the campus, in one of those bully Old Brick Row buildings—think of it! I am not looking for luxury and home atmosphere. I want to stand on my own two feet and be a Yale man for all there is in it."

Mrs. Spencer clasped her slim, white hands, looked aghast, and quavered:

"Do you mean to say you would like to live in one of those horrid, tumble-down barracks, Montgomery—no steam-heat, no bath-rooms, herded with all kinds of young men from Heaven knows where? Impossible! I have been told that some very uncouth persons attend Yale, fellows who earn their living by sweeping rooms, tending furnaces, washing dishes, waiting on table, and so on, and that they live, for the most part,

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in those old brick dormitories because the rooms are so cheap. I simply will not have you associating with them. As for the home I plan to make for you, Montgomery, you are ungrateful if you raise any more objections. At least you will wait and see it, won't you? I shall find a place with a stable where you can keep your horses."

"But it makes a fellow unpopular at Yale to spend a big lot of money and keep a stable like mine, mother. One man is as good as another on the campus, and it draws a line between the rich men and the poor ones to be flashing around town with four-in-hands and grooms. I learned a great deal about the Yale spirit from that Sophomore who came home in the steamer with us."

"If you are foolish enough to leave your horses on Long Island all winter to eat their heads off, I have nothing more to say," replied his mother with an air of mild martyrdom. "If it is agreeable to you, Montgomery, we will go to New Haven to-morrow and look for a house."

"I suppose you know best, and I am sure you mean well," said the dutiful son with gloomy countenance, "but, oh, mother, can't I ever convince you that I am no longer a baby?"

The fastidious Mrs. Spencer was so fortunate as to find a colonial mansion, very much to her liking, within five minutes' walk of the campus. Unselfishly absorbed in planning to make Montgomery happy, she summoned a fashionable decorator from New York

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and ordered him to transform one room into a luxurious "den," another into a study, and a third into a perfectly appointed billiard-room. The son observed this activity with small show of interest, and gladly would have exchanged the house and contents for a third story backroom on College Street and a wagon-load of battered, second-hand furniture picked up at the undergraduate auction sale. He was too busy, however, to be genuinely miserable over the collapse of his fondest hopes. His class had mustered almost three hundred strong, and was about to be enrolled and subdivided for recitations, lectures, and gymnasium work. To be pitchforked into this joyous hurly-burly was rather bewildering, but its spirit took hold of Montgomery, and the scattering outbursts of class feeling thrilled him with a sense of loyalty and partisanship that struggled to find expression. At length a lordly upper classman halted him on the campus and said:

"Be sure you are on hand for the rush to-night. Seven o'clock sharp on the Grammar School lot. You are a big, husky Freshman and we want you in the front rank."

Montgomery blushed, stammered, and went home to tell his mother. The mention of a "rush" sufficed to make her a prey to vague alarms, and she asked:

"What is this 'rush,' Montgomery? Is it an outbreak of this horrid, ruffianly hazing I have heard so much about? Oh, don't go out after dark until the hazing and rushing are all finished, will you, my darling?"

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"The rush helps to lessen the hazing by letting the Freshmen and Sophomores blow off steam," replied Montgomery in a glow of excitement. "The two classes line up in solid columns facing each other, packed together like so many sardines. The upper classmen have charge of operations, and when they say the word, the two bodies charge at each other and meet in the middle of the lot with a tremendous bump. Then they shove for all they are worth and tear off each other's clothes, and one column has to give way, and of course the other class wins the rush. They want me in the front rank of the Freshmen because I am so tall and heavy."

"With hundreds of crazy young men squeezing you to death and mauling you and breaking your bones?" cried Mrs. Spencer. "Do you mean to say the college faculty permits such atrocious behavior? Not one step do you stir from this house after dinner to-night, Montgomery. Of course you are not going to be rushed. I am sure they do not behave so dreadfully at Harvard."

"And after the rush they have wrestling matches between picked men from the two classes," continued Montgomery, thus far undismayed. "Oh, it's great. You are joking, aren't you, mother?"

"I was never more serious in my life," she answered. "Have I devoted nineteen years to bringing you up and protecting you, only to have you maimed and perhaps killed in a barbarous college rush? Don't be angry with me, Montgomery, but it will break my heart if you take part in this brutal performance."

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The tall, robust son was indeed angry at heart, but at sight of her tearful eyes and quivering lip he mastered himself, tried to save her further distress, and muttered with a weary shrug:

"Never mind. I will stay home with you. I won't be missed in such a crowd. But do you want the fellows to think me a coward and a mollycoddle? How about playing football? The Freshman team will begin practice to-morrow."

"Splendid boys, mothers' sons, are killed every year playing football, Montgomery. It makes me shudder to think of your exposing yourself to such needless danger. But we will not argue the matter now. Let me drive out to the field with you to-morrow and see the game for myself. You are not really angry with me, are you? Aren't you going to kiss me?"

With a perfunctory caress he hurried from the house, back to the stirring campus upon which he so longed to play his part. Late in the afternoon he began to meet his classmates grotesquely garbed in football jackets, padded breeches, "prep" school jerseys, and old coats turned wrong side out. They were already mobilizing for the rush, and Montgomery Spencer stole past them feeling recreant to his duty, a renegade on the very threshold of his college career. He could not bring himself to fling aside his mother's wishes, all his life he had been drilled in the habit of obedience, and he had too much native manliness deliberately to make her suffer. He was poor company at supper, however, and so melancholy was his demeanor, so few his flick-

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ering attempts at conversation, that her heart was moved to compassion and she timidly suggested:

"Would you like to watch the rush for a little while? Why don't you go over and keep well away from the crowd? And if you are molested in any way, don't hesitate to call a policeman or run straight home. I don't mind being left alone."

"Thank you, I believe I will. That is better than nothing," grumbled the son. "Don't worry about me. Your baby boy won't stand close enough to get his hair mussed."

Sulkily Montgomery strode from out this uncomfortable colonial mansion and joined the crowd which streamed toward the Grammar School lot. Afar off he heard his class shouting its first concerted cheer, a throaty war-cry which sounded as if this inchoate assemblage were beginning to find itself. The Freshmen were being marshalled in close-locked ranks by blasé, officious upper classmen who hustled them hither and yon like so many sheep. A bonfire blazed in a corner of the open lot. Its wavering glare illumined the twilight and threw into relief the rows of youthful faces, some of them flushed with excitement, others pale and frowning. The Sophomores were grouped by themselves, in their front rank three 'varsity football heroes of formidable dimensions, a crew man, a hammer thrower, and such other seasoned gladiators as were most likely to strike terror to the hearts of the opposing Freshmen.

Montgomery Spencer stood in the shadows beside

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the fence and surveyed this thrilling scene, now with emotions of disappointment and chagrin, again with a sense of relief that he did not have to take his place in the Freshmen front rank. His interest in rough-and-tumble sport was largely theoretical. So carefully had he been shielded from all risk of physical hurt that the preparations for the rush appealed to him as grim and menacing, and he inwardly debated whether he was a coward because he was not anxious to be battered by those gigantic Sophomores. Before he could solve this problem two upper classmen spied him and bore him down with the shouted query:

"Hello, big fellow, a Freshman, aren't you? Come along. One more strong man needed in front."

Montgomery would not lie to save his skin, and he answered, although with some hesitation:

"I am a Freshman, but—but—I can't go in the rush. I promised not to."

"Oh, bosh. That doesn't go. Lost your nerve, have you? Hey, you Sophomores, this way. Here is a whale of a Freshman, big enough for a football guard, who has dropped his sand and is doing the baby act. If you want to haze him a few, we won't stop you. No more than three of you are to tackle him, understand. We will see fair play. Take off his shirt and rumple him some."

Fortunate indeed it was that Montgomery's mother was spared the sight of the ruction that very promptly followed. The pampered son thought of flight, but he was hemmed in, flank and rear. Then, as a trio

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of yelling Sophomores rushed toward him, he turned at bay, impelled by sheer instinct. There was good blood in him and it boiled with gusty, unreasoning rage at the imminent prospect of being despoiled and "rumped" by strangers who did not understand that he was only a spectator. He had no knowledge of fisticuffs, but with a roar of inarticulate protest he plunged headlong at the nearest Sophomore, his long arms whirling windmill fashion.

With head down, fairly running amuck, Montgomery rammed his nearest foeman in the region of his waistband so that he instantly doubled up and was temporarily put out of action. His surprised comrades hesitated and were lost. The berserker of a Freshman let his fists fly without conscious aim, smote a second adversary under the chin, and dropped him in his tracks. Without pausing to survey the battlefield, Montgomery grasped the one survivor by the waist, fell upon him and bore him down, whereupon he clutched him by the ears and hammered his head against the earth with an enjoyable staccato movement. Inasmuch as nobody had dreamed that the lone Freshman would turn aggressor, his onslaught had been a whirlwind surprise, and he was earnestly engaged in belaboring his prostrate enemy before a rescue party of Sophomores rushed in to drag him clear and administer the punishment due his unheard-of temerity.

In this great moment Montgomery Spencer might die but he would not surrender. He was like a long pent-up volcano that blows off its head in one spectacular

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eruption. Striking out to right and left, kicking, twisting, weeping, he was fairly smothered beneath a writhing heap of Sophomores before he was in the least subdued. Upper classmen, loudly demanding fair play, were trying to pull the Sophomores away, and presently the submerged Montgomery found breath to cry in a voice broken by sobs of rage:

"This way, Freshmen. Help! Help! Help! 'Rah for Ninety-eight."

The timorous ranks of Freshmen, standing arm in arm as they were stationed, had not been able to fathom the cause of the combat raging beside the fence. The protesting shouts of the upper classmen began to enlighten them and they stirred uneasily with excited chatter. They heard the despairing appeal of Montgomery Spencer and with a common impulse the youngsters let go one another's arms and broke in the direction of their beleaguered classmate. Poor Montgomery heard them coming and he managed to sputter above the din:

"They're killing me. Go for 'em, Freshmen."

The attacking Sophomores were yanked this way and that, flung aside or trampled on, and Montgomery crawled out of the riot and leaned against the nearest tree, holding a strip of his tattered shirt to his bleeding nose. His head was spinning and he could not see very clearly, but, as in a fog, he beheld the whole army of Sophomores rally and sweep like a landslide to the succor of *their* maltreated and outnumbered classmates. A moment later the two classes met, not in a

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tame and organized rush managed by the upper classmen, but in a rough-and-tumble free fight such as Yale had not known in years. Every Freshman had tied a handkerchief or bit of white cloth around his left arm in preparation for the rush, and now these insignias served to distinguish friend from foe with much more urgent usefulness than had been expected. Hammer and tongs, the surging mass of lusty youths, more than five hundred in all, fought in whirling clusters, or in single combats waged everywhere at once. The horrified upper classmen strove to intervene, but were pitched out neck and crop and fled for their lives.

Montgomery Spencer realized that he had been the fuse which touched off this magnificent explosion. The knowledge filled him with a sense of importance, gave him a confidence in himself such as he had never known, and with no thought of retreat he leaned panting against the tree until his knees ceased to wobble. Then, with a shrill whoop, he dashed into the fight, yanking a bantam of a Sophomore loose from his grip on a Freshman's neck and charging to the next group where one of his doughty classmates was overmatched by three of the foe who were systematically stripping him of raiment, down to his shoes.

Altogether it was as fine a scrimmage, from one end to the other, as could be found this side of Donnybrook Fair, and it was quelled only by the warning cries of the scouts on the fence:

"Look out for the faculty. Here comes a crowd of 'em. And the police are close behind."

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Amazed at the sound of his own voice, Montgomery Spencer piped up from the midst of the conflict:

"We can whip the police. Come on, Ninety-eight."

The cooler heads of the returning upper classmen made the combatants listen to reason and, after some desultory skirmishing, the warring clans were persuaded, herded, and driven toward their respective sides of the lot which was strewn with hats, shirts, coats, shoes, and trouser legs. Jim Stearns, captain of the university eleven and *ex officio* master of ceremonies, mounted a barrel and managed to make himself heard as follows:

"Of course there will be no rush to-night. You fellows ought to be ashamed of yourselves for kicking up such an infernal row. But we will go ahead with the wrestling matches. Sophomore and Freshman light-weight champions to the front, if you please. The crowd must fall back and make plenty of room for the ring, just beyond the bonfire. Best two falls in three to win the match."

Instead of going homeward, Montgomery Spencer limped toward the fire for two reasons: he was afraid to face his mother and he wanted to see the rest of the fun. Nor did he care in the least that he was a scarecrow of a figure, his shirt consisting of the neck-band and one sleeve, his coat vanished entirely, his trousers hanging in shreds, his face scratched and smeared with blood and mud. He groaned with dismay when the Freshman light-weight lost his match, and madly cheered with what voice he had left when his class

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middle-weight bested the choice of the Sophomores. Then ensued a considerable delay while the upper classmen called for a Freshman heavy-weight to meet the Sophomore champion who was no less a personage than Rodgers, the right tackle of the university eleven. Before Montgomery could escape, a keen-eyed Junior was staring into his face and shouting:

"Here is the lad that put three Sophomores down and out and hollered for more. Throw this man-eater into the ring, why don't you? He is your champion easy enough, Freshmen."

With jubilant acclaim his proud classmates rushed to hoist Montgomery upon their shoulders, and with never a chance to object he was tossed bodily into the ring where he stood abashed and silent. After his Homeric performance earlier in the evening, it would be absurd to explain that his mother had forbidden him to engage in a wrestling match. And to withdraw at this stage of the proceedings would be to show the white feather in so glaring a manner that he could never hope to live it down. Nevertheless Montgomery was badly frightened as he eyed the burly football player who, stripped to the waist, was awaiting the call to action. The boy knew absolutely nothing about wrestling, until to-night no hand had ever been laid on him except in kindness, and he was soft of muscle and more or less overgrown.

Dazed and blinking, he knew not what to do while a brace of upper classmen pulled off the wreck of his shirt, lent him a belt to gird up what was left of his

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trousers, and fanned him with towels after the approved methods of the prize-ring. In cold blood, Montgomery might have bolted in panic fear but the exhilaration of battle had not wholly subsided, and when his helpers shoved him toward the centre of the ring he moistened his lips, drew a long breath, and, without a sign of flinching, made ready to be sacrificed upon the altar of his class. He had not a friend or acquaintance in this great, tumultuous crowd, yet in a twinkling sheer accident had made him the designated hero of his class, its first real hero to be applauded and set above the indistinguishable throng. And a glimpse of this fact may have helped to inspire Montgomery Spencer with the courage needed for this formidable ordeal. He was no longer a mollycoddle, and at last he "stood upon his own two feet."

The Sophomore heavy-weight, Rodgers, stepped forward, crouching, alert, his muscular arms weaving to and fro. Montgomery imitated his posture with clumsy effort, and stooped even lower than his adversary. The surrounding crowd became silent. Each class had won a match. This contest was for the "honor" and the interclass championship. The Freshmen surmised that their hero must have been a famous athlete in some preparatory school. Already rumor had magnified his wonderful prowess. The Sophomores had tried to haze him. He had whipped a dozen of them single-handed. The great Jim Stearns, captain of THE eleven, had shaken his hand in the ring and congratulated him. A prominent Junior had

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called him a "man-eater." What a football guard he was going to make! He wasn't even afraid of Rodgers, the 'varsity tackle. Their absorbed gaze was focused on the two tense figures in the ring, circling, feinting, the firelight flinging shadows athwart their gleaming shoulders and white backs.

Presently Rodgers made a swift rush and tried to grapple with Montgomery. At his wit's end, the Freshman tried to turn, but his foot slipped and he fell upon one knee, his hands upon the ground, his head low. Unable to check himself, and surprised by this singular defence, Rodgers came into violent collision with Montgomery and sprawled on top of him. The Freshman upheaved himself and Rodgers fell clear, scrambling to his feet with a groan. His face was contorted and he clapped his hands to his belt as he shifted ground before making a fresh attack. Montgomery overheard Captain Jim Stearns remark to one of the judges:

"Rodgers pushed his stomach against the Freshman's head that time and it jarred him like the deuce. Rodgers wouldn't admit it, but he was the first Sophomore that this Spencer battering-ram laid out a while ago and he hasn't recovered. I rather expect to see him weaken before the bout is over, but he won't quit if he can help it, because he would be ashamed to own that this same Freshman knocked the wind clear out of him once before to-night."

This was good news, indeed, and it put fresh heart into Montgomery Spencer. He had entered the ring

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with no hope of winning the bout. He was thinking only of averting disgrace. So he had already met and vanquished this terrible university football player, had he? This was one of the three Sophomores who had tried to haze him, was it? "Well, I can do it again," thought the lad with the sublime rashness of youth. "I will show him that he can't fool with *me*."

Whereupon, throwing prudence to the winds, and relying on his victorious tactics outside the ring, Montgomery was insane enough to make a bull-like rush straight at Rodgers who moved with less agility than usual because of a sensation of acute discomfort in the territory of his belt. Before he could dodge or essay a grip of his own, the Freshman had wrapped both arms around his neck and, toppling forward, crushed the football player to earth with a stunning crash. The judges were dancing to and fro, brandishing torches, peering at the squirming figures, until one of them shouted:

"Fair fall. Both shoulders down. The Freshman wins the first fall, though I'm hanged if I can figure out how he did it."

"The law of gravity did it," gravely observed Jim Stearns as he gave Montgomery a hand and helped him totter to his corner. "We had it in our mechanics course last year. The momentum of a falling body equals the weight plus something or other. Good boy, Spencer. Here, your nose is bleeding again. Get a pail of water, somebody."

The conqueror sat on a soap box, supported by the willing arms of two worshipful classmates, while other

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myrmidons fanned and rubbed him and showered expert advice.

"Get away and give him air," commanded Jim Stearns. "He doesn't need advice. What we need to handle him properly is a lion-tamer."

Montgomery Spencer grinned ecstatically through his mask of blood, dust, and sweat. It was all so incredible that he would not have been surprised to be awakened from this wonderful dream by the voice of his mother calling:

"It is time to get up. Don't forget to put on your slippers for the floor is cold. And please don't dress in a draught."

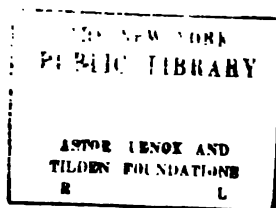
So intoxicated was he by the sequence of events which had made him a hero that he was not dreading the second bout with Rodgers. One classmate after another was pressing to his corner of the ring and telling him excitedly:

"Great work, old man. Keep cool. Ninety-eight is rooting for you. You are the greatest thing that ever happened."

Jim Stearns looked at his watch and cleared the ring. Montgomery arose very stiffly and waited for Rodgers to advance from the opposite corner. But the football player failed to come to the scratch. Several friends were working over him as he sat with head thrown back and legs outstretched as if fighting for breath. After some delay he struggled to his feet, walked a step or two, and swayed uncertainly.



Montgomery Spencer grinned ecstatically through his mask of blood, dust and sweat.



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"I guess I will have to give it up," he faltered, with a plucky attempt to move nearer his opponent. "I am played out."

He extended his hand to Montgomery Spencer who grasped it with genuine sympathy. Then, with a friend on either side, Rodgers slowly returned to his corner and sat with his head in his hands. Jim Stearns went over to him and there was a whispered conference, after which the master of ceremonies flourished his arms to silence the delirious Freshman class, and shouted:

"The Sophomore heavy-weight has been compelled to withdraw. He met with an accident earlier in the evening—that is to say, he took too active a part in the disgraceful row between the lower classes, and he is in no shape to go on wrestling."

The speech was interrupted by cries from the jubilant Freshmen.

"He tried to haze Spencer and got the worst of it."

"Our man licked him once before they went into the ring."

"Spencer isn't played out and he whipped half a dozen Sophomores, Rodgers included."

"And then he sailed into the ring and stood Rodgers on his head."

"Shut up, or I'll come down and spank a few dozen of you myself," declared Jim Stearns. "Technically, the Freshmen have won two of the three matches, including the heavy-weight championship. But Mr. Spencer is not fit to wrestle any longer. His nose is

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badly bunged, and he is bleeding like a stuck pig. He was pretty well tuckered out before the wrestling began. You Freshmen have all the best of to-night's doings, for your man Spencer won a whole bunch of victories single-handed. I propose that the wrestling be considered a draw with honors even. It seems to us upper classmen to be the sportsmanlike decision and I hope you will agree with us. How about it? Mr. Spencer prefers to have it left that way."

"Hurrah for Spencer," yelled the Sophomores. "He is a thoroughbred."

"Oh, rats, we won when Rodgers threw up the sponge and quit," called out a disgruntled Freshman, but his objection was drowned by a roar from his classmates, the burden of which was:

"Call it a draw if you like. We have glory enough. We want Spencer. Give him to us."

Jim Stearns leaped from his barrel and pulled Montgomery away from the clamorous mob of Freshmen who threatened to tear him limb from limb in a frenzied effort to do him honor.

"We fellows will sneak you out of this if you want to go home," said the football captain. "Your crowd wants to ride you around the campus on their shoulders and you ought to have a rest."

"Oh, I am all right, thank you," replied the Freshman hero, by no means reluctant to risk the strenuous ovation. "This is the greatest night of my life, Mr. Stearns. Rodgers is not seriously hurt, is he?"

"You couldn't kill him with an axe. His bread-

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basket is temporarily jolted, that's all," grinned the other. "I am going along with you to see that these crazy Indians get you home right side up."

Then the Freshmen swarmed over the ring, brushed the upper classmen aside, and Montgomery Spencer was hoisted aloft by twenty pairs of hands and borne toward the street. The torches were confiscated by a guard of honor which marched in the van, waving them wildly to mark the cadence of a barking cheer:

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah,
'Rah, 'rah, 'rah,
'Rah, 'rah, 'rah,
Spencer, Spencer, Spencer,
Ninety-eight."

Eddying into the street, the dancing procession pressed toward the campus, Montgomery Spencer struggling to keep his head higher than his heels as he was tossed to and fro upon his uneasy throne. The Freshman class, no longer heterogeneous, chaotic, timorous, had been welded together, its ardent college spirit groping for expression had found an inspiration, and its life at Yale had become a glorious reality. A lad of the front rank turned to face his classmates and began to sing:

"Here's to good old Yale, drink her down."

The great chorus of youthful, vibrant voices picked up the refrain. It was the first song they had tried to sing together. Not as so many individuals foregathered from the four corners of their land did these Freshmen

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sing it, but as a class, a clan, bound together by ties that were destined to continue strong and unbroken through all the remaining years of their lives. Montgomery Spencer, the emancipated mollycoddle, now a full-fledged Yale man, dug a grimy fist into his eyes to wipe away the tears of joy and pride and an indefinable emotion of loyalty and love that thrilled him to the heart's core. With all his might he sang the booming chorus:

"Here's to good Old Yale,
She's so hearty and so hale,
Drink her down, drink her down,
Drink her down, down, down."

They marched past the Old Brick Row, whose windows were filled with applauding upper classmen who remembered that they had been Freshmen themselves, ages and ages ago. Then the parade twisted off at a new tangent and headed for the home of the president of the university. The Freshmen became rather subdued as they drew near this goal, and their leaders suggested they give one cheer for "Prexy" and then disperse. Soon a bent, venerable figure was framed in the front doorway, and the light from within shone upon his silvered hair and fine, kindly profile. He raised his hand to invite attention and said with his deliberate, slightly tremulous intonation:

"I am pleased that the class of Ninety-eight should care to honor me with this impromptu visit. I recall helping to cheer a president of this college when I was a member of a Freshman class that was graduated

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before your fathers were born. Yale stands for the same things to-day that she stood for then, for faithful work, honest service, for ideals that make the world a better, nobler place to live in. And the college spirit which you have heard so much about, and which to-night you are beginning to realize for yourselves, is a living force because it radiates far beyond the classroom, the campus, and the athletic field. It binds Yale men together everywhere with the ties of a common purpose to be manly men, strong men, good men, as their birthright and their obligation born of the four years they lived as students of this institution. God bless you, young gentlemen. Good night and thank you."

"A long cheer for 'Prexy,'" yelled Montgomery Spencer, and the class obeyed with deafening enthusiasm. Jim Stearns had kept up with the procession, considering it his duty to deliver Montgomery out of the hands of his friends before he collapsed. Thinking it now high time to perform this conscientious task, he suggested:

"Don't you fellows think you have carted your hero around town long enough? You don't want to kill him with kindness. Why not escort him home?"

"Good enough, where is your room?" cried a youth who was clasping Montgomery's left leg.

The hero was recalled to himself as if he had been awakened from a trance by a shower of ice-water. His anxious mother was waiting in the colonial mansion for the return of her wandering boy. He did not know what to say but managed to falter:

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"I can walk home alone, thanks awfully. Better drop me right here."

"Not a bit of it. We'll go all the way and cheer you into bed," clamored the throng.

With a shudder Montgomery confessed to the location of his dwelling-place, but his objections were drowned by the noise of shuffling feet and snatches of song as the column got under way. Montgomery was too weary to try to escape, but his imagination was not fagged and he miserably pictured the reception awaiting him. Luckily he was not wholly aware of what a shockingly disreputable, battle-scarred figure he had become—an awful caricature of that impeccably groomed, tenderly guarded Montgomery Spencer who had said good-by to his mother only two hours before. What would she think of this riotous mob which showed every intention of taking his home by storm? Conjecture was baffled, and Montgomery shut his eyes and groaned. Helpless, despairing, borne along like a chip in a torrent, he beheld his dear classmates charge straight at the stately residence, halt, and crowd as near the pillared doorway as possible, while a strong-voiced youngster mounted the stone steps and shouted:

"What's the matter with Spencer?"

"He's all right," roared the crowd in unison.

"Who licked the Sophomore class and put their heavy-weight in the hospital?"

"Spencer, Spencer, Spencer," was the answering howl. "Three long cheers for Spencer, the sandiest

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scrapper of Ninety-eight. Hurrah for our man-eater. Let her go."

The windows rattled as the glorious class of Ninety-eight hoarsely proclaimed its admiration for Montgomery Spencer. The front door was opened by no more than a crack, then hastily closed, just before Montgomery was pushed up the steps. His legs were so benumbed that he would have missed his footing had not Jim Stearns steadied him with an arm around his waist. Recognizing a Freshman who offered to help steer Montgomery to the door, Stearns said:

"Come along, McArthur, we had better get him inside before we leave him. He is cramped and stiff, and no wonder."

Montgomery fumbled with the knob, but the door had been locked. He rang the bell and, after some delay, Mrs. Spencer's imported butler showed an agitated countenance, glared at the waiting trio, and was about to beat an undignified retreat when Montgomery spoke up:

"You are not going to be mobbed or lynched, John. Please tell my mother that I have come home from the rush."

John stood with open mouth, became red in the face as he strove to master his unseemly emotions, and gasped:

"Is it you, Mister Spencer? My word! I 'eard the 'orrid row outside—I—I— Are you badly 'urt, sir? What the 'ell— I beg your pardon, sir. Missus Spencer is in the reception-room. She is badly frightened, sir. Shall I break it to 'er easy?"

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Montgomery's mother was already standing in an arched doorway that commanded the front entrance. At sight of the ragged, begrimed scarecrow which two strange young men were escorting to a leather couch, she wrung her hands and rushed toward him.

"It's me," feebly sputtered Montgomery Spencer through swollen lips. "I'm all right. Don't shriek for the police. These are friends of mine. I'd like a drink of water, if you please."

The maternal instinct forgot all else than the evident sufferings of her adored son. She knelt beside him, tried to make him lie down, and with fluttering, caressing gestures implored:

"Be brave, my darling, until John can help you to your room and we can telephone for a doctor. Oh, what has happened to you? Are you in great pain? Oh, look at you! I never saw such a heart-rending sight."

"Fine as a fiddle, mother. Never had so much fun in my life. You ought to be proud of me. Ask Captain Stearns about it. The only thing that really worries me is that I promised not to take part in the hostilities. But, really, I couldn't help it," croaked Montgomery, nursing a ragged scratch which ran from chin to eyebrow. "Didn't you hear the whole class cheering for me? 'Rah for Ninety-eight."

Turning upon Jim Stearns who was trying to look solemnly sympathetic, Mrs. Spencer cried:

"And did you egg them on to hurt and disfigure my boy and make him disobey his mother? Why,

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he has been frightened out of his wits. He is talking raving nonsense. Is this what you call hazing at Yale?"

Anxious to clear Montgomery's honor, the football captain made earnest answer.

"I think the Sophomores who tried to haze him were the real victims. They deserve no end of sympathy. Your son whipped a pack of them single-handed and then he defeated their wrestling champion after he was fairly thrown into the ring and couldn't back out. He looks pretty rocky but he isn't really damaged. I tell you, his class couldn't cheer him enough. He is right, Mrs. Spencer. You ought to be proud of him."

"I heard a mob of ruffians yelling like wild animals and I presumed they were in pursuit of Montgomery and that he had fled home for refuge," she replied with undiminished asperity. "But I am glad to hear you defend and praise him. And this other friend of his?"

"Pardon me, may I present Mr. Wilbur McArthur, your son's classmate," murmured Jim Stearns. "He was captain of last year's Andover eleven and, next to your son, he is the most prominent man of the Freshman class."

Mrs. Spencer bowed, but her manner was glacial as she fled to gather first aid to the injured.

"She doesn't seem wholly pleased with your evening's work," observed Jim Stearns, who had been trying not to smile.

"It is the most awful shock she ever had in her life," replied Montgomery, pensively surveying the remnants of his raiment. "You can't understand it, not

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the least little bit. There is no use of trying to explain. I hope it won't give her nervous prostration. Don't leave me, please; I shall need your moral support. Do you mind telling her how it all happened?"

"Do you live in New Haven?" put in young McArthur.

"No-o, mother took this house to make a home for me while I am in college," was Montgomery's reluctant admission. "I wanted to live in lodgings like the rest of the Freshmen, but she was afraid I could not take care of myself and might not be treated just right."

"You couldn't take care of yourself? My Goodness, she doesn't know you," chimed in Jim Stearns.

"I don't know myself, Mr. Stearns. I am not the same man that went out of this house after dinner to-night. I have been brought up as a kind of mollycoddle, but you mustn't blame mother. She just couldn't understand. But I guess I have opened her eyes."

"Are there any more mollycoddles where you come from?" asked McArthur. "We could use them on the football field."

Montgomery sighed and gazed at the floor. His past life was dead and done for. He had made a reputation which must be lived up to, and he felt no fear of the future if only his mother could be made to understand. Presently she reappeared, agitated, tearful, the butler marching abreast of a house-maid bearing a tray that resembled a miniature apothecary shop. Montgomery obstinately refused to be carried to bed,

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whereupon she addressed herself to the task of patching the visible hurts of her offspring, who looked as if he had been entangled in the works of a steam thresher. In straightforward, convincing fashion Jim Stearns began to tell her the story of this Homeric night on the Grammar School lot. He was describing, from his own viewpoint, the scene in which Montgomery stood facing Rodgers, the football tackle, a lone Freshman compelled to fight for the honor of his class against tremendous odds, as a duty, as an obligation about which there could be no argument. He was trying to show her that the campus had its code of ethics, its own peculiar standards of manhood and right, when Montgomery interrupted, a new ring of decision in his voice:

"That is just it, mother dear. I don't mean to be disobedient or ungrateful, but I must play the game for all it is worth. I can't be your baby any longer. You don't have to shield me from the other fellows in college. I don't want to stay in Yale if I can't be trusted to take care of myself. You ought to have heard old 'Prexy' talk to our class to-night about being strong men, manly men. I have made a good start and I intend to live up to it."

"What *do* you mean, Montgomery?" asked his mother, conscious that she was almost afraid of this transformed son of hers. "I don't quite understand."

"He did his duty as he found it, which is one of the things they teach us here," said Jim Stearns. "We are not young brutes, really we are not, Mrs. Spencer. We come from good homes and most of us have mothers

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who think the world of us. McArthur and I play football and play hard, and our mothers worry about us a good deal more than we know, I have no doubt of it. But they have sent us to Yale to be tested, to work out our own salvation, and to get ready to fight our way in the big world. And I would rather a hundred times break a leg or an arm on the football field than to be afraid of athletics because the work is hard and sometimes dangerous. It sounds awfully nervy of me to say it, but perhaps to-night's experience has done your son more good than all the schooling he ever had in his life."

Mrs. Spencer gazed at Jim Stearns, then at young Wilbur McArthur, amazed to discover that she found something to admire in them, yet unwilling to confess it. Their faces were stamped with a quiet, masterful self-reliance, bred of discipline, leadership, responsibility, and the mother fancied she discerned upon the face of her own boy something of the same imprint, newly created, making him seem older, manlier than before. The eternal feminine admiration for the elemental qualities of bravery, endurance and strength, stirred in her heart. Montgomery's father had never made this kind of appeal, even in his youth. She looked at Montgomery with new eyes. He had won the homage of his class by displaying a prowess she had not dreamed he could possess, and she was the mother of a college hero whom hundreds of picked young men admired and praised as a leader. Had the time come for them to change places, for him to be the protector, for her to be the protected?

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With a novel timidity of manner she said:

"I do not wish to stand in your way, Montgomery. Perhaps I have misunderstood you. Would you rather have me go away and let you lead your own life at college?"

Her surrender was a revelation of a self unknown to him, and it moved him to respond with a radiant smile:

"Of course not. We will stay right here and have a jolly good time. We can make a regular Freshman club-house of this place."

"I was going to ask you to room with me, that is, before I knew you had a home of your own in New Haven," spoke up McArthur.

"Why don't you come here and room with Montgomery?" asked the mother, eager to suggest whatever might please her son. "He may invite a half-dozen of his classmates to live with him if he likes. I will play house-keeper and do as I am told." She smiled and sighed. "I suppose he will be having his own rooms on the campus in a year or two. My boy has taken charge of me, you see. I am afraid of him. More than anything else, I want him to be happy and his mother's apron-strings can hold him no longer."

"Oh, won't that be great?" cried Montgomery, while he held a wet sponge to an aching knob on the side of his head.

"He told me that I was making a mollycoddle of him," bravely confessed Mrs. Spencer, "but it is never too late to mend."

"If you want to be sure that he is thoroughly mended,

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just ask a few Sophomores," was Jim Stearns's comment as he made for the door. "Come on, McArthur. It is time we were saying good-night."

"I licked three of them and won the heavy-weight wrestling championship on top of that," drowsily mumbled Montgomery as he stumbled bedward with a sleeveless arm around his mother's waist. "'Rah for Ninety-eight. Here's to good old Yale, drink her down."

"And you finished the evening's program by putting your mother to rout," she murmured. A poignant pang of regret stabbed her heart, the mother's vain longing for the vanished boyhood that could never come back. But in her face the tall son at her side could read only a new-born pride and trust and confidence.

THE CASSELBURY TWINS

THE Freshman class had been in college only three weeks and was therefore still a mob, uneasy, more or less turbulent, and very slightly acquainted with itself. The Casselbury twins had come to Yale from a small preparatory school in Massachusetts which, as a matter of tradition, sent most of its finished product to Harvard. Hence they found themselves landed in a world of strangers and deprived of the comforting companionship of old friends. This temporary isolation did not trouble Hamilton and Horace Casselbury, for the twins were unusually well equipped to work out their own salvation, being tall and stalwart of body and possessing brains and courage in abundance. In outward appearance they were amazingly alike, brown hair carefully brushed, alert brown eyes, straight noses, pleasant and decided mouths, and resolute chins. As for weight and height, six feet by one hundred and eighty pounds were the statistics that fitted Hamilton as accurately as they did Horace.

Although they did not purposely affect the same colors and patterns of clothing, the twins were forever borrowing raiment from each other, from hats to shoes, inclusive, thereby making the problem of identification increasingly difficult. The Yale Freshman of the same class-room division to whom one twin in-

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roduced himself as Horace might make mental note of a blue tie and a gray tweed suit, and pinning identification to these visible signs, he politely informed next day that he was addressing Hamilton. Several of their former schoolmates at St. Stephen's had made the same blunder after a year of two of residence with them, and, therefore, among three hundred raw Freshmen who were no more than beginning to know one another at sight, the twins were bound to be a hopelessly confusing problem.

The class soon discovered that Hamilton was the athlete and Horace the student. When one of the twins was seen in football clothes trying for the Freshman eleven, it was a simple matter to call him by his right name which his perspiring comrades soon curtailed to "Ham" Casselbury. For two hours of the afternoon this twin was unmistakably himself. A headstrong, volatile, good-natured youth was "Ham," intensely eager to win athletic honors, measuring the greatness of Yale College by her string of football championships, paying homage to her captains and coaches as the most illustrious of her sons.

Horace, by contrast, had played football in school under compulsion of the head-master's edict, as part of the physical training program. He had loathed the sport, begrudged the time it took from more congenial tasks, and welcomed college as a release from this kind of servitude. He was fond of reading and study, of companionships with men who liked good books and poetry, and his dearest ambition was to win

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an editorship of *The Yale Literary Magazine*. While Hamilton was striving with might and main to stay as left guard on the Freshman eleven, Horace was no less absorbed in writing essays, verses, and bits of fiction and slipping his manuscripts through the slit in the door of *The Lit.* sanctum.

Although their tastes and ambitions were wholly dissimilar, the Casselbury twins were very fond of each other and loyal to a quixotic degree. If Hamilton got himself into hot water Horace fished him out with never a "I told you so." If the less aggressive Horace was set upon by hazing Sophomores, it was the rallying cry of "Ham" that led the Freshman forces to the rescue. Thus far the twins were delighted with Yale. Hamilton was daily tearing holes through the rush-line of the Freshman scrubs in Homeric fashion. Horace had won an entrance examination prize in English composition and one of the godlike Senior editors of *The Lit.* had actually nodded to him while crossing the campus.

The world never looked brighter to the Casselbury twins than on the fateful day when Hamilton clattered into their lodgings on Elm Street and noisily announced:

"Here *is* a pretty mess, Horace. Where the deuce are you? Drop that book and listen to me. Read this letter from Kid Enright. The crazy little fool has run away from St. Stephen's and gone broke in Boston and totally lost his nerve. He is afraid to go back to school, afraid to send word to his folks, and says he

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is going to change his name and look for a job. He fairly begs me to come to the rescue, and I guess it is my Christian duty to go."

Horace Casselbury, by no means as excited as his brother, read the shaky scrawl of a letter with critical deliberation, frowned, and replied:

"I never could understand why you liked that Enright pup, Ham. He was the most sandless infant in school, always in trouble and always snivelling his way out of it. He gave me an acute pain. Let him learn a lesson this time. Of course he will go back to school. He may be on the way by this time."

Hamilton pounded the table and vehemently asserted:

"Kid Enright was a kind of protégé of mine. It was a case of hero worship with him, because I was captain of the school eleven and all that. I think his devotion to me is beautiful, Horace, not a thing to be scoffed at. Of course I must go to Boston by the first train. The boy may be getting ready to jump off the dock, or throw himself in front of a trolley car. He is a morbid little beggar. Lend me some money, will you? And has that brown suit of yours come back from the tailor's? I can catch the noon train if I hustle. Oh, Jumping Jehosaphat, I forgot football practice. I can't afford to miss it a single day. We play Andover pretty soon, and I simply must cinch my place at guard."

Hamilton Casselbury sighed explosively, strode to the nearest window, ran his hands through his hair, and

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became so dejected that the other twin was moved to sympathize and asked:

"One day's absence won't make any difference, will it, Ham? Send the Freshman captain a note, why don't you?"

"He is awfully cranky about the fellows turning up every day for practice, Horace. And I have had to cut one day this week to take that infernal French examination. This is a terrible dilemma. It makes my head ache. You can't tell, some other fellow might crowd me out if he got a chance to play my position. But I must not leave poor little Kid Enright adrift in Boston. It would be too dirty mean."

"Why not let me go after your stray lamb?" generously suggested Horace.

"Because you don't understand him and he doesn't like you. You couldn't handle him at all. But why can't you play football for me this afternoon, Horace? You played a rattling good game at school, and made a better guard than I, even if you did sour on the proposition. You always keep yourself in such bully condition that a couple of fifteen minute halves won't bother you. Nobody on the field will know the difference. In football togs you will be taken for me as a matter of course. Now, don't argue. It has simply got to be done. Why, we did the same trick on the school basket-ball team and got away with it."

Horace Casselbury laid an affectionate hand upon his brother's sturdy shoulder and mildly protested:

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"Now, Ham, we always stand together, you know that. But I don't want to put up a job on our own classmates. It doesn't seem quite the square thing to do. Those tricks were all right for schoolboys. We didn't know any better. But we are in college now, grown up, and——"

"Oh, pish tush, an attack of New England conscience," was Hamilton's rude interjection. "You won't have to say a word to perjure yourself. The fellows will call you 'Ham' and take you for granted. All you have to do is to play a husky game of football. I'm not afraid you will hurt my reputation. It would break me all up to damage my chance of making the team by failing to report for practice."

With this the persuasive athletic twin shifted to a pathetic word picture of the plight of young Kid Enright. Still unconvinced, but unable to resist the appeal of his beloved brother, the conscientious Horace reluctantly yielded ground as follows:

"I can't see that the situation is so desperate either way, with the Enright pup, or with the Freshman eleven. But you will think I am a shyster if I don't go out to that disgusting field and get the stuffing hammered out of me. Where is the key to your locker? Any signals to learn?"

"Here they are. Wrote 'em down last night, you old brick," cried Hamilton. "Bully for you. I will square it with you somehow. I shall be back by noon to-morrow, sure. Let them think Horace has been called away. You are clever enough to figure out the

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details. Help me chuck a few things into this bag. Sixteen minutes to catch that noon train."

Having looted his long-suffering brother of money, clothes, and clean shirts, Hamilton Casselbury fled the scene. Horace felt as if he had been swept up in a gale of wind as he listened to the diminishing rat-tat-tat of Hamilton's flying feet along the brick pavement. Given more time, he would have fought harder against playing the distasteful part thrust upon him, but as fair-minded as he was logical, he was obliged to confess to himself:

"I suppose I should feel the same way that Ham does if I had to risk my chance of being one of the editors of *The Yale Lit.* some day. And I know he would do anything short of murder to help me along. So here goes for as good a game of football as I know how to play."

When this self-sacrificing twin sauntered into the Freshman dressing-room of the gymnasium he was cheerfully greeted as "Ham," "Hamilton," "Ham-and," and plain Casselbury. Having burned his bridges, Horace made answer in the hail-fellow, noisy manner of his departed brother. He balked inwardly at having to put on the grimy, sweat-stained football gear which he unearthed from the locker, but found comfort in the fact that the rubber nose guard would put his identity past all chance of discovery. With the *sang-froid* of a veteran player, he clumped out of the gymnasium and trotted to the waiting street-car. During the ride to the field his composure was un-

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expectedly ruffled by a plain-spoken classmate who asked:

"What's the matter with Horace, the other twin? He ought to be playing football. Can't you hammer some college spirit into him? Doesn't he make you tired?"

The Casselbury twin flushed and returned with surprising heat:

"Horace has his own reasons and they are plenty good enough for me. If you don't like it, why don't you tell him so. He will make *you* tired fast enough."

The careless criticism nettled Horace Casselbury and made him swear to himself that for one day, at any rate, he would inject a dose of "college spirit" into his particular part of the Freshman eleven. Forgotten was the fact that he was not himself but another. After the team had been put through a brisk signal practice he was told to play left guard "as usual," and was delighted to find himself facing the captious classmate aforesaid who was right guard of the scrubs.

"I'll teach him to speak well of the absent," muttered the aroused Casselbury twin as the ball was put in play. Lunging forward, he swung his elbow against the chin of the luckless guard whose teeth rattled as he lurched back and left a hole through which a half-back ploughed for a clean ten yards.

"Well done, Ham," shouted the Freshman captain.

The fighting blood of the Casselbury twin was rampant. Horace had ceased to remember that he yearned

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to be an editor of *The Yale Lit.*, and he was bent on spreading devastation in the ranks of the Freshman scrubs. The singular fact that he was playing not only for himself, but also for the other twin, may have given him the strength of two. At any rate, the absent Hamilton was gallantly represented in the rush-line, and between the halves the captain slapped him on the back and cried:

"Keep it up, old man. Your game has been improving right along for the last ten days. Now go in and tear 'em up."

The Casselbury twin was glad in his heart, not for himself but for his brother, and proceeded to "tear 'em up" with such cyclonic energy that his *vis-à-vis*, the scrub right guard, was blowing like a grampus and spattering his jersey with gore from an ensanguined nose. Half-way through this practice period Horace happened to observe a spruce, active man of early middle age strolling along the side line of the Freshman field in company with Jim Stearns, captain of the university eleven.

"There's Wallace Kemp, the head coach," the centre rush murmured to Horace. "He has come over to our field to size up the new material. Wonder if he is going to take any of us over to play against the 'varsity. *Excuse me.*"

Whatever the impressions of that astute gentleman, Wallace Kemp, he was keeping them to himself, sagely nodding with a word or two of comment while Captain Jim Stearns talked to him with animated gestures.

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Conscious of the scrutiny of these eminent personages, the Freshmen played with frantic ardor, every youth of them hoping to win the notice of the arbiters of Yale football destinies. At length Mr. Kemp ceased to caress his cropped blonde beard with an absent-minded air and beckoned to the Freshman captain who trotted out of the game in breathless haste.

"I want that left guard of yours. Casselbury is his name, isn't it?" said the head coach. "I have been watching him off and on for some time. Ask him to come over to the university field with Captain Stearns, if you please."

"Certainly, sir, but—but—I hate awfully to let him go," stammered the abashed Freshman. "He is one of my best men, Mr. Kemp."

"We may be sending him back to you to-morrow," put in Jim Stearns with a friendly smile. "Don't borrow trouble. We want to try him out at guard on our second eleven against Pudge Osterhaus."

"Against Pudge Osterhaus!" gasped the Freshman captain. "Whew, I am not looking for Hamilton Casselbury's job. All right, sir. I will send him to you at once."

The Freshmen were clustered a short distance away, waiting for the word to resume play, and Horace Casselbury overheard these fearsome tidings. He was to be pitted against the mighty "Pudge" Osterhaus, the greatest guard of intercollegiate football, the raw-boned giant who had been named for the "All-America eleven" three years running! Play on the second

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eleven against "Pudge" Osterhaus? Horace's knees wobbled and clammy perspiration bedewed his brow. It was leading a lamb to the slaughter. Then hot anger gripped the Casselbury twin. What right had his brother to expose him to such a fate as this? He was about to be sacrificed to this human battering ram of an Osterhaus when in the eyes of all beholders he was not himself at all but the other twin. The Casselburys were not quitters, however, and rather pale but resolute of bearing, Horace marched up to the captain of the university eleven and said with as steady a voice as he could muster:

"I am ready, Mr. Stearns. What do you wish me to do?"

Jim Stearns measured with shrewd glance the clean-cut features and well-knit figure of the Casselbury twin and replied with a perceptible twinkle:

"I think you may be able to keep Pudge Osterhaus fairly busy for a few minutes. He has been having a regular picnic. Block him low and hard and try to get the jump on him. Don't be afraid to rough it with him. He plays clean, but if he thinks you are timid he will stand you on your head. The quarterback of the second eleven will give you the signals. Now, wade in. Mr. Kemp has given you the chance of your life."

Horace gulped, tried to smile, and trudged toward the 'varsity field, his troubled eyes discerning from afar the towering figure of "Pudge" Osterhaus who seemed to fill most of the landscape. The unhappy youth tried to find comfort in the unselfish reflection:

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"This is certainly a great day for Hamilton Casselbury. He would give a year of his life to be in my shoes, and I'd give ten years of mine to be out of 'em. But so long as I am Ham, and he is Horace, I must die game and not disgrace the family."

As a matter of fact, in this situation the real Hamilton Casselbury might have been too overjoyed and excited to play his best game. Intoxicated by the rapture of being summoned to the 'varsity field, he would have lacked coolness and judgment. Horace, on the contrary, was calmly, hopelessly desperate, braced to fight to the last ditch for the honor of the Casselbury name and for naught else, for which reason he was a more formidable foeman than he believed possible. As in a horrid dream, he found himself crouching in the middle of the heavy rush-line, staring into the face of "Pudge" Osterhaus, who brushed a mop of yellow hair from his eyes and showed his strong white teeth in a grin of greeting, like an ogre making ready for a hearty meal. Then the swaying, grunting lines clashed and interlocked as the ball flew out of the ruck to the waiting 'varsity half-back.

Horace plunged forward in an attempt to break through, Osterhaus gave way, thrust out a leg, and the Freshman sprawled over it, ploughing into the turf on his face. Spitting mud and grit, he scrambled to his feet and vainly pounded after a fleeing half-back. In scrimmage after scrimmage Horace was blocked as in a vise or thrust aside and trampled upon. His lack of training made him feel sick and spent, but never-

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theless he was playing better than he knew and his mind was working with its wonted shrewdness. At length "Pudge" Osterhaus became a trifle careless, unwitting that the battered Freshman had been searching out his one weakness on the defensive. The 'varsity full-back dropped back to receive the ball for a punt from his forty-yard line. Horace Casselbury clenched his fists, breathed hard, and forgot his bruises. Warily shifting his feet, he edged away from the centre rush as if trying to find an opening on the outside of "Pudge" Osterhaus. The gigantic veteran grinned, slapped the youngster's face with his open hand, and trod heavily upon his toes. The Casselbury twin chewed on his rubber mouth-piece, rubbed his smarting cheek, and bided his time.

He was intently watching the ball in the hands of the stooping centre rush. As it flew back to the outstretched arms of the full-back, the Freshman spun round in his tracks, let both his stout arms fly like flails against the head of "Pudge" Osterhaus, and dodged through *inside* of him. This display of cunning was so unlooked for that the Yale guard was caught napping. Outwitted, he flung himself after, but the Casselbury twin had slipped clean away, somehow dodged the second line of defence, and charged with arms upraised at the surprised full-back who punted with frantic haste to escape this onslaught. Horace leaped high, and the ball smote him full on the chest and rebounded toward the 'varsity goal-posts. The field was empty before him, none stood in his way,

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and with stride unchecked the panting Freshman bolted after the rolling ball, the two elevens thundering behind him.

Blindly disregarding the axiom, "always fall on the ball," he scooped it up as he ran, hugged it to his breast, and fled onward to the goal-posts, no more than a dozen yards away. Fleetest of his pursuers was the brawny yet agile "Pudge" Osterhaus, and his iron hand clutched the Freshman by the shoulder and crumpled him to earth, but too late to avert a touch-down. Kicking feebly, Horace strove to wriggle farther, but Osterhaus picked him up, stood him on his feet, and rumbled in his ear:

"Well done, youngster. You made a monkey of me in great shape. And that wallop you landed on my jaw will keep me chewing on one side for some time. Feel done up? One more scrimmage and the day's work is over."

Horace limped to his station, his heart singing with joy. His had been the rare good fortune to achieve the most spectacular of all football feats—blocking a kick and scoring across an open field. The other Casselbury twin had dreamed of making this play as one of his major college ambitions. And Horace had succeeded, not only against the Yale 'varsity eleven, but also straight through the immortal "Pudge" Osterhaus. Rather bewildered as to his own identity, Horace muttered to himself:

"This is the greatest day that ever happened to Ham Casselbury. He will be all kinds of a hero when he turns up at the field to-morrow."

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Horace was dazed and wobbly as he lined up for the ensuing scrimmage, and Osterhaus, perceiving how weary he was, forebore to harass him. When a mass play ploughed straight at the twin he flinched instead of throwing himself hard at it, and was borne backward, falling underneath a dozen struggling, fighting men. When they were able to disentangle themselves Horace was dragged clear, considerably flattened out, and unable to stand alone. Pluckily he staggered a step or two and flopped on the turf, sick with the torture of trying to recover the breath that had been battered out of him. Captain Jim Stearns hastily pillowed his head upon a roll of sweaters and summoned the trainer, who bathed his face and rubbed him with the contents of a large black bottle.

"His wind will come back in a minute or so, Mike," said Jim Stearns. "Better get Dan Mulligan's hack. He is over there by the grand-stand. We played the boy off his feet, I guess."

"I—I—am all right," gurgled Horace. "N-never mind. I can walk in."

"Shut up and save your breath. You have earned a free ride, Casselbury," Stearns responded. "If you don't feel right to-night, send word to me and I will chase our doctor around to see you. You are to report at the university field to-morrow, understand? The Freshman captain will have to get along without you."

"That is all the medicine I need," murmured Horace with a feeble grin, and with Jim Stearns at his elbow

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he hobbled to the hack and was hoisted aboard. It ought to have been one of the proudest moments of his life. As the hack rolled toward the gate a group of Freshmen ran alongside and set up a rousing cheer for their valiant classmate who had so suddenly become a notable figure of the Yale campus. There was no enthusiasm in the response of the exhausted Horace and he felt more like a fugitive than a hero. His head ached, his legs and arms were numb, every muscle felt as if it had been beaten with clubs. Worse than this, instead of being allowed to crawl quietly into bed and remain in hiding until the return of the other twin, he would be compelled to talk football, to discuss his afternoon's work, to be driven to subterfuge and play-acting by every acquaintance who knew where he lived.

"If I knew where to find Ham, I'd wire him to-night to hustle back on the midnight train," he said to himself. "I don't want his confounded reputation. I made it for him and now he can make me happy by taking it off my hands, the sooner the better. And to-morrow afternoon, clothed and in my right mind, I intend to have the pleasure of going out to the field and watching *him* go up against Pudge Osterhaus."

Horace became absorbed in his own reflections and drifted far away from the moorings of his transferred identity, forgetting that he was still the other twin to the outer world. Old Dan Mulligan, the driver, who had been a campus landmark for years and years, twisted himself on the box to cock a friendly eye at his passenger and remark:

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"I was watchin' ye, Mister Casselbury. I says to meself a week ago that ye'd be yanked across to the 'varsity field before you were anny older. An' how are ye feelin'? No busted ribs nor nothin'?"

"Tired and winded, thank you; nothing worse," absently returned Horace, lost in his own thoughts.

Dan Mulligan drove in silence for several blocks and then, pulling his horses to a walk, turned himself half around and confided in a husky stage-whisper:

"I was comin' to your rooms last night but I was afraid I'd mistake your brother for you an' give ye away. 'Twas wan reason I drove to the field this afternoon. In yer football clothes I cuddn't go wrong. *Th' cigar store man put a detective on the trail of his wooden Indian that ye swiped an' they've got you dead to rights.* Th' fly cop learned it was me hack you lugged th' big Indian off in, an' he had me on th' grill this mornin'. I lied meself black in the face, av course. But ye'd better try to make a settlement before they get a warrant out. 'Tis me advice to lug th' wooden Indian back late to-night an' dump him in front of th' store unbeknownest to annyone. I'll meet you with me hack annywhere ye say."

Horace Casselbury was staring at faithful Dan Mulligan with an expression of blank bewilderment. Jolted out of his introspection by this alarming tale, he could not bring his wits to bear on the situation and, more angry than anything else, he burst out:

"I never heard of your condemned wooden Indian before, you old fool. You must be drunk."

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Dan Mulligan whistled, scratched his gray head, and muttered to the world in general:

"So that's his game, is it? Aimin' to switch it off on his innocent brother! I thought he was a thoroughbred or I'd niver ha' risked losin' me license to carry him an' his domned old wooden Indian from where he swiped it. I don't often go wrong on a student but I got bit this time. Gid-dap."

By now Horace realized his blunder. Why, oh, why hadn't Hamilton told him of this "sign-swiping" expedition? He wanted to shield and help the culprit but he had been caught off his guard, and to try to mend matters might only make them worse. However, he could not permit Dan Mulligan to hold this base opinion of a Casselbury and, with a bungling imitation of a laugh, he spoke up:

"I was just joshing you, Dan. Of course we must lug the Indian back. No great hurry, is there?"

Mr. Mulligan was not to be so easily restored to good-humor and grumbled sulkily:

"I don't like your style of joshin', Mister Casselbury. But you're nawthin' but a Freshman an' you ain't ripe yet, so I make allowances. I'd wash me hands of ye but I hate to see ye pinched. Ye'd best be gettin' busy this very night. If ye don't, 'tis me opinion ye'll be arristed some time to-morrow. 'Tis a valuable wooden Indian, an' th' cigar store man is red hot about it. 'Tis time, he says, to make an example of one of thim rampagin', racketin', thievin' Yale students."

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"Arrested some time to-morrow!" faltered Horace Casselbury. "Of course we must take the Indian back to-night, why, of course we must, of course, yes—why, to be sure——"

"Don't say it ag'in. Ye must be stuck on a dead centre," put in Dan Mulligan, eyeing the flustered youth with a worried scrutiny. "Did ye get t'umped on th' head to-day? Where is th' domned wooden Indian, eh? What time to-night will ye lead me to it?"

"Oh, yes, ha, ha, where is the domned wooden Indian," echoed Horace Casselbury with a mirthless cackle. "Where is it? That's the main question. Where is it? Of course we must find it, why—yes, indeed, of course—to-night I will lead you to it, where is it? I haven't let a soul into the secret, Mr. Mulligan. In fact, I can't remember on the spur of the moment where I—where I hid it. You see, it was so big and——"

"There you go ag'in, clackin' and sputterin' like a hin," was Mr. Daniel Mulligan's severe rejoinder. "I mistrust Pudge Osterhaus handed you a kick on th' noddle in the last scrimmage. Hadn't I better drive you around to Doc Fairchild's? Your brain seems to need a bit of tinkerin'. You forgot what ye did with it? Ye might as well talk of mislayin' a house and lot. Come now, Mister Hamilton Casselbury, quit your jokin'. This is no voodeyville show."

"I do feel sort of queer and foggy. I guess I played too hard," said Horace, hopelessly cornered. "Suppose you come to my rooms at nine o'clock this even-

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ing and we will straighten out this mess. My brother is out of town so he will know nothing about it."

"Sure, I don't want to crowd you. Get some supper and lie down for a couple of hours," good-naturedly suggested Dan. "I'll say nothin' about your bein' took with a loony spell. You and me has got to stand together."

At sight of home Horace forgot his weariness and, jumping from the hack, made for his rooms as fast as his legs could carry him. Having entered this haven he locked the door, fell upon the divan, and forced his distracted intellect to focus itself on the crisis thrust at him by Dan Mulligan. Where, oh, where was the wooden Indian? To confess that he was the wrong twin, that he had not kidnapped this menacing monster, was to rob Hamilton of the glory of his football triumph. But to masquerade as Hamilton any longer was to risk arrest and a kind of disgraceful publicity from which the sensitive soul of Horace Casselbury recoiled. Impaled upon both horns of this dilemma, he sought refuge in thoughts of flight, at least until Hamilton should return. He dared not face Dan Mulligan, and if he lingered in his lodgings he ran the risk also of being arrested next morning.

Like a hunted thing this forlorn Casselbury twin stole from his rooms under cover of early darkness, dodged such strollers as he feared might be other Freshmen, and moved stiffly along one side street after another until he saw a dingy second-rate hotel in which he sought refuge, as a hard-pressed woodchuck dives

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into the nearest hole. With never a thought of slumber, this Casselbury twin sat in a small, unkempt room by the light of a smoky lamp and wished that he were himself again, while his melancholy cogitations found words as follows:

"How am I going to switch places with Ham to-morrow? I must meet him somehow the minute he lands in New Haven. If I don't, he will know nothing about his football promotion, and his touch-down against the 'varsity eleven, and he will bungle things horribly as soon as he meets any of the fellows. But if I hang around the railroad station looking for him, Dan Mulligan will spot me, and if I wait in our rooms that cigar store man's detective may nab me and put me in the calaboose. But even if Ham and I do get together and change around to be our own selves, he will be arrested for the wooden Indian, and he can't play football to-morrow. And that will break his heart. I don't see anything for me to do but to sneak back to the rooms late to-night, write a note for Ham and leave it on his desk, to warn him about the wooden Indian. Then I shall have to keep under cover in this rotten hotel until he can find time to come and dig me out."

Waiting until almost midnight, lest Dan Mulligan might be in ambush, Horace warily trudged back to Elm Street and let himself into his rooms as stealthily as if he were a burglar. At much length he scribbled the harrowing details of the tangled web of deception and placed the sealed envelope where it must catch

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the eye of Hamilton. He was about to skulk away in the darkness when he noticed a letter previously overlooked in his flight. Hastily ripping it open, he read with gloating eyes:

THE YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE

(Founded in 1832)

Editorial Rooms.

MR. HORACE CASSELBURY.

My dear Sir:—I am pleased to inform you that the Board is seriously considering for publication in our next number your poem entitled *Sunset on the Quinnipiac*, and also your prose article, *The Humor of the Elizabethan Dramatists*. It will be necessary, however, for you to make certain minor changes in both contributions, and I shall be glad to discuss them with you if you will call at the editorial rooms to-morrow afternoon at three o'clock. As this will be the last day on which we can deliver manuscripts to the printer, I hope you will be able to confer with us, otherwise your contribution must be held over until some future time.

Very truly yours,

WINTHROP L. PARKER, *Chairman*.

Horace Casselbury was delighted beyond words. This good fortune fairly staggered him. He a Freshman, only three weeks in college, achieving recognition by *The Lit.* with two accepted manuscripts at one stroke! The precious letter clutched tightly in his fist, he turned out the light and hurried into the street, fairly walking on air. What did scoring a touch-down through "Pudge" Osterhaus amount to compared with an honor like this? Then a dreadful possibility occurred to him. What if Hamilton failed to appear before

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three o'clock to-morrow to resume his own identity? Horace could not keep his appointment with the worshipful chairman of the editorial board, his manuscripts would be laid aside, and perhaps never used. The literary twin could have wept as he soliloquized:

"Until Ham is Ham again and I am Horace I can't go around there to talk about my poem and article. I can't shift from one twin to the other by myself. And at three o'clock I shall be expected at the gymnasium to be shifting into football clothes with the 'varsity squad, and at the same minute I am supposed to be at *The Lit.* offices talking about the Elizabethan dramatists. My head won't stand any more with that horrible spectre of a wooden Indian hovering in the background."

The night he passed in the musty cubby-hole of the second-rate hotel was the most miserable of Horace's life. He had no plans beyond waiting where he was and praying that Hamilton might come to the rescue in time to let him meet the chairman of *The Lit.* Board. Such fitful slumber as was vouchsafed him was troubled by a wooden Indian that came to life and tried to brain him with a tomahawk. In the early morning he endeavored to get a grip on his courage and return to his rooms to wait for his brother as the more manly plan, but he pictured wrathful Dan Mulligan and the detective as ready to pounce upon him, and his heart failed him. After all, it was a fine kind of loyalty that inspired his martyrdom, for by confessing that he had been the football player of the day before, he could

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rid himself of the complication of the wooden Indian. But he was unwilling to sacrifice the football reputation he had won for Hamilton, and he intended to turn it over to him untarnished though the heavens fell.

Somehow the long hours dragged past until noon, when poor Horace began to fear he was going flighty. His appetite for food was gone, he paced his room or fidgeted in the dingy office down-stairs, and smoked innumerable cigars. The landlord overheard him muttering to himself and told the clerk to watch him closely on the theory that he might be contemplating suicide. One o'clock came, then two, and no Hamilton Casselbury nor any tidings from the campus, which seemed to be a thousand miles distant from this sordid place of durance. Thereafter Horace sat with his watch in his hand, miserably saying to himself:

"If he doesn't come by three o'clock, I must either go to the gymnasium and play football for him, or get to *The Lit.* office and look after my own affairs. I must be one twin or the other. But I am in no shape to play against Pudge Osterhaus to-day. He would eat me alive, and the captain would throw me off the squad. Gee whiz, what *am* I going to do?"

The hotel clock struck three. Horace could stand the strain no longer. To continue to be a pair of twins was beyond human endurance. He started toward the street door, wavered, tried it again, and was unable to make a decision. He dreaded meeting any one; he did not know which way to turn if he should venture as far as the campus. Hamilton must find him before

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long. But perhaps he had been arrested between the railroad station and his rooms. Horace found himself staring into a cracked mirror that hung above the office desk, and was surprised to find that his hair had not turned white overnight.

The rattle of a fast-driven carriage came to his ears. Hope leaped in his heart. He rushed to the door. Dan Mulligan jerked his horses toward the curb and bellowed something, but Horace had already seen that the hack was empty. No Hamilton. Then Dan Mulligan had run him to earth as a foe, thought Horace. The panicky youth took to his heels and was about to double around the nearest corner when Mulligan hoarsely shouted:

"All's well, me deluded young buck. Whoa, come back; I'm the best friend ye have. I've just come from seein' the other wan of ye."

Horace halted, leaned limply against a fence, and made foolish gestures with his hands. Speechlessly he waited for further information. Dan Mulligan caught him by the arm, led him to the hack, and thrust him inside. Horace collapsed against the cushions and listened, as in a dream, to the amazing recital of Mr. Mulligan.

"I smelled a rat yisterday, Mister Horace Casselbury; do you get that? When ye got so hot under th' collar about the wooden Indian, it sounded genuine to me. Yale students has been tryin' to fool Dan Mulligan for some thirty years, an' I've taken me post-graduate degree on sizin' 'em up. You may fool thim

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football guys, says I to meself, but I caught you when you wasn't lookin' an' you showed me your hand. I'll wait until th' other wan turns up, I says to meself, for they have me guessin'. I picked up the other wan at the station a few minutes ago. I asked him where was the wooden Indian and he told me quick as a shot, an' I knowed that the rat I smelled was a real wan. They was lookin' for him with a warrant this mornin', and him and me fixed it up to put the wooden Indian back in front of the cigar store to-night. An' when that is done I can make the cigar store man listen to reason. So you need not be throwin' these fits any more, Mister Horace Casselbury."

"But what about the football end of the situation? Did you tell him about that?" tremulously asked Horace.

"You bet I did, seein' as I was at the field yesterday. He was comical about it, too, and kept saying, says he, 'Did I really play horse with Pudge Osterhaus, and did I really score on the 'varsity, and do I really belong to Jim Stearns's squad?' 'Ye did nawthin' at all,' says I. 'You wasn't there at all. It was your husky lad of a brother, an' thankful he is to have no more of it to do for ye.' 'Then it's time I was at the gym gettin' into me football clothes,' says th' other wan."

"And did you take him to the gymnasium, or did he go home first, Mr. Mulligan? How did you find out where I was?"

"I told him you had flew th' coop last night an' was scared to come back. There was no more than

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time to get him dressed and into th' 'varsity 'bus, so I drove him lickety-cut to the gym an' dumped him out. He told me to go to his rooms an' take his keys an' find out if you had left anny word for him, and to bring it out to th' field. Which I did, an' here I am, havin' taken th' liberty of perusin' your most divertin' farewell epistle. Whew, me throat is parched with talkin'. I have th' price if you'll march to th' hotel bar."

"Oh, I can't stop. I have my own fish to fry," and Horace's countenance was radiant with returning hope. "Drive me to the campus, to *The Lit.* office, and go it for all you're worth. I can make it yet. This is much more important than Ham's getting to the football practice."

"What I will do for wan I will do for the other. Hold on tight. I may cut th' corners on two wheels," and with that Mr. Daniel Mulligan caught up his whip and the hack careered campusward at terrific speed. When he pulled up in front of the Old Brick Row, Horace bolted from within like a scared rabbit, shouting as he ran, "Wait in front of Osborne Hall and take me to the field in half an hour."

Mr. Mulligan nodded, chirruped to his sweating team, and observed to himself as he drove from the quadrangle at a sedate gait:

"It looks to me as if I had played th' guardeen angel to thim twins. They are fine lads but 'tis wiser for wan of thim to keep from pretindin' he is the other wan of thim, or viecey versey. I can't promise to be on deck ivery time to help thim get separated again."

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An hour later Horace Casselbury was crossing the Yale field in Dan Mulligan's battered chariot. He reached the arena whereon the university eleven was hammering away at the second team, in time to see his brother Hamilton tossed to earth by the bull-like rush of "Pudge" Osterhaus. With courage undaunted the Freshman returned to the assault, and Horace heard Wallace Kemp remark to Captain Jim Stearns:

"Casselbury is the real thing. I didn't expect he would show any life to-day after the bruising game he played yesterday, but he is really holding his man in even better shape. If he keeps coming on, you had better give him a chance on the first eleven before long. Put him in at the other guard and, with Osterhaus and a veteran centre to steady him, he may shape up well."

"So he has made good on the reputation I earned for him. Hooray, the skies have cleared," murmured Horace. Presently his brother ran to the side-line and greeted him with a joyous war-whoop. The twins shook hands and moved away from the other spectators.

"I have had two contributions accepted for the October number of *The Lit.* Isn't that great?" said Horace. "I had a bully talk with the chairman this afternoon, and he said some awfully nice things about my work."

"I suppose so. You think it is great, so I'm mighty well pleased," said Hamilton. "But say, Captain Jim Stearns has asked me to come to the 'varsity train-

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ing table, beginning next week. Now there is a tremendous piece of good news."

"Well, we both win out, don't we?" returned Horace. "But, Ham, I put in an awful twenty-four hours. Let's never do it again. Do you feel quite square about it?"

"Not since Dan Mulligan told me what you had done for me," and Hamilton looked grave. "I feel better after finding out to-day that I can hold up my end with the 'varsity football squad. But it kind of goes against the grain to fool men like Mr. Kemp and Captain Stearns. I'm game to confess. How about you?"

"Same here, Ham. College men ought not to do that kind of thing."

"Very well. Why not tell them right now? They are standing together yonder. Come on."

Very sheepish but unfaltering, the Casselbury twins marched up to the head coach and the captain and announced:

"It was the other twin that played yesterday——"

"But I was the one that played to-day——"

"He is the one that has played right along with the Freshmen——"

"I am Hamilton Casselbury."

"I am Horace Casselbury."

"We thought we were playing a trick on the Freshmen——"

"We didn't dream of deceiving you——"

"I don't play the game at all any more——"

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"I don't think of anything else——"

Wallace Kemp and Jim Stearns were gazing first at one twin, then at the other, with expressions of ludicrous dismay as this singular dialogue became more and more involved. "Wait a minute," roared the head coach. "Which is who? I can't see that it makes any difference, can you, Stearns? I never heard anything like it. Which twin belongs to us, anyhow?"

"I think it is very decent of them to own up, though I don't feel sore about it," laughed the captain. "You are forgiven, but once is enough."

"Would you have given me a show on my work to-day?" anxiously asked Hamilton. "I mean, did Horace's work help me to get my chance with the 'varsity?"

"Oh, that run of his was a fluke. You showed your worth to-day, don't fret about that," was the comforting reply.

"My run was a fluke?" spoke up Horace Casselbury. "I don't give a whoop whether it was or not. I have made two clean touch-downs on *The Yale Lit. Board*, 'Sunset on the Quinnipiac,' and 'The Humor of the Elizabethan Dramatists.' So you and your football can go hang. My feelings are not hurt in the least."

"Great Scott, you are the wrong twin for me," blurted Jim Stearns. "At any rate, you are both happy, aren't you?"

The Casselbury twins stood very erect, smiled the self-same smile, and declared with one voice:

"Never as happy in our lives, sir."

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THE boyish night city editor glanced along the copy readers' table and petulantly exclaimed:

"Isn't that spread head ready yet, Mr. Seeley? It goes on the front page and we are holding open for it. Whew, but you are slow. You ought to be holding down a job on a quarterly review."

A portly man of middle age dropped his pencil and turned heavily in his chair to face the source of this public humiliation. An angry flush overspread his face and he chewed at a grayish mustache as if fighting down rebellion. His comrades at the long table had looked up from their work and were eyeing the oldest copy reader with sympathetic uneasiness while they hoped that he would be able to hold himself in hand. The night city editor felt the tension of this brief tableau and awaited the threatened outbreak with a nervous smile. But Seeley jerked his green eyeshade so low that his face was partly in eclipse, and wheeled round to resume his task with a catch of the breath and a tone of surrender in his reply.

"The head will be ready in five minutes, sir. The last pages of the story are just coming in."

A much younger man, at the farther end of the table, whispered to his neighbor:

"That's cheap and nasty, to call down old man

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Seeley as if he were a cub reporter. He may have lost his grip, but he deserves decent treatment for what he has been. Managing editor of this very sheet, London correspondent before that, and the crack man of the staff when most of the rest of us were in short breeches. And now Henry Harding Seeley isn't any too sure of keeping his job on the copy desk."

"That's what the New York newspaper game can do to you if you stick at it too long," murmured the other. "Back to the farm for mine."

It was long after midnight when these two put on their coats and bade the city editor's desk a perfunctory "Good night."

They left Henry Harding Seeley still slumped in his chair, writing with dogged industry.

"He's dead tired, you can see that," commented one of the pair as they headed for Broadway, "but, as usual, he is grinding out stuff for the Sunday sheet after hours. He must need the extra coin mighty bad. I came back for my overcoat at four the other morning, after the poker game, and he was still pegging away just like that."

Other belated editors and reporters of the *Chronicle* staff drifted toward the elevator, until the gray-haired copy reader was left alone in the city room as if marooned. Writing as steadily as if he were a machine warranted to turn out so many words an hour, Seeley urged his pencil until the last page was finished. Then he read and corrected the "story," slipped it through a slit in a door marked "Sunday Editor," and trudged out, while the tower clock was striking three.

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Instead of seeking the chop-house, wherein the vivacious and tireless youth of the staff were wont to linger over supper, he turned into a side street and betook himself to a small café as yet unfrequented by the night-owls of journalism. Seeley was a beaten man, and he preferred to nurse his wounds in a morbid isolation. His gait and aspect were those of one who was stolidly struggling on the defensive, as if hostile circumstances had driven him into a corner where he was making his last stand.

Through the years of his indomitable youth as a reporter of rare ability and resourcefulness, he had never spared himself. Burning the candle at both ends, with a vitality which had seemed inexhaustible, he had won step after step of promotion until, at forty, he was made managing editor of that huge and hard-driven organization, the *New York Chronicle*. For five years of racking responsibility Henry Harding Seeley had been able to maintain the pace demanded of his position.

Then came an error of judgment—a midnight decision demanded of a fagged mind—and his O. K. was scrawled upon the first sheet of a story of embezzlement in Wall Street. By an incredible blunder the name of the fugitive cashier was coupled with that of the wrong bank. Publication of the *Chronicle* story started a terrific run on this innocent institution, which won its libel suit against the newspaper in the amount of one hundred thousand dollars.

The managing editor, two reporters, and the copy reader who had handled the fatal manuscript, were

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swept out of the building by one cyclonic order from the owner thereof. Henry Seeley accepted his indirect responsibility for the disaster in grim, manly fashion, and straightway sought another berth befitting his journalistic station. But his one costly slip was more than a nine days' scandal along Park Row, and other canny proprietors were afraid that he might hit them in the very vital regions of their pockets. Worse than this, his confidence in himself had suffered mortal damage. The wear and tear of his earlier years had left him with little reserve power, and he went to pieces in the face of adverse fortune.

"Worked out at forty-five," was the verdict of his friends, and they began to pity him.

The will to succeed had been broken, but Seeley might have rallied had not his wife died during the ebb-tide of his affairs. She had walked hand in hand with him since his early twenties, her faith in him had been his mainstay, and his happiness in her complete and beautiful. Bereft of her when he stood most in need of her, he seemed to have no more fight in him, and, drifting from one newspaper office to another, he finally eddied into his old "shop" as a drudging copy reader and an object of sympathy to a younger generation.

There was one son, strong, bright, eager, and by dint of driving his eternally wearied brain overtime, the father had been able to send him to Yale, his own alma mater. More or less pious deception had led young Ernest Seeley to believe that his father had regained much of his old-time prestige with the *Chron-*

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icle and that he had a hand in guiding its editorial destinies. The lad was a Freshman, tremendously absorbed in the activities of the autumn term, and his father was content that he should be so hedged about by the interests of the campus world as to have small time or thought for the grizzled, taciturn toiler in New York.

This was the kind of man that trudged heavily into the little German café of an early morning after his long night's slavery at the copy desk. His mind, embittered and sensitive to slights like a raw nerve, was brooding over the open taunt of the night city editor, who had been an office boy under him in the years gone by. From force of habit he seated himself at a table in the rear of the room, shunning the chance of having to face an acquaintance. Unfolding a copy of the city edition, which had been laid on his desk damp from the press room, Seeley scanned the front page with scowling uneasiness, as if fearing to find some blunder of his own handiwork. Then he turned to the sporting page and began to read the football news.

His son Ernest had been playing as a substitute with the university eleven, an achievement which stirred the father's pride without moving his enthusiasm. And the boy, chilled by his father's indifference, had said little about it during his infrequent visits to New York. But now the elder Seeley sat erect, and his stolid countenance was almost animated as he read, under a New Haven date line:

The Yale confidence of winning the game with Princeton tomorrow has been shattered, and gloom enshrouds the camp of

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the Elis to-night. Collins, the great full-back, who has been the key-stone of Yale's offensive game, was taken to the infirmary late this afternoon. He complained of feeling ill after the signal practice yesterday; fever developed overnight, and the consulting physicians decided that he must be operated on for appendicitis without delay. His place in the Princeton game will be filled by Ernest Seeley, the Freshman, who has been playing a phenomenal game in the back-field, but who is so lacking in experience that the coaches are all at sea to-night. The loss of Collins has swung the betting around to even money instead of 5 to 3 on Yale.

The elder Seeley wiped his glasses as if not sure that he had read aright.

Ernest had seemed to him no more than a sturdy infant and here he was, on the eve of a championship football battle, picked to fight for the "old blue." The father's career at Yale had been a most honorable one. He, too, had played on the eleven and had helped to win two desperate contests against Princeton. But all this belonged to a part of his life which was dead and done for. He had not achieved in after years what Yale expected of him, and his record there was with his buried memories.

Supper was forgotten while Henry Seeley wondered whether he really wanted to go to New Haven to see his boy play. Many of his old friends and classmates would be there and he did not wish to meet them.

And it stung him to the quick as he reflected:

"I should be very happy to see him win, but—but to see him whipped! I couldn't brace and comfort him. And supposing it breaks his heart to be whipped as it

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has broken mine? No, I won't let myself think that. I'm a poor Yale man and a worse father, but I couldn't stand going up there to-day."

Even more humiliating was the thought that he would shrink from asking leave of the city editor. Saturday was not his "day off," and he so greatly hated to ask favors at the office, that the possibility of being rebuffed was more than he was willing to face.

Into his unhappy meditations broke a boisterous hail:

"Diogenes Seeley, as I live. Why, you old rascal, I thought you were dead or something. Glad I didn't get foolish and go to bed. Here, waiter, get busy."

Seeley was startled, and he looked much more distressed than rejoiced as he lumbered from his table to grasp the outstretched hand of a classmate. The opera-hat of this Mr. Richard Giddings was cocked at a rakish angle, his blue eye twinkled good cheer and youthful hilarity, and his aspect was utterly care-free.

"How are you, Dick?" said Seeley, with an unusual smile which singularly brightened his face. "You don't look a day older than when I last saw you. Still cutting coupons for a living?"

"Oh, money is the least of my worries," gayly rattled Mr. Giddings. "Been doing the heavy society act to-night, and on my way home found I needed some sauerkraut and beer to tone up my jaded system. By Jove, Harry, you're as gray as a badger. This newspaper game must be bad for the nerves. Lots of fellows have asked me about you. Never see you at the University Club, nobody sees you anywhere.

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Remarkable how a man can lose himself right here in New York. Still running the *Chronicle*, I suppose."

"I'm still in the old shop, Dick," replied Seeley, glad to be rid of this awkward question. "But I work nearly all night and sleep most of the day, and am like a cog in a big machine that never stops grinding."

"Shouldn't do it. Wears a man out," and Mr. Giddings sagely nodded his head. "Course you are going up to the game to-day. Come along with me. Special car with a big bunch of your old pals inside. They'll be tickled to death to find I've dug you out of your hole. Hello! Is that this morning's paper? Let me look at the sporting page. Great team at New Haven they tell me. What's the latest odds? I put up a thousand at five to three last week and am looking for some more easy money."

The alert eye of the volatile Richard Giddings swept down the New Haven dispatch like lightning.

With a grievous outcry he smote the table and shouted:

"Collins out of the game? Great Scott, Harry, that's awful news. And a green Freshman going to fill his shoes at the last minute. I feel like weeping, honest I do. Who the deuce is this Seeley? Any kin of yours? I suppose not or you would have bellowed it at me before this."

"He is my only boy, Dick," and the father held up his head with a shadow of his old manner. "I didn't know he had the ghost of a show to make the team until I saw this dispatch."

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"Then, of course, you are coming up with me," roared Mr. Giddings. "I hope he's a chip of the old block. If he has your sand they can't stop him. Jumping Jupiter, they couldn't have stopped you with an axe when you were playing guard in our time. Harry. I feel better already to know that it is your kid going in at full-back to-day."

"No, I'm not going up, Dick," said Seeley slowly. "For one thing, it is too short notice for me to break away from the office, and I—I haven't the nerve to watch the boy go into the game. I'm not feeling very fit."

"Stuff and nonsense, you need a brain cure," vociferated Richard Giddings. "You, an old Yale guard, with a pup on the team, and he a Freshman at that! Throw out your chest, man; tell the office to go to the devil—where all newspapers belong—and meet me at the station at ten o'clock sharp. You talk and look like the oldest living grad with one foot in the grave."

Seeley flushed and bit his lip. His dulled realization of what Yale had been to him was quickened by this tormenting comrade of the brave days of old, but he could not be shaken from his attitude of morbid self-effacement.

"No, Dick, it's no use," he returned with a tremulous smile. "You can't budge me. But give my love to the crowd and tell them to cheer for that youngster of mine until they're blue in the face."

Mr. Richard Giddings eyed him quizzically, and surmised that something or other was gravely wrong

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with his grizzled classmate. But Seeley offered no more explanations and the vivacious intruder fell to his task of demolishing sauerkraut with great gusto, after which he nimbly vanished into a cruising hansom with a sense of having been rebuffed.

Seeley watched him depart at great speed and then plodded toward his up-town lodgings. His sleep was distressed with unhappy dreams, and during a wakeful interval he heard a knock at his sitting-room door.

An office boy from the *Chronicle* editorial rooms gave him a note and waited for an answer.

Seeley recognized the handwriting of the managing editor and was worried, for he was always expecting the worst to happen. He sighed with relieved surprise as he read:

MY DEAR MR. SEELEY:

Please go to New Haven as soon as possible and do a couple of columns of descriptive introduction of the Yale-Princeton game. The sporting department will cover the technical story, but a big steamboat collision has just happened in North River, two or three hundred drowned and so on, and I need every man in the shop. As an old Yale player I am sure I can depend on you for a good story, and I know you used to do this kind of stuff in fine style.

Seeley fished his watch from under a pillow. It was after ten o'clock and the game would begin at two. While he hurried into his clothes he was conscious of a distinct thrill of excited interest akin to his old-time joy in the day's work. Could he "do this kind of stuff in fine style"? Why, before his brain had begun to

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be always tired, when he was the star reporter of the *Chronicle*, his football introductions had been classics in Park Row. If there was a spark of the old fire left in him he would try to strike it out, and for the moment he forgot the burden of inertia which had so long crushed him.

"But I don't want to run into Dick Giddings and his crowd," he muttered as he sought his hat and overcoat. "And I'll be up in the press-box away from the mob of old grads. Perhaps my luck has turned."

When Henry Seeley reached the Yale field the eleven had gone to the dressing-rooms in the training house, and he hovered on the edge of the flooding crowds, fairly yearning for a glimpse of the Freshman full-back and a farewell grasp of his hand. The habitual dread lest the son find cause to be ashamed of his father had been shoved into the background by a stronger, more natural emotion. But he well knew that he ought not to invade the training quarters in these last crucial moments. Ernest must not be distraught by a feather's weight of any other interest than the task in hand. The coaches would be delivering their final words of instruction and the old Yale guard could picture to himself the tense absorption of the scene. Like one coming out of a dream, the past was returning to him in vivid, heart-stirring glimpses. Reluctantly he sought his place in the press-box high above the vast amphitheatre.

The preliminary spectacle was movingly familiar: the rippling banks of color which rose on all sides to

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frame the long carpet of chalked turf; the clamorous outbursts of cheering when an eddy of Yale or Princeton undergraduates swirled and tossed at command of the dancing dervish of a leader at the edge of the field below; the bright, buoyant aspect of the multitude as viewed en masse. Seeley leaned against the railing of his lofty perch and gazed at this pageant until a sporting editor, long in harness, nudged his elbow and said:

"Hello! I haven't seen you at a game in a dozen years. Doing the story or just working the press-badge graft? That namesake of yours will be meat for the Tigers, I'm afraid. Glad he doesn't belong to you, aren't you?"

Seeley stared at him like a man in a trance and replied evasively:

"He may be good enough. It all depends on his sand and nerve. Yes, I am doing the story for a change. Have you the final line-up?"

"Princeton is playing all her regular men," said the sporting editor, giving Seeley his note-book. "The only Yale change is at full-back—and that's a catastrophe."

Seeley copied the lists for reference and his pencil was not steady when he came to "Full-back, Ernest T. Seeley." But he pulled his thoughts away from the eleven and began to jot down notes of the passing incidents which might serve to weave into the fabric of his description. The unwonted stimulus aroused his talent as if it were not dead but dormant. The

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scene appealed to him with almost as much freshness and color as if he were observing it for the first time.

A roar of cheering rose from a far corner of the field and ran swiftly along the Yale side of the amphitheatre, which blossomed in tossing blue. The Yale eleven scampered into view like colts at pasture, the substitutes veering toward the benches behind the side-line. Without more ado the team scattered in formation for signal practice, paying no heed to the tumult which raged around and above them. Agile, clean-limbed, splendid in their disciplined young manhood, the dark blue of their stockings and the white "Y" gleaming on their sweaters fairly trumpeted their significance to Henry Seeley. And poised behind the rush-line, wearing his hard-won university blue, was the lithe figure of the Freshman full-back, Ernest Seeley.

The youngster, whose fate it was to be called a "forlorn hope," looked fragile beside his comrades of the eleven. Although tall and wiry, he was like a greyhound in a company of mastiffs. His father, looking down at him from so great a height that he could not read his face, muttered to himself while he dug his nails into his palms:

"He is too light for this day's work. But he carries himself like a thoroughbred."

The boy and his fellows seemed singularly remote from the shouting thousands massed so near them. They had become the sole arbiters of their fate, and their impressive isolation struck Henry Seeley anew as the most dramatic feature of this magnificent pict-

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ure. He must sit idly by and watch his only son battle through the most momentous hour of his young life, as if he were gazing down from another planet.

The staccato cheers of Princeton rocketed along the other side of the field, and the eleven from Old Nassau ran briskly over the turf and wheeled into line for a last rehearsal of their machine-like tactics. Henry Seeley was finding it hard to breathe, just as it had happened in other days when he was waiting for the "kick-off" and facing a straining Princeton line. The minutes were like hours while the officials consulted with the captains in the centre of the field. Then the two elevens ranged themselves across the brown turf, there was breathless silence, and a Princeton toe lifted the ball far down toward the Yale goal. It was the young full-back who waited to receive the opening kick, while his comrades thundered toward him to form a flying screen of interference. But the twisting ball bounded from his too eager arms, and another Yale back fell on it in time to save it from the clutches of a meteoric Princeton end.

"Nervous. Hasn't steadied down yet," exclaimed a reporter behind Henry Seeley. "But he can't afford to give Princeton any more chances like that. Her ends are faster than chain lightning."

The father groaned and wiped the sweat from his eyes. If the team were afraid of this untried full-back, such a beginning would not give them confidence. Then the two lines locked and heaved in the first scrimmage, and a stocky Yale half-back was pulled down in

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his tracks. Again the headlong Princeton defence held firm and the Yale captain gasped, "Second down and three yards to gain." The Yale interferers sped to circle one end of the line, but they were spilled this way and that and the runner went down a yard short of the needed distance.

The Yale full-back dropped back to punt. Far and true the ball soared into the Princeton field, and the lithe Freshman had somewhat redeemed himself. But now, for their own part, the sons of Old Nassau found themselves unable to make decisive gains against the Yale defence. Greek met Greek in these early clashes, and both teams were forced to punt again and again. Trick-plays were spoiled by alert end-rushers for the blue or the orange and black, fiercely launched assaults at centre were torn asunder, and the longer the contest raged up and down the field the more clearly it was perceived that these ancient rivals were rarely well matched in point of strength and strategy.

The Yale coaches were dismayed at this turn of events. They had hoped to see the ball carried toward the Princeton goal by means of shrewdly devised teamwork, instead of which the burden of the game was shifted to one man, the weakest link in the chain, the Freshman at full-back. He was punting with splendid distance, getting the ball away when it seemed as if he must be overwhelmed by the hurtling Tigers. Once or twice, however, a hesitant nervousness almost wrought quick disaster, and the Yale partisans watched him with tormenting apprehension.

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The first half of the game was fought into the last few minutes of play and neither eleven had been able to score. Then luck and skill combined to force the struggle far down into Yale territory. Only ten yards more of trampled turf to gain and Princeton would cross the last white line. The indomitable spirit which had placed upon the escutcheon of Yale football the figure of a bulldog rampant, rallied to meet this crisis, and the hard-pressed line held stanch and won possession of the ball on downs. Back to the very shadow of his own goal-posts the Yale full-back ran to punt the ball out of the danger zone. It shot fairly into his grasp from a faultless pass, but his fingers juggled the slippery leather as if it were bewitched. For a frantic, awful instant he fumbled with the ball and wildly dived after it as it caromed off to one side, bounded crazily, and rolled beyond his reach.

The Princeton quarter-back had darted through the line like a bullet. Without slackening speed or veering from his course, he scooped up the ball as he fled toward the Yale goal-line. It was done and over within a twinkling, and while the Yale team stampeded helplessly in his wake the devastating hero was circling behind the goal-posts where he flopped to earth, the precious ball apparently embedded in his stomach. It was a Princeton touch-down fairly won, but made possible by the tragic blunder of one Yale man. While ten thousand Princeton throats were barking their jubilation, as many more loyal friends of Yale sat sad-eyed and sullen and glowered their unspeakable dis-

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pleasure at the slim figure of the full-back as he limped into line to face the try for goal.

The goal was not scored, however, and the fateful tally stood five to nothing when the first half ended, with the blue banners drooping disconsolate.

Henry Seeley pulled his slouch hat over his eyes and sat with hunched shoulders staring at the Yale team as it left the field for the intermission. He had forgotten about his story of the game. The old spectre of failure obsessed him. It was already haunting the pathway of his boy. Was he also to be beaten by one colossal blunder? Henry Seeley felt that Ernest's whole career hung upon his behavior in the second half. How would the lad "take his medicine"? Would it break his heart or rouse him to fight more valiantly? As if the father had been thinking aloud, the sporting editor at his side observed:

"He may win the game yet. I like the looks of that boy. But he did make a hideous mess of it, didn't he? I hope he hasn't got a streak of yellow in him."

Henry Seeley turned on his neighbor with a savage scowl and could not hold back the quivering retort:

"He belongs to me, I want you to understand, and we'll say nothing about yellow streaks until he has a chance to make good next half."

"Whew-w-w, why did you hold it out on me, old man?" gasped the sporting editor. "No wonder you kicked me black and blue without knowing it. I hope he is a chip of the old block. I saw you play here in your last game."

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Seeley grunted something and resumed staring at the field. He was thinking of the present moment in the training quarters, of the muddy, weary players sprawled around the head coach, of his wise, bitter, stinging rebukes and admonitions. Perhaps he would take Ernest out of the game. But Seeley was confident that the coaches would give the boy a chance to redeem himself if they believed his heart was in the right place. Presently the two teams trotted on the field, not as nimbly as at their first appearance, but with dogged resolution in their demeanor. Henry Seeley saw his son glance up at the "cheering sections," as if wondering whether their welcome was meant to include him. One cheer, at least, was intended to greet him, for Henry Seeley stood on his chair, waved his hat, and thundered:

"'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, for Yale, my boy. Eat 'em alive as your daddy used to do."

The men from Princeton had no intention of being devoured in this summary fashion. They resumed their tireless, whirlwind attack like giants refreshed, and so harried their Yale foemen that they were forced to their utmost to ward off another touchdown. This incessant battering dulled the edges of their offensive tactics, and they seemed unable to set in motion a consistent series of advances. But the joy of Princeton was tempered by the knowledge that this, her dearest enemy, was not beaten until the last play had been signalled.

And somehow the Yale machine of muscle, brains,

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and power began to find itself when the afternoon shadows were slanting athwart the arena. With the ball on Princeton's forty-yard line the chosen sons of Eli began a heroic advance down the field. It was as if some missing cog had been supplied. "Straight old-fashioned football" it was, eleven minds and bodies working as one and animated by a desperate resolve, which carried the Yale team along for down after down into the heart of Princeton's ground.

Perhaps because he was fresher than the other backs, perhaps because the captain knew his man, the ball was given to the Yale full-back for one swift and battering assault after another. His slim figure pelted at the rush-line, was overwhelmed in an avalanche of striped arms and legs, but somehow twisted, wriggled, dragged itself ahead as if there was no stopping him. The multitude comprehended that this despised and disgraced Freshman was working out his own salvation along with that of his comrades. Once, when the scrimmage was untangled, he was dragged from beneath a heap of players, unable to regain his feet. He lay on the grass a huddled heap, blood smearing his forehead. A surgeon and the trainer doused and bandaged him, and presently he staggered to his feet and hobbled to his station, rubbing his hands across his eyes as if dazed.

When, at length, the stubbornly retreating Princeton line had been driven deep down into their end of the field, they, too, showed that they could hold fast in the last extremity. The Yale attack crumpled against

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them as if it had struck a stone wall. Young Seeley seemed to be so crippled and exhausted that he had been given a respite from the interlocked, hammering onslaught, but at the third down the panting quarter-back croaked out his signal. His comrades managed to rip a semblance of an opening for him, he plunged through, popped clear of the line, fell to his knees, recovered his footing by a miracle of agility, and lunged onward, to be brought down within five yards of the coveted goal-posts.

He had won the right to make the last momentous charge. Swaying in his tracks, the full-back awaited the summons. Then he dived in behind the interference for a circuit of the right end. Two Princeton men broke through as if they had been shot out of mortars, but the Yale full-back had turned and was ploughing straight ahead. Pulled down, dragging the tackler who clung to his waist, he floundered to earth with most of the Princeton team piled above him. But the ball lay beyond the fateful chalk-line, the Yale touchdown was won, and the game was tied.

The captain clapped Seeley on the shoulder, nodded at the ball, and the full-back limped on to the field to kick the goal or lose a victory. There were no more signs of nervousness in his bearing. With grave deliberation he stood waiting for the ball to be placed in front of the goal-posts. The sun had dropped behind the lofty grand-stands. The field lay in a kind of wintry twilight. Thirty thousand men and women gazed in tensest silence at the mud-stained, battered

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youth who had become the crowning issue of this poignant moment. Up in the press-box a thick-set, grayish man dug his fists in his eyes and could not bear to look at the lonely, reliant figure down yonder on the quiet field. The father found courage to take his hands from his face only when a mighty roar of joy boomed along the Yale side of the amphitheatre, and he saw the ball drop in a long arc behind the goal-posts. The kick had won the game for Yale.

Once clear of the crowds, Henry Seeley hurried toward the training quarters. His head was up, his shoulders squared, and he walked with the free stride of an athlete. Mr. Richard Giddings danced madly across to him:

"Afraid to see him play were you, you silly old fool. He is a chip of the old block. He didn't know when he was licked. Wow, wow, wow, blood will tell! Come along with us, Harry."

"I must shake hands with the youngster, Dick. Glad I changed my mind and came to see him do it."

"All right, see you at Mory's to-night. Tell the boy we're all proud of him."

Seeley resumed his course, saying over and over again, as if he loved the sound of the words, "chip of the old block," "blood will tell."

This verdict was like the ringing call of bugles. It made him feel young, hopeful, resolute, that life were worth having for the sake of its strife. One thing at least was certain. His son could "take his punishment" and wrest victory from disaster, and he deserved

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something better than a coward and a quitter for a father.

The full-back was sitting on a bench when the elder Seeley entered the crowded, steaming room of the training house. The surgeon had removed the muddy, blood-stained bandage from around his tousled head and was cleansing an ugly, ragged gash. The boy scowled and winced but made no complaint, although his bruised face was very pale.

"Must have made you feel pretty foggy," said the surgeon. "I shall have to put in a few stitches. It was a deuce of a thump."

"I couldn't see very well and my legs went queer for a few minutes, but I'm all right now, thanks," replied the full-back, and then, glancing up, he espied his father standing near the door. The young hero of the game beckoned him with a grimy fist. Henry Seeley went over to him, took the fist in his two hands, and then patted the boy's cheek with awkward and unaccustomed tenderness.

"Sit still, Ernest. I won't interfere with the doctor's job. I just wanted to let you know that I saw your bully work. It made me think of—it made me think of——"

Henry Seeley's voice broke curiously and his lip quivered. He had not meant to show any emotion.

His son replied with a smile of affectionate admiration:

"It made you think of your own teams, didn't it? And I was thinking of you in that last half. It helped



The father looked beyond the boy as if he were thinking of a bigger, sterner game than football.

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THE FRESHMAN FULL-BACK

my nerve a whole lot to remember that my dad never knew when he was licked. Why, even the coaches told me that between the halves. It put more ginger into me than anything else. We've got to keep up the family record between us."

The father looked beyond the boy as if he were thinking of a bigger, sterner game than football. There was the light of a resurrected determination in his eyes, and a vibrant earnestness in his voice as he said:

"I'm not worrying about your keeping the family record bright, Ernest. And, however things may go with me, you will be able to hang fast to the doctrine which helped you to-day, that your father, too, doesn't know when he is whipped."

“FOR DEAR OLD YALE”

“SNOW-BOUND in Altoona! There *is* a proposition to make a strong man burst into tears,” said Hector Alonzo McGrath. “The conductor says we shall be lucky if we get that far before we stall in these big drifts. Were you ever marooned in Altoona? That sounds like a good title for a song. Where is my guitar? I need some rhymes. Altoona—Fair Luna—but she isn’t doing business in the midst of this howling blizzard. Did you ever write poems for *The Lit.*, Jim? Wake up and show some animation.”

Jim Stearns yawned, nodded a drowsy negative, and continued to look out at the swirling clouds of snow which drove by the car window. The heavy express train was buffeting its slow way with frequent halts and lurches as if making a losing fight against the storm which was blockading the passes of the Alleghanies. Homeward bound from its winter concert tour in the West, the Yale Glee Club, surfeited with a fortnight of receptions, dinners, and smokers organized by loyal alumni, was in a mood to enjoy repose and let the weather go hang. The melodious company of light-hearted undergraduates was luxuriously traveling in a special car and the lamentation of the assistant manager, Hector McGrath, awakened no more than a languid interest among his thirty-odd companions.

"FOR DEAR OLD YALE"

Some of them were asleep, others seeking diversion in penny-ante, and a few nodding over books or magazines. After trying in vain to interest his neighbors in his inspiration for a topical song, Hector voiced his disgusted opinion of them:

"And you are the bright-eyed college boys who line up on the stage and tell the audience in tuneful numbers that all you live for is 'mirth and jollity.' Oh, fudge, you are the deadeast lot of live-stock this railroad ever handled outside of a refrigerator car. Come on, Jim, let's wander through the train and find some live people. That Pittsburg concert last night seems to have put this crowd all to the bad. They ought to have cut out that midnight supper at the club, but you and I are no weaklings. Don't be a paper sport."

With good-humored compliance Jim Stearns lazily arose and followed toward the front of the train, grumbling as he forsook his comfortable quarters:

"You are as perniciously energetic as a terrier pup, Hector, and almost as much of a nuisance. If you could be safely marooned in Altoona, I might get some rest and sleep between here and New Haven. What for do you yearn to go charging up and down this train? Hasn't it troubles enough?"

"I want to find some interesting people, Jim. You never can tell, but when I travel I like to have something doing. My bump of curiosity is as big as an egg. An oyster has no curiosity, so he never gets anywhere. I don't want to be an oyster, do you? Now, here is this train load of humanity, all sorts from everywhere,

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stuck in a blizzard. They will keep fairly good-natured, but if they were cast away on a raft instead of in a train, they would begin eating each other after a week or so. That's enough to make 'em interesting."

Jim Stearns, oarsman and football captain, looked down at his volatile classmate with a tolerant grin as if it were not worth while combating his odd theories. They passed through the sleepers into a crowded, stuffy day-coach, where a motley assemblage of weary pilgrims was berating the blizzard and the railroad company in several languages.

"They look as if they might begin eating each other a good deal inside your time limit," said Jim. "Let's push on into the smoker. We may find the conductor and extract further information about the chance of butting our way into Altoona before dark."

A pretty girl, who looked travel-worn and disconsolate, turned to gaze with obvious interest at this pair of well-groomed, attractive youths. Jim Stearns brightened visibly as he returned the glance and appeared to waver in his course, but Hector pulled him by the sleeve and objected:

"Break away, old man. If you make eyes at that charming young passenger, it is at your peril. She belongs to the theatrical company that hems her in on every side. The heavy villain sits facing her, blue shave, fur-collared overcoat and all, while the leading man, the black-haired Romeo just in front of her, is already transfixing you with a cold and glassy stare. I sized them up when they got on the train at

“FOR DEAR OLD YALE”

Johnstown. I wonder if we could persuade the outfit to come back in our car and do a few stunts.”

“Oh, stop your nonsense. You needn’t lecture me at the top of your voice,” muttered Jim as he stalked toward the smoker. “They look as if they had been playing in hard luck, don’t they? Kind of seedy and fagged and sore on the world in general, and one-night stands in particular. You don’t want to ask them back into our car, Hector. The ice-box is almost empty and the fellows want to be let alone. Um-m, but that was a bully looking little girl—something sweet and nice about her. She isn’t in the same class with those other barnstormers. I wish I knew——”

“You’re the same old sentimental driveller,” said Hector. “Have a cigar and dream away. Maybe she is the long-lost daughter that was driven from her fireside by a cruel misunderstanding. They always wander back to the old homestead and fall fainting on the door-step in just such a snow-storm as this—slow wailing music by the orchestra.”

The train had stopped between eddying drifts higher than the car windows. A gang of Italian section-hands who were shovelling alongside came stamped into the smoker to seek a moment’s warmth and respite from their benumbing, blinding task. The icy wind whooped after them through the hastily opened door as if eager to overtake them and finish the job of freezing them as soon as possible. Dropping their shovels in the aisle, they wrung their mittened hands and shrilly bewailed their misery between chattering

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teeth. With a dislocating jerk the train got under way again and the refugees caught up their shovels, stumbled from out this fleeting shelter, and plunged waist-deep into the snow.

"Which shows that we might be a whole lot worse off," observed Hector, the philosopher, with a sympathizing shiver. "Some people may think it a hardship to have to hear you sing baritone solos in a Glee Club concert, Jim, but, honestly, they are not as much to be pitied as those dagoes shovelling snow. By Jove, where *is* Altoona? Maybe the engineer has frozen to death at his post and we have run past it."

"Not much. If we are held up there to-night I am for side-tracking our car and sleeping in a hotel. Here comes a brakeman. Let's ask him while he is thawed out."

"Five miles more and every one of 'em a case of buckin' and backin' and shovellin', but we'll make it by dark if the engine holds together," growled the weary man in blue. "No, you won't get out of Altoona to-night. The next division is worst balled up than this."

As he passed on, pestered by questions on the one hand and the other, Hector saw the "heavy villain" and the "black-haired Romeo" enter the car. They found a vacant seat within ear-shot of the two young collegians who eyed them with lively curiosity. The elder Thespian, he of the blue gills and pompous front, was at no pains to soften his heavy voice as he declaimed to the other with an oracular flourish of a dingy fore-finger:

"FOR DEAR OLD YALE"

"Don't I know how the part should be played? In the campus scene when the students seize me, search me, and find the marked money in my clothes to prove I tried to bribe the trainer to dope the football team, the speech in which I declare my innocence is one of the best bits I ever did. Look how it fetched 'em in Terre Haute. Two curtain calls and the papers said it was great. And you have the gall to tell me to chop it, me who was on Broadway with Mansfield before you carried a spear."

"Oh, forget it," wearily sighed the younger man. "What difference does it make? You and your art be blowed. We play Altoona to-night, which means we go broke. There won't be twenty people in the house. It's been getting worse from Chicago East, you know that, and here's where we smash. Play your part any old way for all I care."

The speaker was a morose-looking young man, clad in loud checks. He lighted a stogy, pulled his soft hat over his eyes, and paid no more attention to his indignant companion who sonorously declaimed:

"Altoona will remember me as *Sir Hamilton Ashmead* in 'Her Ladyship's Honor.' The weather can't keep 'em at home when they see my name on the bill-boards. Business is sure to pick up, my boy. We are getting back East where the public flock to see a college play with a name like 'For Dear Old Yale.' How the devil did you expect to make a hit with it out West unless you renamed it 'For Dear Old Chicago' or 'For Dear Old Indiana State University'?"

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Jim Stearns and Hector McGrath were listening to every word of this colloquy and their ingenuous young faces betrayed emotions of dislike and resentment.

"Cincinnati was plastered all up with the posters of their rotten show," whispered Hector. "You remember them, don't you? The pictures were enough to make a Yale man sick—the cheapest kind of melodrama, a libel on the college. The Harvard coaches put up a job to drug our eleven the night before the game, and when this plot is foiled they kidnap the Yale captain and stuff like that. I'll bet the soreheaded young man with the bad stogy is the brave *Jack Bruce*, captain of the Yale team. How do you like the looks of your double, Jim? Better introduce yourself. If you don't, I think I'll have to tell him who you are."

"I don't want to meet the mucker," growled the captain of the Yale eleven of the preceding season. "If he didn't look as if he were on his uppers I'd like to punch his head. That show will never dare to come to New Haven. The college would mob it."

"There would be a riot sure enough if the fellows could see the poster of the campus scene," chuckled Hector. "The chorus of 'Yale men' pretends to be soused and sings a drinking song, sitting on the fence at ten o'clock in the morning. Oh, it's great; so true to college life. 'For Dear Old Yale'; doesn't the name make you gag?"

"If we lie over in Altoona to-night I am going to see the show, Hector. That pretty girl in the other car can't be so bad. I suppose she is the heroine."

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"Yep, and the football captain makes love to her through three acts, Jim. Maybe you can pick up some useful hints. Let's go back and tell the gang about it. Won't they just whoop at the chance to turn loose and play horse with this show. Come on. We must get to the theatre to night if we have to dig a tunnel through the snow."

They passed from the smoker into the adjoining day coach and rapidly scanned the other members of the "For Dear Old Yale" company who appeared even more unhappy and dishevelled than the young man of the plaid raiment and the self-satisfied person who had "fetched 'em in Terre Haute." The pretty girl was asleep, her blonde head pillowed upon an ulster. Jim Stearns was sorry for her. She ought not to be one of this battered, God-forsaken band of players skirting the edge of financial disaster, thought he, and with a chivalrous impulse he said to Hector:

"Don't put the crowd up to going to this show. If it is as bad as you picture it, they will raise Cain from the minute the curtain goes up. I know it is a great chance to have some sport with one of those fake college plays, and the very name of it is a red rag. But we don't want to spoil the record of the trip by kicking up a shindy."

"*Cherchez la femme*," laughed Hector McGrath, "If we put the garrison to the sword the women shall be spared. I perceive that the girl has you sitting up and taking notice, but we can't be balked of our prey. 'For Dear Old Yale' is fated to be ripped up the back

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and Altoona will remember the show a good deal longer than it did our friend *Sir Hamilton Ashmead*. Don't spoil the sport, *Jim*. You will thirst for your share of revenge as soon as you see the Yale football captain on the stage."

Unwilling to expose himself to the ribald teasing of his comrades, yet inwardly uncomfortable because he did not take a firmer stand, Jim Stearns made another half-hearted protest and decided to wait upon the tide of events. The young men of the Glee Club were in a more vivacious mood by this time, and amid a hubbub of talk and laughter bestirred themselves to make ready to invade Altoona for the night. The impetuous assistant manager, Hector McGrath, ever on the alert to find "something doing," lost no time in shouting at the top of his voice:

"Free tickets to the theatre to-night. This is my personally conducted party. Front seats for all. We are bringing the company with us. Now listen and cheer like real 'rah 'rah boys. The name of the show is 'For Dear Old Yale.' Wouldn't that jar you some?"

"We won't do a thing to it."

"Oh, what a cinch."

"And they said Altoona was slow."

"We'll throw Jim Stearns on the stage and let him play the hero."

"What do the girls look like?"

These and other delighted rejoinders were chorused from one end of the car to the other while Hector beamed with the air of a dynamiter who, having lighted

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the fuse, awaits the explosion of the bomb with the most pleasurable anticipations. He was about to prod his friends to further uproar by outlining the heinous offences of this foredoomed melodrama when a brakeman pushed into the car and shouted:

"Altoona it is, and you're welcome to dig your way out of the station whenever you like. Your car will be at the upper end of the train shed if you want to find it again to-night."

"Come along. Let's make a break for a hotel and line up for supper," exhorted Jim Stearns.

The afternoon had darkened into wind-swept dusk as the collegians trooped through the station and plunged into the street where gleaming ramparts of snow were being attacked by brigades of shovellers. The pavements had been kept sufficiently clear to permit passage from one corner to the next, and the Yale invaders ploughed their way along in high spirits, careless of the nipping air and the pelting flurries of snow. The hotel in which they sought shelter and clamored for food was swamped by their patronage, but they stormed the dining-room in relays and cajoled the waitresses into making room for them. Jim Stearns looked in vain for the luckless actors and the pretty leading lady. Apparently they had sought quarters elsewhere. As his gaze absently roamed from one table to another, Hector McGrath nudged him and said:

"Eyes in the boat, Jim. She is not here. The troupe is probably munching snowballs out in the bitter night while she pawns her diamonds to buy a hot meal."

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"Guy me as much as you like," hotly replied Jim, "but don't get gay with the girl when she comes on to-night. I wish you fellows would cut out going to the show. It won't do to have any rough-house, you know that."

"Why, we are going to help the show along, you blockhead. Thirty-five tickets will help 'em on to the next town. I'll promise to try to keep things quiet, Jim, if you are really worried about it."

Alas for Hector's praiseworthy resolution. He was in a mood for mischief and in hearty accord with him were all the other effervescent undergraduates out for a lark in a strange town. They tramped down an aisle of the almost empty theatre and with ominous decorum sat in patience while the orchestra butchered a medley of Yale songs. A few townspeople trickled in behind them and the gallery began to fill with a noisy company of more or less roughly dressed young men and boys who had defied the weather, lured by the flaming "three-sheets" which promised an evening of hair-raising melodrama. It was a beggarly house to play to when the curtain went up and the Glee Club sat glowering at the opening scene of "For Dear Old Yale."

Jim Stearns shut his eyes and groaned. According to the program the first act took place in the "Yale training quarters." In a room littered with boxing-gloves, dumb-bells, bottles of liniment, rolls of band-ages, and so on, *Jack Bruce*, "captain of the 'varsity," was declaring to *Mike McGann*, the trainer:

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"If the Harvards beat us to-morrow, dear old Yale is disgraced, and the girl I have loved for three long years will never speak to me again. The team is fit to fight for its life, but I fear foul play. Are you sure no spies are lurking about the quarters?"

"We'll eat 'em alive. I've bet me last dollar on you," said *Mike McGann*, who was an evil-looking person to be put in charge of young men sent to college from Christian homes. "The tip is straight. There is a plot on foot to cripple our team before the game, but the place is guarded night and day. S-s-sh, here comes the boys. Not a word!"

"The boys" entered, to the number of four, low-browed persons monstrosly padded in football clothes and armored with nose-guards and metal head protectors. Without the slightest excuse they grouped themselves about their captain and sang a song entitled "We are the Pride of Dear Old Yale." With great difficulty the Glee Club held its emotions in check.

"Time for practice, boys," cried *Jack Bruce*, whose football make-up could not hide the fact that he was round-shouldered and a trifle knock-kneed. "It is the last practice, remember. The college expects you to do your duty. Three cheers for Yale."

The "boys" brayed dutifully and clenched their fists as if sighting the "Harvards" from afar off. It was such a wretched, scandalous caricature of a cheer that Hector McGrath could keep still no longer. Jumping upon his chair and waving his arms, he yelled:

"Show 'em how. Three times three. *Now.*"

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Rhythmic, stentorian, explosive, a genuine Yale cheer was volleyed from almost two score lusty throats. It filled the theatre with a re-echoing din and startled the actors as if a battery of field-pieces had been fired at them from the orchestra. *Jack Bruce* forgot his lines and stood staring from the shambling group of his comrades. So taken aback were they by the vocal eruption that it was plain to see they were not aware of the presence of the Yale Glee Club. As suddenly as the interruption had occurred it subsided, and the two rows of youths in front sat in demure silence waiting for the play to proceed. *Jack Bruce* blinked across the footlights, stammered, wavered, and then made his exit as if his nerves were considerably shaken.

"Be good. Here comes a girl," Jim Stearns commanded, as *Nelly Hemmingway*, daughter of the *Greek Professor*, entered timidly, made sure that she was alone with *Mike McGann*, and confided the details of the Harvard conspiracy which she had learned by a singular chance. In a simple white gown she looked so fresh and girlish and her demeanor was so unaffected, that Jim Stearns sighed like a furnace and thought her far more attractive even than when he had seen her in the train. He felt a pang of mild yet genuine jealousy when she told the trainer:

"Not a word to your captain, promise me that. It would never do to excite him just before the great game. But I shall not sleep to-night unless you can promise me that no harm will befall him."

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"The pie-faced, pigeon-toed mucker. She ought not to waste a minute on him," muttered Jim to himself. "But, unless I have this gang of ours sized up wrong, he will get what is coming to him before the show ends."

So long as *Nelly Hemmingway* was on the stage, or when her bevy of "school friends" and her comedy "maiden aunt" appeared, the behavior of the collegians was flawless, and their applause unstinted. Trouble began to brew, however, when *Bob Nolan, the bookmaker*, took a hand in the plot. He was the egotistical gentleman who had aroused the ire of Stearns and McGrath in the smoker, and he pervaded the play as the villain subsidized by the Harvard coaches to "do up" the Yale captain and his team. The Glee Club disliked *Bob Nolan* with unanimous enthusiasm. His rôle was a grotesque slander upon the fair name of Yale's ancient and honorable foe to begin with, and his own swollen vanity was an added provocation. He was in the midst of a calcium-lighted scene with *Mike McGann*, the loyal trainer who refused to be bribed, when at a signal the Glee Club arose as one man and solemnly chanted in unison:

"Where did you get that face? If it hurts you why not take it off, Mr. Robert Nolan."

Refusing to finish the scene, Mr. Nolan carried his obnoxious face into the wings and clamorously demanded that the manager of the theatre quell the rioters by calling in the police. The gallery gods were siding with the collegians to the extent of yelling that the play proceed and the manager, after surveying

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the scene, preferred to try diplomacy before resorting to arms. His persuasions, and the reappearance of fair *Nelly Hemmingway* helped to preserve order until the second act. When the Yale campus, sacred fence and all, was profaned by a band of alleged students who sang "Bright College Years" in various degrees of maudlin intoxication, and the football captain openly bet on his own team, even Jim Stearns was moved to righteous wrath.

That Altoona audience never knew how *Jack Bruce* was kidnapped by the Harvards, and how he escaped in the nick of time to win the game. It was Hector McGrath who cut the melodrama short by seizing the dramatic moment and shouting to his allies:

"Come on, fellows. Let's chase those muckers off the campus. It's a howling disgrace to let them sit on the fence. Up, guards, and at 'em."

In any other circumstances this insane suggestion would have been hooted down. The place and the motive conspired to make these usually reputable young men ripe for any folly, and eager to seek satisfaction for what they viewed as an insult to their college. With a fearful war-cry they followed Hector McGrath over the front row of seats pell-mell among the amazed musicians who deserted their instruments and scuttled beneath the stage for cover. Turning to one side to skirt the end of the footlights, Hector vaulted upon the stage and after him streamed the Yale Glee Club, Jim Stearns lagging in the rear and much concerned for the fate of *Nelly Hemmingway*.

"FOR DEAR OLD YALE"

The hero, villain, and lesser lights of "For Dear Old Yale" tarried not. Outnumbered as they were, flight was no disgrace. Heavy-footed *Bob Nolan*, pompous to the last, stood his ground, and would fain have stayed the onslaught with a burst of extempore eloquence, but he too gave way and fled, leaving a coat-tail in the grasp of Hector McGrath. Halting at "the fence," the attacking column turned to face the audience and cheered with spectacular effect. Hector was at a loss to know what to do next when Jim Stearns, who had been making a sally back of the scenery, ran back to announce:

"The manager is telephoning for a wagon-load of police. Get out of this quick."

The triumphant undergraduates started to retreat by the route of their advance, but by this time the emotional horde in the gallery had decided that matters were going entirely too far. They were willing to permit a certain amount of foolery as so much added entertainment, but when it came to spoiling the show entirely, something had to be done about it. Whereupon they came clattering down-stairs en masse with the intention of clearing the stage as promptly as possible. Hector McGrath's punitive expedition found its retreat cut off by a buzzing mob of very determined looking railroad hands and other muscular patrons of the drama who showed great willingness to engage at close quarters, the closer the better. Jim Stearns, no longer a laggard, was looked to as the natural leader in this awkward situation. He was spoiling for a fight

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"We ought to have a St. Bernard dog with a neat little rum cask strapped under his chin, Jim. That's the proper way to rescue lost pilgrims in snow-drifts like these. I move we investigate the restaurants. Those two Freshmen don't drink, but they are confirmed victims of the eating habit."

For Hector the advice was unusually sane, and after two cafés and an oyster house had been investigated, the missing Freshmen were discovered in an alcove of the "Little Delmonico," playing havoc with a platter of steak and onions. Demanding an extra plate, Jim calmly helped himself, Hector followed suit, and the baffled Freshmen meekly ordered more provender. Loth to leave this warm and cosey retreat and face the bitter cold, the quartet lingered to smoke and talk about the evening's episodes. Jim Stearns commanded a view of the front door from which his companions were screened by the partition of the alcove in the rear of the room, and while he chatted he idly watched the patrons of the place drift in and out.

The two Freshmen were matching coins to decide who should foot the bill when Jim looked up from this diverting gamble and saw the luckless *Jack Bruce* push back the door and hold it open for *Nelly Hemmingway* and the comedy maiden aunt who was down on the bills as *Miss Agatha Trumbull*. Behind them stalked ponderous *Bob Nolan*, grand even in disaster, frowning as if lost in thought. They sought a table near the stove, and with some perturbation Jim Stearns whispered to his friends:

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“‘For Dear Old Yale’ is getting ready to feed just beyond the partition. If you want to introduce yourself, go ahead. They’ll be delighted to meet you, *not*. I shouldn’t blame them if they put you in jail. I don’t want them to see *me* in such disgraceful company.”

“Is the pretty girl out there?” murmured Hector. “Now is your chance to make a grand-stand play and repudiate us. Go ahead. We won’t intrude.”

Jim flushed, scowled, and put a finger to his lips. *Bob Nolan* was saying in his declamatory fashion:

“Youth is cruel and thoughtless, my boy. One does not learn to feel for others until he himself has lived and suffered. Those college boys who ruined our performance did not regard us as human beings seeking honestly to earn our bed and board under conditions of the most damnable adversity. We were material for a joke, nothing more. Our play was not true to life as they knew it. But you and I neither wrote nor staged the wretched thing.”

“Which balderdash doesn’t hide the fact that they behaved like hoodlums, and that it was the climax of our infernal luck to have a crowd of Yale cubs stranded in town to-night,” grumbled *Jack Bruce*. “How are we going to get out of town to-morrow? That’s the real issue. This town isn’t a frost, it’s an iceberg.”

“Such nice looking boys, too. Wasn’t it a shame?” said *Miss Agatha Trumbull*, smiling in spite of herself, and *Nelly Hemmingway* added with a musical giggle that carried to Jim Stearns: “It *was* funny when they cheered and geyed our friend the villain. They were

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courteous to me, so I can't be very angry with them."

This was, indeed, heaping coals of fire upon the scampish heads of the eavesdroppers beyond the partition, and Hector McGrath, already uneasy in the region of his conscience, whispered to Jim Stearns:

"Do you really suppose they are flat broke? They don't seem to bank on their manager pulling them out of the hole. And they certainly are white and decent to talk about us in that way."

"You are the head devil of the lot. I'm glad you do feel mean about it," was Jim's unsatisfactory reply. "What hurts me is to hear that absurd old bag of wind, the villain, excuse us on the ground that we didn't treat them as human beings. He's right, Hector. I wish you fellows had the sand to do the square thing and walk right out and apologize for the crowd. Hanged if I don't do it alone, if you won't back me."

"Couldn't we pass around the hat in our car?" queried an abashed Freshman who took his cue from the great Jim Stearns, captain of the eleven. If this demi-god of the campus wished to offer reparation he was ready to chip in his last dollar.

"No, I can find a better way. These people are not beggars," snorted Jim in high dudgeon, whereupon the Freshman felt himself unutterably squelched. Hector stared at the table and was evidently wrestling with a painful problem. Jim glowered at the wall, and the other Freshman who had not been annihilated waited timorously to side with the majority. The

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deciding voice was that of *Nelly Hemmingway* who was heard to quaver with a forlorn little sigh:

"So the show is going to pieces in Altoona, of all places, and in a blizzard at that. It is very bad walking to New York, isn't it?"

"Well, it isn't going to pieces, and I'm going to apologize for what we did to it," declared Jim Stearns in a voice that could have been heard across the street. With that he kicked his chair aside, strode from the alcove, and confronted the downhearted derelicts of "For Dear Old Yale." Poor *Bob Nolan* gaped like a fish, threw up an arm as if to fend off an assault, and sat staring up at the tall, commanding figure of the real Yale football captain who felt awkward and hesitant as he stammered:

"I beg your pardon, but my name is Stearns. I am awfully sorry about the row in the theatre to-night. So are the rest of the fellows, that is"—honest Jim blushed, fidgeted, and went on—"I hope they are. We didn't realize—I mean, they didn't know—how unsuccessful your tour had been, and—and—the play is pretty bad you know—it gives a wrong idea of Yale, and the fellows took it as a personal insult."

Jack Bruce looked up with sullen anger in his tired eyes, but even he was disarmed by the frank demeanor of this humble pleader, and checked the hot words that were at his tongue's end. *Bob Nolan*, ever theatrical, was pleased with the "situation," and, gathering his wits, arose with a courtly bow and extended his hand with the orotund greeting:

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"The quality of mercy is not strained, my dear boy. Far be it from me to spurn the impulse of an honest heart. Bygones are bygones."

Jim grinned as he shook the veteran actor's hand, but his eyes were for *Nelly Hemmingway*, who may have been moved to forget any grudges of her own by the fact that Jim Stearns was considered the best looking man of his college class. With a kindling interest mirrored in her fine eyes she said:

"But why are you the scape-goat, Mr. Stearns? I saw you trying to quiet the others and make them behave themselves."

Jim looked behind him as if expecting a real culprit or two to reinforce him. Hector McGrath could play the skulker no longer and, with a shamefaced countenance, he emerged from hiding, followed by the brace of Freshmen. Inasmuch as Hector's emotions and conviction were habitually impatient of half-way measures, he was volubly repentant and ready to eat any amount of humble pie as he announced to the company:

"Here is the real villain of the plot, the blackest sinner of the crowd. I thoroughly dislike myself and you are welcome to throw dishes at me, put me to the torture, or ring for a patrol-wagon. As for these two Freshmen with me, spanking is too good for them, and you may begin whenever you like. What else do you want me to say, Jim?"

Jack Bruce smiled in a sickly way and said:

"It is very decent of you, I'm sure. Mr. Stearns

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looks strong enough to do the spanking. I'm willing to leave it to him.”

“He is captain of the Yale eleven and stroke-oar of the crew,” cheerily returned Hector, the light of mischief in his eye.

“Oh—h!” said *Jack Bruce*, who looked as if he would like to crawl under the table, while the girl was wicked enough to laugh at his great discomfiture. Jim Stearns put his hands in his pockets and shifted his feet as if he did not know what to do next, but Hector was boiling with eagerness to display some kind of concrete sympathy and spoke up:

“I have an idea. When one of those things hits me it cries for action. There must be something done. Sit down, Freshmen, and twirl your thumbs. Thank you, I will have a chair, if you don't mind. Ho, waiter, fetch me the wine card. Now, as a repentant black-guard and disturber of the peace, it is distinctly up to me to get busy and organize a strategy board. We put your company out of business and ‘For Dear Old Yale’ has something coming to it. What I propose doing, in behalf of the Yale Glee Club, is——”

Hector stopped in full flight, for the front door was banged open and there entered Mr. *Mike McGann*, followed by a red-faced, truculent looking gentleman in a long gray ulster, and a massive individual conspicuous for a blue uniform, many brass buttons, and a cap lettered CHIEF. As they tramped toward the table the good-hearted *Bob Nolan* whispered to Jim Stearns:

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"The beefy party is Hoskins, the manager of the show. He is bad medicine, my boy. You'd better duck up stage."

There was no time for "ducking," as Mr. Hoskins and *Mike McGann*, exploding simultaneously, mingled their denunciations as follows:

"Here's the very lad that put the show on the bum."

"You thought you'd bluff it out, you gay little Willie boys, did you?"

"What do you think of the gall of 'em?"

"Here, Chief, do your duty. Pinch the lot and I'll appear against them in the morning. What in time are our people doing with 'em? You can count on 'em as witnesses."

The Chief of Police of Altoona was hanging back as if in doubt. He pulled at his gray moustache, and Jim Stearns could have sworn that he winked at him. However, his duty was plain enough; the offenders had been guilty of disorderly conduct, riot, and attempted assault, and there was no lack of complainants. Hector McGrath was flabbergasted by this tragic shift of events, and it was the more mature and masterful Jim Stearns who pulled himself together to meet the crisis. Even the belligerent manager subsided as the square-jawed football leader towered above him and said with dangerous deliberation:

"This won't do. You look to me like a rank four-flusher. You are sore because your show is no good. We haven't made you lose a dollar, and you know it. You ought to be jailed for putting such a cheap and

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nasty counterfeit of Yale College on the road. Your own people here will tell you that we have apologized and are ready to do the square thing, not because we have to, but because we are sorry for failing to be gentlemen to-night. Now, if you will shut up and cool off, I will talk it over with the rest of our crowd and persuade them to help your show somehow before we leave town. We can't run away. You will find our car in the station first thing in the morning. If you want to fight it to a finish, I guess we can hire lawyers enough to give you a run for your money."

The Chief of Police laid hold of Mr. Hoskins and led him into an alcove as if desirous of arranging a truce. *Nelly Hemmingway* softly clapped her hands and bestowed upon the valiant Jim so brilliant a glance of admiration that he forgot to watch for the dimple when she smiled. *Bob Nolan* thumped himself on the chest and hoarsely assured him:

"You were right in the spot-light that time, my boy. I couldn't have carried it off better myself. It would have done credit to my rôle as *Sir Hamilton Ashmead* when he defies *the Duke*. Unless I sadly err, you have put a crimp in our unpleasant friend Hoskins."

Hector McGrath was sagaciously eyeing the Chief of Police, who was nodding a series of emphatic negatives to the protestations of the manager, as if unwilling to lug the miscreants off to jail. *Mike McGann* had been unable to resist the enticement of a glass of champagne and a cigar not made in Pittsburg and was beginning to temper his wrath. It was the psycho-

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logical moment for making a swift retreat and Hector pointed at the door. Jim Stearns muttered assent and kicked the Freshmen's legs. As one man the quartet clattered from the restaurant with fleeting farewells in dumb show to their friends of "For Dear Old Yale."

Losing no time in a forced march to the Glee Club car, they found Moffett, their manager, and a wakeful group of comrades mildly dissipating over bottled beer and pretzels and cheese and most melodiously declaring in long-drawn "close harmony":

I am selling kindling wood to get along.

They were about to assert their melodious praise of a certain "Little Old Red Shawl," when Jim Stearns rudely ended the concert by delivering a concise narrative of the adventure in the restaurant, Hector chiming in with sundry lively embellishments. Finally Jim declared with much earnestness:

"I've called off the manager and the police, and we can make a sneak in the morning if the snow blockade is lifted. But the row is going to get into the newspapers, and it will be copied far and wide, and it will disgrace the Glee Club. But more than that—we owe these people something. They have acted like trumps. You ought to have seen them, broke and discouraged, yet trying to excuse us for behaving like young ruffians. It put a lump in my throat, honest it did, to hear that seedy, pompous old *Bob Nolan* telling me as brave and fine as could be that 'bygones were bygones,' because we were not old enough to know better."

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“Well, what about it? I think you are dead right,” said Moffett, and the other singers murmured, “Same here.”

Hector, who had been fidgeting with impatience, made haste to answer:

“If you will agree to stay here to-morrow, I will tell you what I want to do. And it is a corker of a scheme. The Club has made a pile of money on the trip. We planned to lay over in New York Sunday, and it means paying for the car only another day. If the crowd won’t stand for that, hanged if I won’t dig it up out of my own pocket.”

“We won’t kick about that part of it if your campaign looks good,” said Moffett. “Fire away, Hector.”

Thus encouraged, Hector began to talk with great animation, and one by one the sleeping songsters awoke, and crawled from their berths to furnish an applauding chorus clad in pajamas of many vivid hues. Hector’s eloquence took them by storm, and his program was so singularly entertaining and original that endorsement was noisily unanimous. At length he turned to Jim Stearns and said in conclusion:

“It’s only one o’clock and I’m going to chase up to find the morning newspaper offices. We can catch the editors in time to head off the story of the ruction and give them a red-hot sensation to take its place. Of course, we haven’t consulted the ‘For Dear Old Yale’ people, but they will fall over themselves to agree to it.”

Next day Altoona, released from the grip of the blizzard, found something to talk about in the theatrical news. After reading the newspaper announcements

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they enjoyed further diversion in scanning the emblazoned posters which shouted from every store window and bill-board. The Mayor, the Chief of Police, and other prominent citizens were personally interviewed by the indefatigable Hector Alonzo McGrath and given tickets for boxes. The editors had so tactfully glossed over the account of the riot in the theatre that it appeared to be part of the bold and novel undertaking. As a result of the combined endeavors of the pacified Mr. Hoskins and the enterprising young men of the Yale Glee Club the house was packed and the "Standing Room Only" sign hung out shortly after eight o'clock in the evening.

The curious audience found the first page of the program filled with the following announcement:

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY

The Great College Melodrama, "FOR DEAR OLD YALE," is presented by its own company, supported by the Yale Glee Club and the real athletic heroes of the Yale campus. Captain James Montgomery Stearns, of the championship eleven which defeated Harvard and Princeton last season, will make a special appearance in one scene as Jack Bruce, who takes this part in the play.

In the great scene depicting the Yale campus and the famous "Fence," the chorus of college students will be played by the full strength of the genuine Yale Glee Club, nearly forty in number, who will sing the famous songs with which they have delighted splendid audiences during their present tour of thousands of miles in their own private car.

In the realistic football scene of the last act, when the college carries its victorious heroes from the field upon their shoulders, the players will be genuine Yale gladiators of the gridironed arena who have worn the dark blue in battling for the fame of their college.

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"That last statement is a bit strong," said Hector to Jim Stearns as they waited in a dingy dressing-room under the stage. "But I played football for a week in Junior year before the 'varsity captain fired me from the squad. Williamson was a substitute on your team, and McArthur captained the Freshman eleven. How is your nerve? Your final rehearsal this afternoon was all to the good. Lucky you don't have any lines to speak when you have the desperate struggle with the kidnappers. Too bad you can't do the final scene with *Nelly Hemmingway* where she throws her arms around *Jack Bruce's* manly neck and kisses him, *bing*, right on his noble countenance."

"You're too fresh," said Jim, and no make-up was needed to give his cheek a ruddy glow. "Say, Hector, this is more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Old *Bob Nolan* had tears in his eyes when he grabbed me by both hands after sizing up the audience through the peep-hole in the curtain."

"They will have no tears to spare after seeing you act, Jim. Come along. There goes the curtain bell. I hope our gang of Indians won't get funny and try any original stunts."

To this day Altoona talks about the "all-star" performance of "For Dear Old Yale." What mattered it if the actors jumbled their lines and mislaid their cues? The crudely exaggerated melodrama was brought into focus, made genuine in its appeal, and pervaded with the spirit of youth by the presence of these ram-

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pant undergraduates who did not try to "act" but were merely themselves. They appeared on the stage when least expected and made a shifting background true to the atmosphere of the campus. "Specialties" were introduced as the humor prompted. A Sophomore who had won fame in college theatricals came on as an "old cloe's man," whose Hebraic personality and extraordinary dialect had been familiar to the Yale campus for a dozen years. He drove *Bob Nolan* to distraction by dogging his steps in a vain effort to buy his flashy raiment for "two-fifty-no-more, so help me."

Moffett, the Glee Club manager, shuffled on as Julius Cæsar Jones, the venerable colored mascot of Yale athletics, and insisted on playing a scene from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with *Nelly Hemmingway* as *Little Eva*. Now and then the Glee Club strolled in, sang a rollicking chorus or two, and called the villain names.

The action somehow proceeded without a breakdown until two Freshmen and a Junior proposed to *Nelly Hemmingway* while *Jack Bruce* was trying to tell her the story of his love. The long-suffering hero became peevish and Jim Stearns rushed to the rescue by leading a party which grabbed the suitors bodily and hurled them off the stage.

The gallery was as friendly as it had been hostile the night before. There were such clamorous cries for the "real football captain," that Jim Stearns was compelled to share the curtain calls with *Jack Bruce*. In

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the kidnapping scene his prowess was so formidable that when the villain's henchmen tried to overpower him, he made a headlong, diving tackle, caught the nearest assailant above the knees, propelled him smash into the footlights, and together they slid down among the musicians with a discordant crash. The kidnapper was plucked from the ruins of the bass drum and welcomed to the stage with frantic cheers by the delighted Glee Club.

"You're due to be kidnapped, you lunatic," yelled Hector McGrath, as Jim was about to sail into the terrified conspirators with ardor renewed.

"Give it to 'em again! You can lick the pack of 'em," roared the top gallery. "You're the real thing!"

Jim surrendered, was neatly bound and gagged, and carted off to "a lonely barn on the outskirts of Bridgeport," while his comrades sang:

I don't know where I'm goin',
But I'm on my way.

When the little groups of students were disclosed lounging along the wooden fence with a row of ivy-clad dormitories on the back-drop, the audience was quick to respond to the unique appeal of the scene. These were unmistakably undergraduates, trousers turned up, cloth caps cocked on their heads, hands in pockets, a careless, wholesome-looking, boyish company with never a care in the world. They chaffed each other with the rough-and-ready humor of the campus, and presently began to sing as if to while away

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an idle hour between recitations. With sympathetic understanding the leader soon made them forsake the college songs unfamiliar to many of the audience, and the splendid chorus of trained voices was heard in such old favorites as "My Old Kentucky Home," "Suwanee River," and "Auld Lang Syne." Sentimental *Bob Nolan*, battered and gray, forgot to plot more deviltries against the hero, and stood listening as if recalled to the dreams of his own youth.

After the tangles had been unravelled and virtue was triumphant, the Glee Club added a tableau of its own. Crowding around *Nelly Hemmingway* they pelted her with roses for which Jim Stearns had scouted far and wide, and sang to her alone:

How can I bear to leave thee,
One parting kiss I'd give thee,
And then what e'er betide me,
I'll go where duty calls me.
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

In genuine confusion the girlish actress escaped as best she could, but turning as she fled she wafted kisses with both hands to her gallant admirers. The curtain fell and the collegians trooped toward the stage door exit. Jim Stearns and Hector McGrath lingered to look for the jubilant Hoskins who fairly fell upon their necks and bellowed:

"It was the greatest ever! Box office receipts broke all records for Altoona. You're thoroughbreds, God bless you. 'For Dear Old Yale' is on velvet and we all

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feel like blubbering for joy. You've made some friends that'll never forget you."

"It wasn't so much what you did for us, as the way you did it," tremulously observed *Bob Nolan*, fumbling for a handkerchief.

Stearns smiled with an emotion of honest affection for these grateful actor folk and said as he shook hands:

"It was the best we could do, but no more than we ought to do. Our car will be hitched to the New York express that goes through at midnight, so I guess this is good-by. If you come to New Haven, we will give you another good time."

He moved toward the door, reluctant to depart without saying good-by to *Nelly Hemmingway*. Perhaps she desired to see the Yale football captain again, for she happened to be standing at the top of the stairs that led down to the dressing-rooms.

"I—I don't know your right name, *Miss Hemmingway*," said Stearns. "Anyhow, I want to say good-by, and if it isn't too cheeky, I'll say something else. I wish I were the stage football captain instead of the real Yale captain. My scene in the play wasn't nearly long enough. It was a blessed old blizzard that gave me a chance to meet you."

She gazed up at his clean-cut resolute face and smiled a little wistfully. Honest and tender were those frank, gray eyes of his, alight with a passing fancy perhaps, but nevertheless disquieting. Her slim fingers toyed nervously with a ribbon of the simple white gown in which she had played the part of a professor's daughter.

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"It has given me sincere pleasure to know you, Mr. Stearns," said she with feeling in her voice to make the reply more than a commonplace. "You will have a better opinion of us poor player folk, won't you? Thanks to you and your friends, Altoona will stay bright in my memory. Tell them good-by for me, please."

"But I don't want it to be good-by for me," murmured Jim. "I can't let it be good-by. Won't you let me write to you and——"

She started and bade him hush with a quick, appealing gesture. Jim turned to follow her gaze. *Jack Bruce* was coming toward them, by no means a heroic figure even in his football make-up. Jim stole a glance at the girl and fancied that her mobile face had clouded. Before the stage lover had addressed them she said quickly to Jim, as if it were better to have done with what must be told him:

"My husband will want to thank you, too. I am Mrs. Arthur Jeffrey."

"*Jack Bruce* is your husband!" gasped Jim. "I will be—oh, certainly, Mrs. Jeffrey, I shall be delighted to say good-by to him, too."

As one in a trance, Jim Stearns managed to speak a few words of perfunctory greeting, and not daring to look at the silent girl, he clasped her offered hand, which lingered in his for an instant, and bowed gravely as he said:

"I beg your pardon. But what is said is said."

As he hurried from the theatre Hector McGrath

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overtook him and remarked as they turned into the street:

"I was watching you from the doorway, Jim. Did you do anything foolish? When will the wedding bells ring out? I thought I was going to carry you back to New Haven unscratched this trip."

"She is married to that bum actor, *Jack Bruce*," gloomily replied the other. "Um-m, by Jingo, she *did* look sorry to have me go, I'll swear to it."

"I don't doubt it, Jim. They all do. But that isn't what we have tarried in Altoona for, after all. Think of the fun we have had and the good we've done. Now it's back to the campus and hurrah for 'Dear Old Yale.' Ships that pass in the night, my boy," as *Bob Nolan* would say."

Jim strode onward in meditative silence while Hector hummed aloud:

When I was a student at Cadiz,
I played on the Spanish guitar,
I used to make love to the ladies——

Jim Stearns flung his arm across his companion's shoulder and cried with his old heartiness:

"Right you are! And aren't you glad we were marooned in Altoona? We have played square and helped some folks that were down and out. And, after all, that is a good deal more worth while than the girl proposition."

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IN the slang of the Yale campus, Josephus Watson was a "greasy grind." He was shy and poor and he toiled incessantly while the varied activities of the college swirled past and left him isolated. He seemed to have no chance to show he had the qualities that win recognition, and the easy-going democracy of the place had failed to sweep him into the genial community of interests that flourished so vigorously beneath the elms. After all, it was a world in miniature, and some few there were who had to look on as outsiders and keenly feel their failure to be counted as men that "stood for something." The popular men of the class were cordial to Josephus when they met him, but they never thought of dropping into his room on a top floor of the Old Brick Row except to dun him for a subscription to *The Lit* or *The Courant*, or to ask for cash to maintain this or that athletic team.

He had no time to try to train with the squads of athletes. Occasionally he walked to the Yale field to look at the football or baseball practice, or stood on the bridge near the boat-house and watched the crews swing down the river. At such times the simple heart of Josephus Watson was thrilled with loyalty for the dark blue and with pride in her glorious prestige afield and afloat. For the most part his enthusiasm had to con-

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tent itself with such minor inspirations as these. It cost more than he could afford to see the championship football games or the boat-race at New London. His tuition bills were met by a scholarship grant to "poor students of good moral character"; in return for his three meals a day he served as waiter in an eating club of more prosperous classmates, and, in order to pay for his dormitory room, he tended the furnaces of several residences within a few minutes' walk of the campus. The amount of real money with which Josephus Watson was fighting his way through Yale was incredibly small.

Every morning he tumbled out of bed at five o'clock, hurried to cover his round of engagements with coal-shovel and ash-can, trotted to the boarding-house where he donned a white apron and hastily served breakfast to the clamorous company known as the "Hungry Dozen," and thence scurried to the chapel to act as monitor and keep the record of compulsory attendance. The monitorship was an uncongenial task, for it made him feel that he was playing the spy on his own classmates. Whoever "cut" the morning service received a black mark in the little note-book of Josephus Watson, and a certain number of these marks incurred the displeasure of the Dean and the penalty of rustication. But this duty was a condition of the tuition scholarship, and Josephus made the best of it as one of many sacrifices required to earn his education.

Acting as waiter to the eating club was far less dis-

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tasteful. The "Hungry Dozen" were a jovial crew of "the biggest men of the class," athletes, managers and chairmen of college organizations, and all-round good fellows who seemed to have no other claim to distinction. They honestly tried to make Josephus Watson feel at ease, but he knew he was not one of them, and sometimes this could not help galling him. With wistful, eager face he hovered between dining-room and kitchen, listening to the intimate chat about fraternity elections, training-table news, flying visits to New York, and gay parties at Mory's or Heublein's café. He had no part in these exuberant, fascinating diversions, and the "Hungry Dozen" had no genuine interest in him except to pay attentive heed to his timid queries, slid in between their jests and sallies of laughter:

"Roast beef or boiled mutton?"

"Apple pie, mince pie and bread pudding?"

To the spring-time of his Junior year had come Josephus Watson, as inconspicuous a figure as when he had first viewed the campus as a Freshman entranced with the shining fact that he was at last a "real Yale man." The Junior fraternities had announced their elections and a round hundred of his classmates were waiting to pass the mysterious portals of the ivy-clad halls. While he had expected to be overlooked, yet he was conscious of vague longing and disappointment as he stood on the campus in the early evening and watched the grotesque parades of the fraternity men on their way to the initiation ceremonies. One col-

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umn, clad in crimson robes and bearing torches, was singing lustily:

And when in after years we take
Our children on our knee,
We'll teach them that the alphabet
Begins with D.K.E.

From another quarter arose the lilting chorus:

Again we sing thy praises,
Psi, U, Psi U,
Again we sing thy praises,
Psi Upsilon.

Josephus Watson trailed after the noisy procession that moved toward the D.K.E. hall, and saw it vanish behind clanging iron doors, while faintly came the jubilant refrain:

For we always are so jolly, O,
In jolly D.K.E.

Thus it had been from Freshman year. The doors had always closed in his face. He was still an outsider and college meant little more to him than drudgery and self-denial. Unusually depressed, for Josephus had a bravely cheerful habit of mind, he wandered back to his room and sat staring at the battered stove. At length there entered, without knocking, a round-shouldered, spectacled youth, who dropped into a chair and remarked:

"Why the grouch? You look as if you had flunked all your recitations."

"Oh, bother the recitations, Deacon," cried Josephus.

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"I was just thinking that perhaps a fellow has a better chance for a good time if he goes to a small college. I mean a fellow who isn't a star of some kind. And isn't it possible to make too many sacrifices to get through college, anyhow?"

"A man doesn't get a fair show here, I know that," grumbled "Deacon" Snodgrass, who was a "soured grind." "Men are not picked on their merits. Look at Hector McGrath, for instance. He has loafed through college and is always on the edge of being suspended or dropped for low stand. Yet the class will give him anything he wants and he will be voted the most popular man in Senior year. He hasn't done anything but sport around and spend money. How do you explain that?"

"Money doesn't count," replied Josephus with some show of spirit. "Look at Snide Hopkins. He is rotten with it, but nobody cares a hang about him. Hector McGrath has tried for every team in college, which is more than you and I have done. And he is good-hearted and square, and well, the whole class swears by him, and they don't go wrong on sizing a man up. No, Deacon, Yale takes men for what they are worth, and if we haven't succeeded I guess it is mostly our fault. I don't intend to let it make me sore."

"The Hungry Dozen crowd has you hypnotized," sneered the Deacon with a scowl. "But they don't make a dear classmate of you when you take your apron off, I notice. Hector McGrath is one of that crowd, isn't he?"

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"Yes, and I propose to stand up for him."

"It won't do you any good, Josephus. He calls you a greasy grind behind your back," exclaimed Snodgrass with an unpleasant laugh as he picked up a borrowed text-book and tramped toward his room across the hall. Josephus sat alone for some time, reviewing in his mind the three years of his life at Yale, and wondering if, after all, the Deacon's jaundiced opinions might be right. Was it not as manly and deserving of recognition for a fellow to batter his way through college on his own resources as to gain a place on an athletic team? Was it not as plucky and self-sacrificing to toil from five in the morning until bed-time as to train for the eleven or the crew? Yet the college called him a "greasy grind," and bestowed the laurels of popularity upon a genial loungeur like Hector Alonzo McGrath. Josephus sighed, his thin face was clouded, and his eyes were sad as he thought of the great things expected of him at home. But he was sure he could win in the years to come, and perhaps some of these men who treated him with such good-natured indifference might be glad and proud to shake his hand at some distant class reunion. Having coaxed himself into this more sanguine state of mind, Josephus wound the alarm clock and dived into bed.

At breakfast he was disturbed to note the absence of Hector Alonzo McGrath. This irresponsible member of the "Hungry Dozen" had become very erratic in chapel attendance and it was the duty of Josephus, as monitor, reluctantly to record the damnatory marks

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which were bringing the culprit nearer and nearer the danger line. Until the last moment Josephus hoped to see Hector dash into the dining-room, chastely attired in sweater, rubber boots, and a long ulster and shout for coffee and eggs. It was his boast that he could jump into this emergency costume from his bed, get to breakfast and back to chapel in a total elapsed time of fourteen minutes, and he had won a bet on the performance. But, alas, no Hector pranced in on this morning, and Josephus clung to the hope that he might have fled to chapel breakfastless. The pew in which he belonged held no Hector, however, and, with melancholy countenance, Josephus jotted another absence in his tell-tale note-book and was shocked to discover that one more unexcused "cut" from chapel would invoke official action of a most disagreeable nature and subject the offender to an enforced vacation from college.

Josephus was grieved and alarmed, but his conscience dealt not in compromises and he would not have favored his own brother to the extent of marking him "present" even in such an extremity as this. He wanted to warn Hector, however, and when that blithesome youth appeared for dinner he beckoned him into the hall and told him about his perilous status in the matter of marks. The serious demeanor of the monitor seemed to amuse Hector, who grinned with his wonted cheerfulness and made careless reply:

"I must have made a miscount. I thought I had a margin of eight marks before my scalp was due to be

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lifted. But I always was weak on arithmetic. Flunked it on my entrance exams. Thank you, Josephus. I won't go to bed at all to-night to make sure of being the first man in chapel to-morrow. Or I might sneak in there to-night and sleep on a pew cushion. My sweep wakes me up all right, but he is a scary nigger, and when I throw things at him for pestering me, he vamooses instead of yanking me out of bed."

The monitor had so much genuine liking for Hector Alonzo that he felt awkward and almost guilty at having to report his derelictions and stammered with a blush:

"I don't like to mark you, McGrath. If—if anything happens, and you get in trouble with the Dean, I'll feel responsible in a way, and it will be pretty tough on me to have to meet you here at the eating club every day. You will be careful, won't you? In two weeks more the term will end and you can have a clean slate and a new allowance of marks."

"Hard feeling against you? Not a bit of it," laughed Hector. "You are only an instrument of the fates, Josephus. If I slip up again, which Heaven forbid, just you mark me down as another good thing gone wrong and tell the Dean to do his worst. Yale expects every man to do his duty, from monitor to half-back. Now bring on the soup. This is my breakfast."

Poor Josephus got his orders mixed, dropped his tray, and otherwise showed that he was absent-minded during the meal, and the riotous "Hungry Dozen" chaffed him merrily, insisting that he was badly over-

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trained for the "light-weight Higher Mathematics stakes." Hector Alonzo McGrath had been very good to him, inviting confidence in many a pleasant chat when he had purposely lingered behind in the dining-room. When Josephus had been unable to hide his anxiety lest he could not make both ends meet, Hector warmly offered to lend him some of his own lavish allowance, "to be repaid on demand fifty years from date." Deep in his heart the struggling "grind" cherished the fondest, staunchest admiration and loyalty for the impulsive, popular, devil-may-care classmate who lived in and frolicked through such a very different world.

Josephus took his day's work seriously at all times, but the situation in which he now found himself was peculiarly tormenting. The monitor was conscious of loathing the little note-book in which he was bound to record the marks of his imperilled classmate. It clashed with the campus code of the "square deal" to fail to stand by one's comrades through thick and thin, but Josephus Watson had a more compelling standard of personal honor, and his note-book could not lie.

When he scrambled from his bed in the chill dawn of the next day the case of Hector Alonzo McGrath lay heavy on his mind, and he made unusual haste to finish his round of duty as stoker of dusty furnaces and baulky steam heaters. Then at a breathless gallop he made a bee-line for the gray stone dormitory honored by the residence of Hector Alonzo McGrath

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to make certain that this disturbing young man should not oversleep. Brushing past the negro "sweep," who was languidly polishing Hector's expensive foot-gear at the top of the stairs, Josephus hammered on the door, waited in vain for an answering shout, and abashed at his boldness, entered the sitting-room and peered through an inner doorway at an empty bed which had not been slept in.

Retreating in an agitated state of mind, Josephus asked the weary-looking colored person:

"Didn't Mr. McGrath come home last night? Where is he? Did he leave any word? This is very important."

Mr. January Ferguson breathed heavily upon a pair of patent leather ties, pensively rubbed them with a flannel rag, and consented to impart in a listless drawl:

"I reckon he ain't come back f'um New York. That's so, he sho'ly ain't, has he? I was jes' nachully blackin' his extra shoes f'um force o' habit. Come to study 'bout it, he yelled at me late las' evenin' an' said he was gwine run down to th' big town an' git some suppah an' come home on th' owl train. He 'lowed he was off his feed 'an needed a snack o' Mister Delmonico's home cookin'."

"He went to New York to buy one meal," cried Josephus Watson, aghast at such incredible extravagance. "But he must have missed the midnight train and now he will be late for chapel."

"'Tain't th' fust time," chuckled January Ferguson. "I'se done tried to do mah duty by Mistah McGrath,

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but he is suttinly unreasonable an' rankabumptious 'bout tu'nin' out foh chapel. Las' week he told me he'd give me a dollah if I stuck to him an' drug him out o' bed in time foh chapel. An' when I done tried he offered me two dollahs to leave him alone an' let him tu'n over foh jes' one more little snooze. This yere compulsified religion don't seem to 'peal to him."

Mr. Ferguson gathered up an armful of shoes and ambled toward Hector's bedroom while Josephus Watson trudged down stairs and headed for the eating club to await the invasion of the "Hungry Dozen." He dreaded going to chapel service and marking Hector absent, for later in the day he must turn the record into the Dean's office. Of the two young men involved, Josephus felt much greater distress than any college punishment could bring to the nominal victim, Hector McGrath. Solemnly and sadly he recorded the other's fate in his note-book and was not surprised to hear next day that Hector had been suspended from college for irregularity of attendance. The culprit promptly fled New Haven to serve his sentence in the peaceful village of Milford, as was the custom of such derelicts as he, and Josephus was spared the embarrassment of meeting him for a fortnight. Hector's popularity made him a shining mark, and a rattle-headed member of the "Hungry Dozen" was moved to say in the hearing of Josephus:

"I suppose he had to do it or lose his job, but it doesn't seem as if the faculty ought to make an undergraduate do their dirty work for them. If I had been

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in Josephus Watson's shoes, I'd have chucked up the monitorship before I'd be the means of disgracing a fellow in my own class."

This unsportsmanlike sentiment was promptly disowned by the other members of the eating club who squelched the offender without mercy, but Josephus did not hear the rejoinders in his behalf and the unjust opinion cut him to the heart. He was tired in mind and body by too much work and too little play and he fell to brooding over the problem. He took none of his friends into his confidence, and finding him morose and unsociable, they let him alone. Shortly before Hector Alonzo McGrath was due to return from his exile, Josephus learned that a waiter was needed by another eating club and left his place with the "Hungry Dozen," among whom he foolishly believed he had "queered himself." When Hector came back to his own he made careless inquiry regarding the missing monitor. The young man who had shown resentment toward Josephus was rather ashamed of himself, and Hector was left in the dark as to the real reason of the waiter's departure. In his own ingenuous and candid mind there was not the slightest ill-will and he had enjoyed his rustication, deeming it just retribution, and determined to "take his medicine like a little man." He became instantly absorbed in picking up the broken threads of his many campus activities and promptly forgot all about Josephus Watson.

Unhappy Josephus had not forgotten. Nervously on the lookout for Hector's slim and active figure, he

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avoided him on the campus and in chapel and lecture hall, feeling unmanly yet unable to conquer his morbid cowardice. Once they met face to face but, alas, Hector happened to be in a day-dream and made no sign of recognition. The cut was wholly unintentional, but Josephus winced and flushed and was convinced that Hector had deliberately refused to speak to him. The monitor was glad when the college year came to an end. Without going home he reported for duty at a large summer hotel on the Massachusetts coast where he had worked as a dining-room waiter during the vacation of Sophomore year. He would be able to save the greater part of his wages toward outfitting himself with clothes and books for his last year at Yale.

Early in August Josephus felt so weary and listless that he had to drive himself to his task. The confusion of the crowded dining-room, the heat and smells of the kitchen, and the complaints of the pampered guests made him hate the place. With increasing difficulty he dragged himself to and fro, and, at times, felt light-headed and uncertain of himself. At length he was tactless enough to topple over in a dead faint in the midst of serving an elaborate dinner to a peevish dowager and her friends. The annoyed head-waiter ordered two of his underlings to remove Josephus from the scene, and they lugged him by the shoulders and heels to his sweltering cubby-hole of a room up under the roof. There Josephus was even more inconsiderate, for he soon became delirious, and the hotel physician was compelled to forsake a whist party and visit this

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nuisance of a waiter. A little later he reported to the manager:

"The young fellow has a low fever and a mighty poor constitution to fight it with. He is in for a long siege. What are you going to do with him? He ought not to be left in that red-hot kennel where he is. And what about a nurse?"

"I can't move him down stairs," fretfully replied the florid manager. "Every room is full and I've got 'em sleeping on cots in the halls. Do you mean to say I've got to send to Boston for a trained nurse? Who's going to foot her bills? Why couldn't he have his fever in the dull season? I'll try to find out his folks' address and wire 'em to-night. They'll have to take him off my hands. I'll give you a bell-boy to look after him till we know what to do."

"You talk like a brute," growled the doctor, his professional instinct aroused. "This boy is a college student, as I understand it, none of your employment agency scum. You send out and find him a room somewhere else and I'll move him at once."

"I'll bet you ten dollars you can't find an empty room in Rocky Point," snorted the manager. "Anyhow, I can't do it all in a minute. Do the best you can for him overnight, won't you? I've got four hundred and fifty guests to look after."

The manager turned away to talk to several waiting guests and the doctor returned to the attic room to find Josephus Watson dazed and heavy with fever and asking for his mother. A young man, who was putting

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himself through Cornell by working as night watchman in the hotel, entered on tip-toe and volunteered to care for the patient until morning. The doctor was grateful and declared his own willingness to stand by the case without sleep until the boy could be taken away from the "sty of a room and the pig of a manager." Next morning a telegram came from the little town of Hillsdale in Pennsylvania which the doctor read aloud to Josephus:

Will arrive early to-morrow. Please be good to my boy.

CAROLINE WATSON.

"That must have made the manager feel ashamed of himself," growled the doctor as he watched the flushed face of Josephus mirror hope and gladness at the tidings. "Now I am going to hunt quarters fit for his mother to find him in."

"We can't afford to pay fancy prices," quavered Josephus, stirring uneasily. "I'm not going to be a burden on her. This is all right."

"You shut up and leave it to me," rudely replied the other, as he hurried down-stairs to seek the manager. That autocrat was found in beaming conversation with two guests who had just arrived, and whom the beves of girls in the breezy corridor were regarding with animated interest, for these were young men of the most eligible appearance. The taller of the two was so stalwart, tanned, and good to look at that he rather eclipsed his slender, vivacious, companion, who seemed to be the spokesman and pilot. The manager,

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as if this particular species of guest were what he most needed to please his feminine patrons, was declaring in his most gracious tones:

"I have held the rooms for you, yes, sir. Two connecting rooms and bath, facing the ocean. Will you come up and see them?"

They followed after, two bell-boys bringing up the rear with their luggage. The doctor swore under his breath, and impatiently awaited the manager's return. Presently he overheard an athletic-looking damsel with a tennis racket excitedly remark to her friends:

"I peeked at their names on the register just now. The stunning six-footer is the great Jim Stearns of Yale. I thought it was. I cut his picture out of a magazine last spring when he was stroking the crew. The name of the other one is Hector A. McGrath. I suppose he is a Yale man, too. *Do* you think they play tennis?"

The doctor headed straight for the elevator and made his way to the rooms of these warmly welcomed guests. The door was open and he entered without ceremony, just as the manager was making an effusive exit. Briefly introducing himself, the doctor addressed the two young men:

"I understand you are from Yale. You fellows have a way of standing by each other, so I am told. I have a patient on my hands who is helping himself through your college by lugging a tray in the dining-room here. He is down and out with fever and he

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needs decent quarters and nursing and money and God knows what else. His name is Josephus Watson."

"Josephus Watson!" echoed Jim and Hector with one voice. "He is a classmate of ours. You bet we will stand by him."

"Good for you," cried the doctor and his eyes glistened. "His mother is coming on to-morrow, but there isn't a room in the hotel for her. And she can't be allowed to find the boy in the sweat-box the manager stows his help in."

"That's easy," shouted Hector. "Bring him right down here and his mother takes the other room. Stearns here has been scolding me for extravagance in blowing myself to this gilt-edged suite, but the McGrath luck was working all right. I can sleep like a top on a billiard table and my long-legged friend will camp out on the floor somewhere. It will keep him in training and do him good. Poor old Josephus, still slinging hash to get his diploma. Lead us to him, doctor."

"Right you are, Hector," said Jim Stearns. "I belong to the Hungry Dozen, even if I am at training table most of the time, and Josephus kind of belongs to us. We can fetch him down-stairs right on his mattress, can't we, doctor?"

The doctor eyed them with affectionate admiration. Apparently they had no thought of arguing the matter, although it was easy to read that the neglected waiter in the attic moved in a different college sphere from theirs. Assuring them that it warmed the cockles of his heart to find such blind loyalty, and

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swearing that it renewed his faith in humanity at large, the doctor led them up-stairs without bothering to consult the manager.

"You'd better go in first, Jim," whispered Hector. "I have a notion that Josephus thinks I am sore on him about that two weeks I had to spend in Milford. Pooh, he *had* to mark me in that silly little monitor's book of his, and I got what was coming to me. Just tell him we are a class committee delegated to stand by until he is all fit and shipshape again."

Jim crowded in at the doctor's heels and gazed pityingly down at the forlorn, fever-racked figure on the cot. Josephus had begun to skirt the border of delirium, but the unexpected visitation made him clear-headed for the time and he weakly faltered with a ghost of a smile.

"It's Stearns, isn't it? Where did you drop from? Oh, I am so glad to see you. Did you really want to see me?"

"I am here to take care of you," said Jim, as he clasped the hot, restless hand of his classmate. "And a pal of mine has come with me, Hector McGrath. Just you hold tight and we'll have you out of this beastly hole quicker than you can say Jack Robinson."

All his old alarms and doubts came trooping back to torment the sick lad and he murmured in a scared, uncertain way:

"McGrath doesn't want to see me. You're joking. I was his monitor. I had to tell on him. He thought I was a sneak and—and he wouldn't speak to me again. I couldn't help——"

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The doctor made a warning gesture and Jim withdrew. In silence the rescuers waited outside while Josephus was made ready for his journey. Then they picked him up, cot and all, and he was a feather-weight of a burden, and bore him to the bright, spacious apartment on the second floor through whose wide windows came the crooning song of the surf. Then Hector went to the office, issued various ultimatums to the manager, whose objections were stifled by the mere name of McGrath, and its effulgence of millions made in the steel mills of Pittsburg, and telegraphed to Boston for a trained nurse. She arrived three hours later, a capable, domineering young woman, who drove Jim and Hector from the room as if she were "shooing chickens." They retreated to the piazza and held council, oblivious to the enchanting presence of no fewer than a dozen masterless maidens who had delayed promenading the beach for reasons of their own.

"This is a funny kind of a proposition," said Jim, "but it is distinctly our duty to see it through. How about his mother? If Josephus gets flighty and blabs that he never travelled in our crowd at all and that we side-tracked him as a greasy grind, she will feel mighty uncomfortable. And how are you going to keep her from worrying about the expense of all this? If she takes after Josephus she will be touchy about taking favors from anybody."

"It calls for some sincere and artistic lying, and I suppose you'd better leave that to me," replied Hector

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with an unabashed grin. "You are shy of imagination, Jim, and your methods are more bull-headed than tactful. This is my game, anyhow. I asked you down here to play around with a bunch of pretty girls and sail the briny in my yacht which is due here to-morrow, and lo and behold, we are booked to play right bower to the Josephus Watson family. The expense cuts no ice with me. My mother is daffy over a social settlement in Pittsburg, dad is always backing hospitals in a frantic effort to separate himself from some of his tainted wealth, and they will be tickled to death to hear that flighty little Hector is trying to do good to others."

All day and late into the night they hung about the hotel, now and then waylaying the nurse or the doctor, and retiring with gloomy faces at the news that Josephus's fever was steadily increasing. The manager bestirred himself to find them a room in a nearby cottage, but they refused to sleep until the implacable nurse chased them out of the hall in the small hours of the morning. Breakfast time found them busy with time-tables, and after ascertaining the through connections from Hillsdale, they mounted guard on the piazza to watch for the mother of Josephus. There was no mistaking her among the throng that descended from 'bus and carriage to spend the week-end by the sea. Her "best black silk" bespoke the village dress-maker, she appeared lost and bewildered in this pretentious, flamboyant environment, and Jim Stearns hastened down the steps to meet her, for he, too, came

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from a Pennsylvania town, and his heart warmed at sight of her homely, countrified aspect.

"I am a classmate of Josephus. Two of us are looking after him, Mrs. Watson," he cried as he took her satchel and escorted her into the office. "My name is Stearns."

"Not Mr. Stearns, the famous athlete," she returned, looking up at him incredulously. "Why, it must be," and the weariness fled from her voice. "You are one of my Josephus's dear classmates, aren't you? Tell me—tell me—how is he?"

"Fixed as fine as can be," cheerily answered Jim. "He will pull through in great shape now you are here. Best rooms in the house, doctor subsidized to think of nothing else, and a trained nurse that will bite your head off if you come between her and the patient. Your room is next to his. Come right up."

Hector caught up with them and added further assurances which made the distressed mother wonder more than before how a humble waiter could command such princely attention in this gorgeous caravansary. Timidly she followed her son's classmates, who left her at the door of Josephus's room and stood looking at each other while they simultaneously flourished handkerchiefs, solemnly blew their noses, and mutually muttered about having caught "a confounded cold that made their eyes water." They met Mrs. Watson again when she came down-stairs to dine with them. To their eager questions she replied with a bright smile that went straight to their hearts:

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"He is quieter, and the doctor says he is doing as well as can be. He knew me and we had a little talk together. And oh, I have found out that you are doing all this for him. I don't know what to say. I am afraid we can't pay it back to you. It is wonderful to think that my boy has made such friends in college. You must be very fond of him or you would not do such splendid things for him."

Hector blushed, looked at Jim, and for once was at a loss for words. The vision of Josephus Watson, the "greasy grind," plodding his dull way through college, unknown and unhonored by his class, was tragic to recall. At all hazards, his mother must never know the truth, and with heroic disregard of the facts in the case Hector blurted:

"Of course we did what we could when we found him ill in this strange place, for he is one of the finest, biggest men in our class and a most particular chum of ours. When a fellow is a side-partner of Jim Stearns, stroke of the crew and captain of next year's eleven, he has to be a corker, Mrs. Watson. And Jim swears by Josephus, don't you, Jim?"

Jim scowled, for Hector was kicking him vigorously, but his handsome face brightened as he said across the table:

"Josephus didn't go in for athletics because he had to work too hard. He is one of the solid men of the class."

"He never said much about his friends," murmured the mother. "But he is very modest, and he might

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think it sounded like boasting to tell me of his intimacy with you, Mr. Stearns. I am hoping to be able to attend his Commencement next year. Then, perhaps, I can meet some more of these splendid friends of his."

Jim tried to hide his agitation and lost his appetite. A visit to New Haven would demolish the mother's fond illusions in cruel fashion. Luckily the conversation veered to other topics and Mrs. Watson became interested in gazing at the fashionable folk that filled the great dining-room and trying to picture her Josephus running to and fro to serve their needs. As soon as possible she hastened back to her vigil in the sick-room, while the conspirators twain strolled toward the beach in lugubrious silence. At length Hector wheeled and exclaimed with considerable heat:

"Now we *are* in a mess. If Josephus pulls through, of course she is coming to Commencement if I have to pay the freight. But what kind of a time is she going to have? She will hear the class histories read for one thing, and think of the fun they will have with Josephus. Why, it will break her heart to find he is a kind of joke and a class freak. She is a lady, Jim, and she has sacrificed her heart's blood to get him to college. And she thinks he is the finest boy that ever walked on two feet. Maybe he is, for all we know. We never tried to find out."

"That is the deuce of it," and Jim's face was grave. "We have got to make a big man of Josephus. You can see that we are bound to keep up this game of false pretences, or turn our bluff into the real thing. You

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can be elected one of the class historians if you want it, and that will let Josephus off easy on that score. And if you and I tackle it in dead earnest, we can make Josephus one of the prominent men of the class in Senior year. We can swing sentiment 'most any way we want it."

"Maybe he won't be there," murmured Hector, glancing up at a hotel window, past which flitted the white cap and blue uniform of the trained nurse. Josephus had, indeed, a sterner battle on his hands than winning his way through Yale. Day after day Hector and Jim lingered at the hotel waiting for the crisis of the relentless, wasting fever, for they had not the heart to go away and leave the mother alone in her great trouble. Simply, confidently, she told them about herself and her home and her children three, of whom Josephus was much the eldest. It was the story of the household of a country clergyman who had died in harness, leaving as a heritage little more than his example of shining self-abnegation in a very humble field of endeavor. Through her they came to know Josephus and to do him justice.

As Yale men of the best type, Jim and Hector admired "sand" and elemental manliness, and what won their ungrudging praise in the case of Josephus Watson was the revelation that he had never let his mother know that college life had disappointed him in any way. His letters had been consistently cheerful, dwelling only with the brighter side of things, belittling the uncongenial toil with his hands, generously praising the men prominent in campus affairs. So

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tactfully had he ignored the social honors he had failed to win that she did not even know they existed. In her eyes he was a hero, in his own a failure. Little by little his two warm-hearted classmates came to see him through his mother's eyes. It was just after they were told that Josephus was safely come out of the Valley of the Shadow of Death that Jim Stearns said to his faithful comrade:

"Hector, I think a man who makes that kind of a fight to get through college is the real thing, and we are imitations. It has been the fashion to give all the applause to the fellow who is the big athlete. Don't you think it would be a mighty good thing for the college to recognize the Josephus Watson kind of man just once? Think how it would put heart into all the other grinds who plug away doing all kinds of poorly paid drudgery just to be Yale men. If you are with me, I am going back this year to boost Josephus, as a matter of principle."

"Boost as far as you like," said Hector, "and I won't be far behind. You can't make him popular, but you can play him up as a 'solid man,' and that always wins with the multitude. Let's give him a good time. Confound him, I'll make him borrow money enough to quit tending furnaces and juggling grub. He deserves it, and besides, this illness will leave him weak in the knees for some time."

When they were first admitted to the bedside of what was left of Josephus Watson, his eyes filled with tears and he told them in a broken whisper:

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"Mother has told me what bricks you are. Don't let her know that you fellows call me a 'greasy grind,' will you? I—I—thought you were sore on me, McGrath. I don't understand."

"Forget it. You must have dreamed it when you were out of your head," retorted Hector. "You and your mother are going to keep these rooms and get some fun out of the seashore until you are as strong as ever. And I am trying to persuade her to send for your brother and sister. There will be oodles of room in the hotel through September. It will be just nuts for you to bully the waiters when you are able to get down to the dining-room."

Josephus tried to say something more, but the energetic nurse waved her apron at the intruders and they meekly footed it into the hall where she tempered the dismissal by observing:

"That speech of yours will do him more good than all my nursing, Mr. McGrath, and that is saying a good deal. Your heart is certainly in the right place."

A few days later Jim and Hector set sail for a week's cruise in the forty-footer which had been waiting orders, and, landing at Boston, hurried to visit their own homes before the opening of the college year. The class had foregathered in New Haven for some time before Josephus Watson was able to join them. To his surprise, men to whom he had paid homage from afar off began to drop into his shabbily furnished little room of an evening and ask him to visit them. Jim and Hector insisted that he join the "Hungry

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Dozen," but he stoutly refused to live beyond his means, and would only consent to return to the eating club as waiter. No longer was he permitted to feel that he dwelt apart from these fortunate young men. They took pains to make him feel that he was one of the crowd, and asked his opinions about many important things. Jim Stearns had shrewdly heralded him as "a solid man" and the class began to regret their earlier lack of appreciation.

Late in the following spring a tired-looking woman in the hamlet of Hillsdale walked out of her cottage to meet the rural delivery postman, hoping for a letter from her son in Yale. A slim package addressed in the writing of Josephus was handed to her and she opened it to find a volume bound in blue with the gilt lettering, "CLASS BOOK OF YALE 189-." Excitedly, she tripped into the house and called her son and daughter, who knelt beside her while she turned over the pages until she came to a chapter headed, "How the Class Voted."

"There is brother Joe's name," cried the girl. "Oh, mother, read that out loud. It really can't be true."

"Of course it is," and the mother's face had no trace of weariness as she slowly read aloud:

CLASS VOTE FOR THE MAN MOST TO BE ADMIRER.

Josephus Watson—124.

James Montgomery Stearns—67

Peter Burnham—31

The mother looked no further. She was thanking God in her heart while she said with serene joy and assurance:



"I—I—thought you were sore on me, McGrath."

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"The man most to be admired! Just think of it. I knew it long ago, but how proud it must make Josephus feel to have his class find it out for themselves. I am sorry for only one thing. If Hector McGrath had been better known by his classmates, he would have received a great many votes, though of course he couldn't have beaten Josephus."

"*Now* aren't you glad you are going to New Haven to see Josephus graduate!" cried the daughter.

"It will be the proudest, gladdest day of my life, for he has been recognized for what he is, but it is not one bit more than he deserves," replied the mother of Josephus Watson.

HOW HECTOR WON HIS "Y"

I

HECTOR ALONZO McGRATH had come to the winter term of his last year at Yale without winning any of the athletic honors for which he had manfully striven from the day when, as a callow Freshman, he had first set foot upon the campus and eagerly asked the way to the gymnasium. Hopes deferred and ambitions thwarted had not cooled his ardor, and he determined to make a final attempt to win his "Y" in the rôle of a track athlete. The rowing and baseball squads had so often discarded him that even his unquenchable optimism despaired of gaining laurels on the river or the diamond. He was too light by twenty pounds to be taken seriously as a crew candidate, and one captain of the nine had told him, bitterly and truthfully, that he could never hope to make a base hit until the pitcher was allowed to curve watermelons over the plate. The track team, however, offered greater variety of opportunity. A man might be built like a grasshopper or lack the gift of the "batting eye," but there was no telling how fast or how far he could run with a chance to choose the distance that best suited him.

"Mike" Morrison, the gray-headed trainer of the Yale track team, had no sense of humor, else he might have shared the amusement of the college at

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large at the latest aspirations of Hector McGrath, the perennial candidate. When the sanguine youth presented himself for the early season work, the trainer looked him over with a sternly critical eye and sententiously observed:

"I think I gave you a try-out last year, didn't I? You wanted to be a sprinter, but the only trouble was you couldn't sprint. I don't believe I can make anything out of you at any distance, but you may as well train along for a while."

"I have decided to make a long distance man of myself, Mike," returned Hector undismayed. "Perhaps I was slow at a hundred yards, but if I could keep up that same gait for a mile it would be going pretty fast. But I won't be fussy about it. I may be better at the half-mile or the quarter when I get on the track."

"And perhaps you may turn out a world-beater at throwing the hammer," commented "Mike" Morrison with mild sarcasm, as he cast a dubious glance at the excessively fragile physique of the confident youth.

For a month thereafter Hector doggedly trotted across country with the squad, toiled at chest weights in the gymnasium, and practised limber-legged exercises in his room at bed-time. Whenever he happened to see the brawny oarsmen pulling in the tank or met the baseball men on their way to batting practice in the "cage" he was filled with envious admiration and longing, but these emotions could not dull the edge of his enthusiasm, for winter was fast waning, there was promise of an early spring-time, and soon he

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would have his real "try-out" on the cinder-covered track at the Yale field. Hector had schooled himself to be grateful for small favors at the hands of the coaches, captains, and trainers, and it was enough for him that he had not been dropped from the track squad during the preliminary season.

At length Mike Morrison spoke the word to report at the field in preparation for the spring handicap games. Hector McGrath, having persisted in his intention to test his mettle among the long-distance runners, was set to jogging around the track in company with a dozen other novices who were paced by a trio of seasoned "milers." He flitted along like a plucky sand-piper, easily dogging the heels of the leaders, until the day when the trainer held his watch in hand and told them to "let out a few links and finish as strong as they could." Then, to the agonized surprise of Hector Alonzo, the pace-makers set off from the mark at a much faster gait than they had previously displayed and swept the squad along with the remorseless, unflagging energy of a machine over the first quarter, to the half-mile, and toward the end of the journey with the same infernal momentum. Hector discovered that his best efforts when spread over a mile were too slow for this rate of progression, and inasmuch as spurting made him breathless, he had to fall back and pound along at his own limit of exertion. He did not flinch or falter, but his plight was like that of a steamer racing a rival craft several knots faster in the hour. Badly beaten, he trailed into the homestretch long after the

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leaders had finished, and was greeted by Mike Morrison with the unfeeling criticism:

"You don't know how to run and never will learn, McGrath. I don't know what the matter is, but you can't go fast enough. There is no use in your wasting time on the track."

"Perhaps I can do better at a shorter distance," panted Hector. "Do you think I am utterly hopeless, Mike?"

"Oh, go in for the half-mile at the spring handicaps, if you like," reluctantly vouchsafed the trainer. "But I am pinning no medals on you in advance."

Thereupon Hector trained more conscientiously than ever, strove to imitate the styles of famous champions as portrayed in books, pestered Mike Morrison for advice, and hired a strong-armed Irishman to rub him down night and morning. The spring handicap games attracted a notably large attendance of Seniors who marched to the field in column, carrying a banner inscribed:

McGRATH FOREVER!!
OUR CANDIDATE MUST,
SHALL AND WILL WIN
TO-DAY.

"It is his first real race, fellows," counselled Jim Stearns, the football captain, "and he deserves the support of his class. I will lead the cheering and you want to make a prize noise, understand!"

When Hector pranced from the dressing-rooms and surveyed the crowd which filled the stand beside the

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home-stretch he was greeted by this thunderous salute from his classmates in unison:

WHO IS THE PRIDE OF THE YALE CINDER PATH?
HECTOR ALONZO HOT-FOOTED McGRATH.

The ovation was disconcerting, and more so when the captains three of the university crew, the nine, and the eleven marched abreast across the track and solemnly presented the blushing Hector Alonzo with a wreath of immortelles from which dangled a huge placard bearing the legend:

HE WAS ONE OF US—For a few minutes.

"Confound you all, if I did get fired off your teams it is low-down to rub it in," ungratefully blurted the recipient. "You have put them up to this nonsense, Jim Stearns. Wait until I——"

His threat was cut short by the curt command of Mike Morrison:

"No more of that foolishness, boys. All out for the half-mile. Get on the mark where you belong, McGrath."

Hector slipped out of his bath-robe and the godless Seniors burst into a tempest of cheering at sight of his uncommonly attenuated figure as displayed in scanty running garb. He heard fragments of a song which Jim Stearns was leading with frantic gestures, the refrain beginning:

OH-H, our Hector McGrath
Is built like a lath,
But he runs like a frightened gazelle.

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Waiting at scratch was Bonsall, the stocky, deep-chested intercollegiate champion, and strung out ahead of him were a half-score men placed at their respective handicap distances. Hector felt slightly aggrieved that he had been allotted the most generous handicap of them all, and, in fact, he seemed to be about half-way between the start and finish of the course. Sad to relate, however, the seasoned judgment of Mike Morrison had been at fault in not granting Hector concessions even more lavish, for when the contestants sped away from their marks he was rapidly overhauled by those to rearward of him until he was making a stern chase after the flying field of runners. He could not make his legs move any faster, in truth he was flinging them so desperately that his heels seemed about to smite the back of his head with every stride, but even two lowly Freshmen overtook and passed him as if he were anchored, and he failed to be placed at all. As he wobbled past the finish posts, pale and panting, Jim Stearns observed to a friend:

"Great hock and knee action, like one of those horse show hackneys, but he doesn't get over the ground. Poor Hector, there goes his last hope of being a 'varsity athlete. Give him a long cheer, fellows, with nine McGraths on the end of it."

Hector took his defeat so much to heart that he refused to march with his classmates who clamored to escort him to the campus. Sulking in the training house until the field was clear of spectators, he was prepared for the worst, and felt no shock of surprise

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when Mike Morrison sauntered into the dressing-room and told him:

"I am sorry, McGrath, but there is no sense in your training any longer. Don't lay it up against me, will you? But I can never make a runner of you, so help me."

The downcast youth nodded without speaking, made a bundle of his athletic wardrobe, tucked it under one arm, and walked slowly and sorrowfully across the field. Laggard as was his gait he presently overtook the bent, hobbling figure of Julius Cæsar Jones, the ancient negro whom college sentiment accepted as the official mascot of Yale athletics and purveyor of good fortune to the university crew in particular. Hector was too sore at heart to wish to encounter the rude badinage of his classmates, but he knew he would find a sympathetic companion in this hoary attaché of the campus and he hailed him cordially:

"Hold on, Julius Cæsar. Why don't you take a street car. Are you going to walk all the way in?"

"Why bless my soul, if it ain't Mistah Hector Alonzo McGrath," chuckled Julius Cæsar, doffing his battered hat and wheeling with a respectful old-fashioned bow. "I toted myself to th' field jes' specially to see you run th' half-mile, suh, and that's why I'se walkin' home."

"You don't mean to say you bet your carfare on me," cried Hector, as he slackened his gait to walk beside the old man.

"I was jes' as foolish as that," admitted Julius Cæsar, hastily adding, with warm-hearted tactfulness,

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"T'wan't your fault that you losed th' race. It was the handicappin'. A hundred yards mo' start an' you'd ha' surely scrambled home to th' good. How it come that I made a bet of fifteen cents agin one dollar on you, suh, was 'cause Hannibal Jackson done kind of pestered me into it. He is a sasperatin' old nigger, you know that, Mistah McGrath, and, beggin' your humble pahdon, suh, he 'lowed you couldn't run away from a tarrapin with a brick tied to his tail. I couldn't stand no such talk an' I jes' bet my limit."

"Fifteen cents to a dollar against the field and I had the biggest handicap at that," was Hector's lugubrious comment. "It shows how public opinion had me sized up. Well, Julius, here comes a hack. I owe you a ride. We will roll home in style even if we did get beaten and go broke. My own classmates laughed at me, but you were loyal enough to show fifteen cents worth of confidence in me as a track athlete. I won't forget it."

"I was s'prised to see Mistah Jim Stearns makin' sport of your tryin' for the track team," observed Julius Cæsar as he sank against the cushions with a sigh of contentment. "He bein' cap'n of las' season's football team an' rowin' three years on the Yale University crew, he is of cou'se the biggest man in college, an' he ought to be encouragin' men to come out an' work for Yale, 'deed he had."

"Oh, you mustn't mind him, Julius. He wouldn't hurt my feelings for the world. He has always played horse with my athletic ambitions. I suppose it does

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look funny, after I tried for every team in college since Freshman year, to see me made a monkey of in these trifling handicap games. But they can't say I haven't tried, can they?"

Julius Caesar was quick to reflect the sober mood of his companion and his kindly old face was grieved, but he brightened to reply with great decision:

"It ain't too late yet. I don't quite see how it's comin' to pass, but I got a powerful hunch that you is gwine to win your 'Y' yet, you hear me. I'se had my eye on you, an' the race ain't always to the swiftest or the battle to the strongest'. Sometimes I has dreams an' visions, Mistah McGrath. Jes' you keep in mind what Julius Caesar Jones imparts to you in th' midst of your distresses."

II

In a buoyant, sunny afternoon of April Hector McGrath set out alone for a long walk into the country, which had begun to entice the wayfarer with the tender loveliness of budding spring-time. The rural highways were still heavy with black mud, and, after leaving the city far behind, Hector wandered off across the rolling fields whose aspect was shifting from sodden brown to many delicate shades of green. His spirits were normally youthful and he rejoiced in the sights and sounds and odors of the awakening year and forgot that care had ever oppressed him. The humiliating collapse of his last athletic ambition was in oblivion, he whistled or sang aloud while he looked for arbutus

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and idly followed the course of a brook which leaped foaming from a woodland hard by.

From a rugged elevation the idler gazed across a wide expanse of vernal landscape and presently discerned toward the eastward the tall and towered grandstands of the Yale field, a landmark which made him reflect aloud:

"I must have doubled on my trail without knowing it. I thought I was four or five miles from the field. By Jingo, I believe I will strike across country and watch the tail end of the baseball practice."

Whereupon, at a much brisker gait, he made a bee-line for this goal, Nature in her most beguiling mood being so promptly jilted for the allurements of an athletic arena. Hector had covered perhaps half of his journey over hill and dale when he descried a solitary man seated upon a stone wall with the air of one waiting for something to happen. Nearer view revealed the fact that this person was Mr. Mike Morrison, and Hector was fired with curiosity to discover why this trainer of Yale athletes should be perched on a wall in the midst of a rural wilderness, so very far from the madding crowd.

"Why, he ought to be at the field, grumbling at a herd of poor, unhappy slaves in skimpy clothes, and chasing them round and round the track," reflected Hector. "He must have gone off his head. Perhaps he is a prey to remorse for having treated me so cruelly and is meditating suicide."

But as Hector advanced within hailing distance, Mike

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Morrison descended from his perch and amiably observed:

"Hello, McGrath, have you come out to watch 'em, too? This is as good a place as any."

"Watch what, Mike? The dickey-birds? I must have sized you up all wrong, for I never took you for a nature-lover."

"My cross-country team," seriously replied the trainer, overlooking the other's persiflage. "They go to Philadelphia in another month for the intercollegiate cross-country championship, and I am giving them a hard five-mile spin this afternoon. They will pass us in the lane yonder on their way back to the field, and I want to look 'em over and see how strong they are going."

"Getting a bird's-eye view, so to speak," said Hector, leaning against the stone wall. "I suppose the team is not expecting to find you out here in the woods?"

"Not exactly," said Mike drily. "I think we had better move into this bit of pasture and wait at the far end of the lane. The land looks higher and we can see them come by the edge of those woods yonder."

The grizzled trainer and his discarded pupil strolled together across the pasture, Hector's interest having quickly sifted from the baseball practise to the prospect of seeing the cross-country team in action. Presently they toiled up a green slope and gazed down the winding lane which threaded its way from the turnpike, beyond which the fields unrolled for a considerable distance. Soon they saw a row of tiny human figures

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moving across this green carpet like so many manikins.

"There they come, and pretty well tuckered at that," said the trainer. "It is heavier going under foot than I thought. This last hill will make them pump. See here, McGrath, the ground looks even higher over yonder in the middle of the pasture. Why not shift our ground again?"

Accordingly the two men retreated to the backbone of the ridge and stood gazing at the distant string of runners who were slowly advancing at a labored trot. The trainer was absorbed in noting their pace with censorious eye, and Hector was greatly interested in his vitriolic comment let fall as if he were speaking his thoughts aloud:

"That tail-ender is Hawkins. He runs like a clod-hopper and he is not game. I found he had a soft spot in his heart last year," Morrison was saying while he gnawed his gray mustache. "Ten to one he will come limping home half a mile behind and tell me he has sprained his ankle. I have a good mind to let him go and——"

He bit off his sentence abruptly, his jaw dropped and he stared in amazement at Hector McGrath, who was gazing past him with an expression of horror-smitten consternation as if his emotions were beyond all words. The trainer wheeled swiftly, caught one lightning glimpse, and bounded toward the nearest stone wall with the speed of the wind. He had been a world-famous professional sprinter in his youth and his feet

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had not lost their cunning. He was ten yards away and going faster with every stride when Hector got fairly under way and put after him, emitting terrifying whoops, and sprinting at a rate which would have won praise from Mr. Mike Morrison if that gentleman had not been too busy to look behind him.

Behind the twain bounded a brindled bull, head down and tail up, while through a break in the pasture wall streamed a pursuing band of farmers brandishing bludgeons, pitchforks and ropes. The two fugitives had been oblivious to the warning clamor, and the irate monster had made for them full tilt as the most conspicuous objects upon the face of a landscape which he was eager to devastate. The flight of his quarry inspired the bull with wrath even more unreasoning, and with a bellowing roar that shook the hills, he strove to overtake them this side of the pasture wall toward which they fled with incredible rapidity. Mike Morrison had seen many an overconfident runner lose his race a few yards from the tape by glancing rearward, and he had no intention of committing such an error of judgment. He was doing his duty as a pace-maker and Hector McGrath must look out for himself. The trainer was really out-footing the brindled bull and, upon a good track, might have been able to give the animal ten yards in the hundred. Hector, however, was making what could have been fitly termed "a neck and neck finish of it," and was in the gravest possible danger of being overtaken and gored by the horns of the pursuer.

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Mike Morrison, first to reach the wall, was horrified to find it surmounted by a stiff fence of rails, but he climbed, clawed, and scrambled over to safety. Sprawled upon his back he was trying to rise when Hector signalled his coming by means of a blood-curdling yell. For his part, he had no time to climb fences, nor had he room in which to double and seek an easier exit. The brindled bull was gaining with a rush and the embattled farmers were still too far distant to afford hope of succor from that quarter.

Mike Morrison had gained his feet and was peering over the wall with ghastly countenance, in the nick of time to behold Hector Alonzo McGrath instantaneously achieve the impossible. With one wild-eyed despairing glance at the wall and towering fence in front of him, the hunted youth shortened his stride, gathered himself together, leaped straight at the top of the barrier, and soared over it like a bird. Alighting in a heap on a soft patch of turf he lay there, while the baffled brindled bull crashed against the wall with a noise like a falling house. With the demeanor of a man whose eyes had seen more than his brain could transmute into coherent thought, Mike Morrison helped Hector to his feet, and, hand in hand, they stood and watched the buccolic avengers put the bull to flight and bring him to bay in a corner of the wall, where he was pounded and pitchforked and roped to be led home in humiliating captivity.

"We kind of guessed he was goin' to ketch the young feller," shouted one of the farmers in passing.

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"Hope he didn't harm you none. He broke out of the barn-yard and give us quite a chase. The young feller must be the prize jumper of Yale College. I guess you are glad they trained you to jump that way, hey? You went over that fence as if you had wings."

Hector found breath to mumble that no bones were broken and then turned to look inquiringly at Mike Morrison, who seemed to be under a spell of some kind. The trainer was gazing first at the timber-topped stone wall and then at his young companion, and muttering under his breath. Then, without a word, he extracted a tape measure from his hip pocket, climbed over the wall and solemnly made record of the distance from the turf whereon Hector had taken flight to the upper edge of the topmost rail. This ceremony was performed with the utmost deliberation, after which the trainer regarded the tape with puckered brow, whistled, wiped his face and burst out with explosive energy:

"Why in blazes didn't you have sense enough to tell me you were a natural born high jumper, eh? What were you doing—trying to run on a track—you—you—why, you never breathed a word about jumping. Do you know the height of this jump of yours, in your street clothes, heavy shoes on, and a poor take-off at that? Do you want to know? Well, that top rail is five feet seven inches from the ground and you cleared it with two or three inches to spare. I saw it with my own two eyes. By the piper that played before Moses, I'll have you clearing six feet

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a week from now, and the Lord only knows what you will be doing before it comes time to send you to the intercollegiates. You are one of those athletic miracles, McGrath, and you didn't know it yourself. Why, I have a good mind to——"

"Hold on, Mr. Michael Morrison, not so fast," implored Hector, waving his hands and trying to collect his wits. "This scare has gone to your head. What if I did jump five feet ten inches high? It doesn't mean anything. Confound it, I could have cleared a fence ten feet high just as easily. *I had to.* But you can't turn that brindled bull loose at me every time I make a try at a high jump on the Yale field. And I am sure you wouldn't be allowed to enter the bull in the intercollegiates to help me over the bar. It wouldn't do at all. The athletic association wouldn't approve. So all your excitement is for nothing, Mike. Let us calm down and talk sense. Your cross-country team will be along in a few minutes."

"Oh, don't bother about the cross-country team," snorted Mike Morrison with gusty impatience. "We have lost our chance to see them pass. You come along home with me. I want to talk to you. You are welcome to your joke about needing the bull as pace-maker. There may be something in it, but I have seen enough to show me that I need you on the track team. There is not a high jumper in sight who will clear more than five feet eleven at the intercollegiates."

Events were crowding so fast upon each other's heels that Hector was still giddy and breathless. If

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the brindled bull had been a bolt from a clear sky, this revelation of athletic prowess, wholly undreamt of, was even more startling. In a kind of ecstatic bewilderment he trudged along beside Mike Morrison, whose rugged features became radiant with satisfaction whenever he glanced at the slim figure of his companion. After an interval of silence, as if the situation had overpowered him, Hector ventured to ask:

"Do you really mean that you want me to train with the team, and is there any chance of my being entered for the intercollegiate championships? Why, Mike, that would mean winning my 'Y.'"

"Say nothing about it, my boy," the trainer replied with some abruptness. "We don't want to be laughed at by those ungodly classmates of yours, and I don't hanker to run the risk of springing a false alarm on the college. I want you to go to the training house with me and get rubbed down, and you will join the track team at the training table for supper to-night. Then, between recitations to-morrow morning, you can sneak out to the field and we will do a bit of jumping in private. Of course if you find you can't jump without that fool bull playing checkers on your coat-tails, we will have to call it off."

Hector's nerves were unstrung, and this glad news made him feel inclined to hysterical laughter. He stammered a foolish jest or two, slapped the trainer on the back, and was surprised to find his cheek wet with tears. Mike Morrison was alert to note these symptoms, and refused to discuss athletics further.

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Having given Hector in charge of a stalwart "rubber" at the training house, he gave orders to knead him thoroughly, wrap him warmly and send him to the campus in a hack. Rather timidly Hector presented himself for supper at the training table of the track team. The hungry athletes greeted him with vociferous surprise, and the upper classmen who dared to be facetious at his expense demanded to know if he had lost his way, and were about to throw him out bodily. The intruder held his ground and managed to make them hear his declaration of independence.

"Mike Morrison told me to join this menagerie for grub. First thing you know I will be crowding one of you loafers off the team. Where do I sit?"

"I suppose it's all right, but it strikes me as a queer performance, McGrath," expostulated Ted Warner, captain of the track team. "Mike has said nothing about it to me and you have not been working at the field since he fired you from the squad. What does he intend doing with you? Are you going to run again, and what is your distance this time?"

"Mike will have to explain it. I shall be out with the team for practice soon. He—he—that is—he overlooked my sterling qualities, and being a fair-minded person, he says it is never to late to mend."

"I guess we all overlooked those sterling qualities of yours," drily retorted the captain. "But here is wishing you success, whatever it is."

The other men, noticing that the newcomer was blushing and found the situation awkward, forebore

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to tease him, and he began to rally, already conscious of a glowing delight in the fact that after four years of futile endeavor he was actually seated at the training table of a university team. It might be only for a night, but Hector Alonzo McGrath was dwelling vividly in the present. When he went to his rooms and made ready to turn in at an early hour, he gazed at his meagre shanks with respectful attention before inserting them into pajamas and murmured:

"Now I know what *you* are good for. And you have *got* to jump—without any brindled bull to throw a scare into you, either."

This accidental athlete was in a mental condition of fluttering distrust of self when he met Mike Morrison at the field next day, but the trainer, businesslike, unimaginative, expressed a cheering confidence in the prowess of his new-fledged high jumper.

"Now I don't expect you to repeat your jump of yesterday, McGrath," said he. "I make allowances for being shy of a bull to stir you up. I am going to start the bar at five feet and raise it a half-inch at a time. I want you hop over it careless and easy. Quit whenever you feel tired or find you are flinching. I don't expect you to show any style. If you are the born jumper I take you for, too much coaching will spoil you."

With sinking heart and trembling knees Hector backed away from the bar, ran at it with a nervous rush, and leaped awkwardly over with an odd, side-wise kick. The trainer grunted, raised the bar, and,

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with more confidence than before, the novice went dexterously over it. His motions were clumsy, but he seemed able to hoist his feet clear and kick himself out of harm's way by a method all his own. Before long Mike Morrison had raised the slender barrier to five and three-quarter feet and the jumper was hitching himself over with no great effort.

"I don't understand how I do it," said Hector, "but I know I can go a good deal higher than that!"

"It is because you are a human grasshopper, my boy," replied the trainer. "We won't need to send for the brindle bull. That is enough for to-day. It is too late to make you ready for the Yale-Harvard dual meet, but I expect to have you all primed for the intercollegiates, and the man who beats you will have to do as good as six feet four. Perhaps if I could turn that bull loose on the Yale field this afternoon I might discover some more talent that is hid under a bushel."

News travels fast on the campus, and by next day it was known abroad that Hector McGrath had won his spurs as a high jumper, and was sure to get his "Y." Among the first to congratulate him was Julius Cæsar Jones, who waylaid the hero upon the steps of a recitation hall and tremulously declaimed:

"Who is th' old reliable mascot, uh? Didn't I tole you I had a hunch, Mistah Yale University athlete? When I plunged fifteen cents wuth on you, didn't I *know*? I'se had you in my mind, night an' day, an' I surely jes' mascotted you into jumpin' like a scared rabbit. And I'll be at th' intercollegiates, jes' rootin'

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an' prayin' while you makes them Harva'd an' Princeton an' Pennsylvania men look like they was tied to th' groun'."

The fates had at last conspired to favor this youth who had been for so long an athletic cast-off. His daily practice at the field showed sure and unbroken improvement under the careful tutelage of Mike Morrison. After he had been three weeks in training his photograph was reproduced in a New York newspaper and fell under the eye of his father who had played a valiant part in the crude Yale athletics of another generation. This loyal sire had set his heart on his boy's winning a "Y," but he had given up all hope until now, at the eleventh hour, here was Hector Alonzo McGrath proclaimed as one of the most brilliant athletes of the intercollegiate season. Whereupon the father turned aside from making steel and millions in smoky Pittsburgh and wrote a long letter of fond congratulation, inclosing a check for a thousand dollars in token of his pride in his offspring. This stimulus was so inspiring that, after depositing the check, Hector sallied forth to the field and surpassed himself with a series of leaps which made Mike Morrison jubilantly exclaim:

"Another year and I could be smashing world's records with you. Oh, why are you not a Freshman, or at least a Junior? Can't you come back to college next year and take a post-graduate course in the Art School or the Theological Department?"

Two days before the intercollegiate meeting at Mott Haven Hector's father telegraphed that he had de-

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cided to come on to New York in his private car, bringing as his guests a number of Pittsburg alumni, and, most important of all, Miss Suzette Aiken and her mother, at which tidings the youth's devoted heart throbbed perceptibly faster. The Yale team was to be quartered at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York for the night before the games, and the journey from New Haven brought unalloyed delight to the soul of Hector Alonzo McGrath. His doubts and fears were cast behind him. He was one of this gallant company of Yale heroes, outward bound to battle for the blue.

Alas, for his joy in the present and his anticipations of the morrow's splendid rivalry! That guardian genius of ebony hue, Julius Cæsar Jones, must have been napping. The team trooped from the train in the Grand Central Station, Mike Morrison marching in the lead, Hector carrying himself with a confident swagger. A baggage truck, top heavy with a burden of trunks, came charging along the platform in haste to catch a waiting express. The hub of a wheel collided with an iron pillar, and a heavy trunk, insecurely poised, slid from its perch and toppled to the floor below. The athletes were filing between the truck and an empty train, and a warning shout made them scatter and dodge to avoid this danger. Hector McGrath, however, was lost in a day dream, and looked up an instant too late to jump clear. Throwing himself against the side of a car he escaped being struck upon the head, but an end of the trunk pitched over upon his right foot with cruel weight. Pinioned for the

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moment he groaned with pain, while his comrades rushed to raise the trunk and free him from the trap. After sending a porter scurrying for a wheeled chair, Mike Morrison knelt beside his injured "star athlete," who was writhing upon the floor, holding his crippled foot in both hands.

"Are you hurt bad? Can't you stand on it? Here, let me get the shoe off. Don't move until I look at it," implored the agitated trainer. "Maybe it is only a bruise. Some of you boys hustle after that nigger with the chair and fetch him on the jump. Of all the condemned hard luck that ever was!"

"It fell on me like a ton of brick," quavered Hector. "I guess I do no jumping to-morrow. Are any bones broken?"

"No, but there is a nasty gash across the instep and the foot is beginning to swell," said the trainer, exploring the foot with sure, deft fingers. "We will put you in a carriage and get a doctor at the hotel. Maybe it is not as bad as it looks. Cheer up, old man. Things might be worse."

"Not much, if this has put me out of the intercollegiates," sighed Hector. "Ouch, go easy, Mike. Give me your shoulder and I guess I can hop into the chair."

It was a melancholy bodyguard of Yale athletes that escorted the disabled jumper through the station and helped lift him into a carriage. The captain of the team and Mike Morrison rode with Hector and gave him such faint comfort as they could find in a situation so tragic as this. A little later the surgeon

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who had been summoned in haste to the hotel finished examining the hurts and spoke a verdict which carried grief and dismay to the heart of Hector McGrath.

"You were right, Mr. Morrison, there are no fractures and the foot will heal nicely if you can keep this young man quiet for a fortnight. I want him to lie flat on his back for three or four days. No, it is out of the question for him to think of jumping to-morrow. I doubt if he could walk as far as the door yonder. I will look at him again this evening."

He went away and left the cripple trying to hold back the sobs which it would have been unfair to call childish. Life had never dealt him so bitter a blow as this, and while he tried to bear his misfortune with courage he could not forbear to stammer to the sorely distressed Mike Morrison:

"It was my one chance to win my 'Y'—the one chance I have been working for and hoping for all through college. I—I suppose I am a big baby, but I can't help feeling all broken up, Mike. Please let me try to walk on my damaged foot. Maybe I can jump on it. It doesn't hurt much, honest."

"No, you do as the doctor tells you, Hector. It is a hard dose to swallow, but you have sand enough to take it like a little man. And the other fellows will work all the harder to win without you to-morrow. Anything more I can do before I go out and get you a nurse?"

"No, nothing except to send a wire to my father before he leaves Pittsburg to-night," faltered Hector. "Tell him to come to the hotel in the morning. Break

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it as gently as you can. And I want to send a message to a girl who is coming on in his car. I'll try to write that myself, but I feel kind of queer and dizzy."

III

A week after the intercollegiate games Hector McGrath was limping slowly across the Yale campus with the aid of a crutch when Mike Morrison hailed him from afar and drew near with a speed which betokened urgent business.

"How is the game prop?" asked the trainer as they shook hands. "I would have waited in New York to bring you home, but when your father told me he was going to send you back to New Haven in his private car, I knew you were in good hands. It did you a whole lot of good, I suppose, to hear that we won the games. It was a close margin on points, but old Eli got there once more. Now, I have something even better than that to talk about. It will make you throw away your crutch and turn handsprings. You are going to jump for Yale and win your 'Y' with more glory than would be coming to you from a dozen intercollegiates."

"Go away, Mike. You must be daffy. Why, the track season is all over for this year and I graduate this month. I haven't seen you so excited since you broke the sprinting record with the brindled bull on scratch. What are you dreaming about now?"

"Here is the cablegram. It came this morning, addressed to the captain of our track team," answered

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the trainer, opening his fist and disclosing a yellow slip. "Oxford and Cambridge have accepted a joint challenge for a track meet with Yale and Harvard to be held in England, and we sail on the first day of July. Yale takes all her point winners at the inter-collegiates and——"

Hector's face had become heavy with gloom and he broke in to say with a catch of his breath:

"I didn't win any points, and I don't really belong to the team, so I suppose I can't——"

"Of course you do, you little trouble-hunter," snapped Mike. "Your foot will be as sound as a dollar by then, and you are going to win the high jump for Yale and Uncle Sam. Harvard is weak in your event, and we are going up against Howell of Oxford who holds the English amateur record. Now, will you cheer up?"

"I go to England to jump against Oxford and Cambridge?" gasped the dumfounded undergraduate. "Why, this is the biggest thing that has happened during my time in college. Of course I shall be in fighting trim. Oh, Mike, my luck has turned. Let me go telegraph my daddy."

"And there will be kings and queens and all kinds of crowned heads and nobles with titles to look on," chirruped Mike Morrison. "Now take good care of yourself, and if you see a baggage wagon, walk on the far side of the street. You are all right when it comes to dodging brindle bulls, but trunks are too speedy for you."

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"Julius Cæsar Jones is right on his job again as my mascot," said Hector to himself as he hobbled toward the telegraph office. "I must tell him the good news as soon as I can."

But for a fortnight thereafter Hector had other matters to absorb his time and energy. His interest in lectures and recitations had been reprehensibly fickle through the spring term, and, having been disabled on the eve of his final examinations, there was much painful study to be undergone and midnight oil to be burned before he could be certain of laying hands on a Yale diploma. As soon as the crutch was discarded he began to regain his physical fitness by means of calsthenic exercises in the gymnasium. The prospect of competing against the flower of the athletes of the great English universities was a mighty stimulus toward quick recovery, and three weeks after his casualty Hector was able to begin light work at the field. The voyage and the season of preparation on English soil would bring complete recuperation, and he felt confident of being able to jump even better than before the intercollegiates.

Shortly before the Yale and Harvard men were to sail for Southhampton Hector was surprised to discern Julius Cæsar Jones making his laborious way across the campus. Old age was fast overtaking the faithful mascot, and Hector felt a twinge of conscience as he noted the bent figure and shuffling, uncertain gait. "I ought to have looked the old man up before this," thought the youth, "but I took it for granted he

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had gone to New London with the crew," and then he said aloud as Julius Cæsar halted and waved his ancient head-gear:

"Why aren't you holding down your official position as mascot at Gales Ferry? You must be cock-sure of their winning without you, to leave them in the lurch, Julius."

"I jes' come to town to investigate 'bout this goin' to Englan', Mistah McGrath, an' how is your good health," was the courteous response. "Of cou'se I ain't countin' none on goin' with your team, for I'se mascottin' th' university crew, but—but you isn't goin' to set sail till the day after th' boat race, when I'll be shet of my duties an' 'sponsibilities, an' I reckoned as maybe—well, suh, I'se jes' a committee of ways an' means to s'arch into this yere problem. Seems like I had ought to be wid th' Yale team in a strange lan', 'mongst all them hostile, barbarious furriners. Of cou'se they kin take that whopper-jawed bull-dawg, Handsome Dan, what calls hisself a mascot, but what's he goin' to amount to in time of trouble an' close finishes. You kin bear witness, Mistah McGrath, that I'se th' only genuwine Yale mascot, an' as sich I'se needed on this yere projeck across th' big ocean."

"I am afraid the track team manager won't be able to pay the expense of your passage, Julius, though your arguments strike me as all to the good," sympathetically quoth Hector. "Upon my word, I feel as if I ought to have you along as my own private and personal mascot. You have certainly brought me good

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luck, and if you had gone to New York, that trunk would not have dropped on my foot. Are you going back to New London in a hurry?"

The old man scratched his head, shifted his footing, and appeared to be meditating matters of grave import. At length he spoke with an air of diffident indecision:

"It surely would be a powerful 'sperience for Julius Cæsar. And besides th' team needin' me, I is mighty desirous of seein' them furrin shores before I die, bein' as I never went no further from New Haven in forty years 'cept with the baseball an' football teams. I'se saved a leetle money, an' I was a-thinkin' that mebbe I could wait on the ship cap'n an' brush his clo'es an' shine his shoes for my boa'd on th' Atlantic Ocean."

Hector McGrath was a young man of hair-trigger impulses and impetuous action. Before the old man had done speaking he had made up his mind that the team must have "the old reliable mascot" for this venturesome pilgrimage overseas. When this young man's heart was touched, his purse was quick to respond, and he recalled that thousand dollar check bestowed by his doting parent as an honorarium. Julius Cæsar Jones had no intention of begging for assistance, and Hector knew it, wherefore the surprise was complete and overwhelming when the good-hearted youth declared in a tone of finality:

"You bet you are going to England with us. Just you pack your grip-sack and don't worry about the price. Your ticket will be ready for you, and your ex-

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penses will be taken care of on the other side of the big pond. Now don't make a scene and throw fits right in the middle of the campus."

Wholly disregarding this injunction, Julius Cæsar Jones fell upon his knees, clasped his hands, and lifted up his mellow voice in a pæan of such stentorian joy and thanksgivings that Hector incontinently fled the scene. Nor did the old man again set eyes on his benefactor until the eve of sailing day when Hector appeared at Gales Ferry to escort his venerable charge from the crew quarters to New York. The other members of the team had hailed the generous deed as most worthy, and were ready to welcome Julius as an essential feature of their equipment. He had never presumed upon their light-hearted but genuine fondness for him, and his old-fashioned breeding and life-time of association with gentle folk enabled him to play a quaintly amiable and courteous part without a hint of intrusion where he was not wanted.

During the voyage he won much popularity among the second-cabin passengers with whom he was quartered, and was always glad to chat with his "Yale boys," who went out of their way to meet him when he strolled on deck in smooth weather. His mind was full of the novel wonders of the deep, and he frequently quoted aloud such passages of Holy Writ as seemed most appropriate to his somewhat fearsome environment. But the Julius Cæsar Jones most familiar to the campus did not find himself until the athletes had landed and were settled in the training quarters prepared for them

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at Brighton. As soon as they had donned their working togs and were scampering to and fro upon a wide expanse of velvety English turf, the old man assumed an air of dignified importance and began to voice his expert opinions concerning the merits of the various runners, jumpers, hurdlers and weight throwers. Toward the Harvard members of the team his attitude was respectful, but by no means cordial. Although Yale had joined interests with her crimson rival for the time, in the eyes of Julius Cæsar this was no more than a truce between hereditary foemen. With Mike Morrison he journeyed to London to inspect the Queen's Club grounds at which the contest was to be held, and discovering several Oxford and Cambridge track athletes at practice, he eyed them with glowering, hostile front, as if these were enemies dropped from another planet. To Hector McGrath he confided upon his return to Brighton:

"I'se actually seen th' Englishmens trainin', an' bless my soul, they looked jes' like our men. I was 'spectin' they'd look different somehow. But I wasn't afraid of 'em, no suh. I jes' looked 'em straight in th' eye an' I says to myself—'You all may have a lot of dead kings a'n Westminster Abbeys an' Bloody Marys a-rootin' for you, but we Yankees ain't got no time for dead folks. We all is too up-an'-doin'. Julius Cæsar Jones kin root harder an' longer an' fetch more good luck all by hisself than a ten-acre lot full of ghosts.'"

Meanwhile the London newspapers were giving much space to describing the daily practice of the

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American collegians. The sporting experts compiled tabular comparisons of the performances of the rivals, and concluded that England should win "on form." Mr. Mike Morrison evolved similar estimates in his wise gray head, and, for his part, held that Yale and Harvard ought to win by a narrow margin. Change of climate had produced no ill effects among the youthful Yankees, who were in prime condition to toe their marks. It was thought advisable for them to tarry at their Brighton hotel until the morning of the games, then go to London by special train, have luncheon there, and reach the Queen's Club grounds in the early afternoon, ready for the competition, without delays or needless excitement.

At breakfast, on the appointed day, Hector McGrath was diverting himself by reading what the *London Chronicle* had to say of the singular training habits of the American athletes who, according to this account, did everything they ought not to. Having digested this severely critical arraignment of the invaders, Hector idly glanced at the adjoining columns, and was attracted by the mention of Brighton beneath this very unusual headline:

THE AKMET OF TONGALOO.

The African Potentate from the Gold Coast, who is at present visiting England for the purpose of acquainting himself with the customs of civilization, has left London for Brighton. This dusky native ruler of one of our minor colonial possessions has created much interest and amusement by means of his eccentric behavior and prodigal expenditures. For several weeks he has been a

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familiar figure in the shops and hotels of Piccadilly and the Strand, fastidiously arrayed in the height of European fashion, his black coat adorned with glittering rows of ribbons and decorations, presumably made to order. Although the Akmet of Tongaloo is past seventy years of age, he is a tireless sightseer and an old gentleman of the most impetuous and headstrong temper. His secretary, a boyish looking Australian, has so far managed to rescue the Akmet from his escapades and altercations with London shopkeepers, in which he has displayed the intention of acting as his own judge and executioner.

Shortly after the arrival of the Akmet of Tongaloo at Brighton, last evening, he entered a shop of a diamond merchant, Morris Isaacs, and, after examining the wares, peremptorily ordered five thousand pounds worth of gems to be sent to his hotel. Inasmuch as the merchant was wholly unacquainted with the Akmet, he declined to part with his diamonds unless cash or security were tendered. After a stormy argument the Akmet smote the dealer over the head with the metal tray in which the jewels were displayed, kicked him violently in the stomach, and at the same time commanded his secretary to see to it that the police take the unfortunate Morris Isaacs into custody for doubting the word and credit of the Akmet of Tongaloo.

The victim of this unprovoked assault was taken to a hospital, but at a late hour no trace had been found of the Akmet of Tongaloo. Doubtless he will be called to account by the local authorities for this high-handed outrage, which not even British courtesy to a visitor of royal blood can afford to overlook.

"Read that for a sample of stolid British journalism," carelessly laughed Hector as he passed the newspaper to a neighbor. "The real news is buried at the tail end of the article, and instead of having fun with this jolly old Akmet of Tongaloo, they treat him as seriously as if he had not really dropped out of a

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comic opera. The Akmet of Tongaloo! There is a name for you. He must be a peach. Did any of you fellows happen to cross his trail last night?"

"I saw a crowd in front of a store a couple of streets from here, but I didn't bother to investigate," drawled one of the men. "I thought it was another of those confounded wandering minstrel troupes."

"Don't loaf here if you have finished breakfast," spoke up the captain of the team. "You must be getting packed up before long. Bring your suit-cases down-stairs and stack them together in the lobby. The 'bus will be here in less than an hour."

When the team was ready to go to the railway station Mike Morrison dutifully counted noses and discovered that Hector McGrath was missing. He was about to go in search of him when the Yale captain explained:

"Hector is up to his ears writing a letter to his girl and he says he wants to send a couple of cablegrams when he gets through. He will jump in a cab and overtake us. He would not be left behind for worlds, so we may as well go ahead in the 'bus."

"I suppose he will turn up and I don't want to fluster him to-day," grumbled the trainer. "All right, pile in the 'bus. Hold on, I don't see Julius Cæsar Jones."

"Oh, he won't stir a step without McGrath," said the captain. "The old man is hanging about waiting for him. They will come along together. Our train will not start for thirty minutes, Mike."

When Hector and his protégé bowled up to the station in a hansom and hastily sought the special train

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reserved for the American athletes, a brass-buttoned employee casually informed them:

"Oh, we had to send it out ten minutes ahead of time. It was a special train, you know, and it had to be shunted out of the way of an express that was running a bit off its schedule. It made no difference, for the American party had arrived from the hotel."

"It makes a whole lot of difference to me," snapped Hector. "This is a fool way to run a railroad. When can we get up to London on a regular train?"

"Oh, you are the young gentleman that the coach or trainer or whatever he is said was to follow by the next express and go directly to the Queen's Club grounds as soon as you had a bite of luncheon. You can leave in forty minutes, sir. The booking office is the first turning to the left, across the station. Thank you."

"Well, this is not so bad," gasped Hector, recovering from the first shock of dismay. "We will go first-class, in a compartment to ourselves, Julius. I am lucky at making close finishes so long as I travel with you."

The old man was breathing hard, but he managed to sputter:

"I'se gettin' too many years past my prime for any more of these yere break-neck finishes, suh. They makes my heart go all wibble-wobble. But it's jes' as you say, they can't lose us nohow."

The express train in which they set out for London had been moving across the green, well-ordered land-

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scape for some time when Julius Cæsar Jones began to make elaborate preparations for his English début as an important member of the American party. First he polished his silk hat with a handkerchief, patted, smoothed, buttoned and rebuttoned his new frock coat, and then fished from several pockets an amazing collection of badges stamped with gilt lettering which had admitted him to the side-lines of many championship football games. Displaying these upon the cushions he next exhibited a string of silver medals such as used to be given as college trophies to members of winning teams.

"Th' old-time cap'ns was kind enough to give me a trophy along with th' boys to 'member 'em by," he proudly explained. "I'se jes' goin' to pick out the bes' of these sooveyneers an' pin 'em on my breast. And when I walks out on th' Queen's Club grounds, all them Englishmens will surely know that I belongs, body and soul, with th' Yale an' Harva'd athletes. This is my great an' glorious day, Mistah McGrath, an' I'se suttinly goin' to make her *shine*."

"You will be an impressive exhibition," laughed Hector. "Put them all on, Julius. If the royal family turns up at the games, you will make them look like a total eclipse."

When Julius Cæsar Jones arose to disembark at London he bore himself with immense dignity, and with his snowy head, his benignant, wrinkled face, his shining tall hat, and the flamboyant rows of medals and ribbons stretching across the front of his coat, he was a figure to command attention anywhere.

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Hector felt rather proud of him as a well-preserved relic of the Yale campus, an embodied tradition, but he did not in the least expect him to be the hero of an ovation. Numerous guards, porters and what not were drawn up in line on the station platform and, several helmeted policemen were holding back a good-sized crowd of the populace which showed symptoms of excitement as the Brighton express came to a halt. The carriage in which rode Hector Alonzo McGrath and Julius Cæsar Jones came to a stop within a few feet of this spectacular array and the athlete cheerfully observed:

"There is the reception committee, Julius. It looks as if we were going to get the glad hand. Where is the Lord Mayor and the brass band?"

The countenance of Julius Cæsar shone with gratified pride and he emerged from the train with bared head, making ready to bow an acknowledgment of this unlooked-for tribute to the fame of the American college athletes. Three fussy, elderly gentlemen stepped forward and held brief counsel with a red-faced inspector of police who scanned a document held by one of them, as if to refresh his memory. The inspector beckoned to two stalwart "bobbies," the three fussy gentlemen put their heads together and glared at Julius Cæsar Jones. There was a moment of awkward hesitation, and then as Hector McGrath bobbed from the train behind his resplendent companion, the inspector bowed with punctilious courtesy and said;

"I must trouble Your Majesty to accompany us to

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the chambers of these gentlemen. I trust that you will be good enough to offer no resistance."

Julius Cæsar Jones stood dumb and bewildered, rubbing his chin with a white-gloved hand. He scented trouble and his wits were all astray. Hector stepped toward the inspector and protested:

"Don't scare a harmless old man to death, my dear sir. What is the joke? Talk to me. This is my personally conducted party."

"Ah, this must be Mr. St. John, the young Australian secretary to His Majesty, the Akmet of Tongaloo," the inspector remarked, and then with another glance at the document, "Speaks with a marked American accent, quite so—boyish and slender—dark eyes and hair—it is correct, is it not?" turning to one of his starched companions who looked like a solemnly respectable solicitor.

"The Akmet of Tongaloo!" stammered Hector in acute astonishment. "Do you mean to say you have mistaken this harmless old fossil, Julius Cæsar Jones, for the murderous Akmet of Tongaloo? Why, Great Scott, man, this is the funniest blunder that ever happened in England, Ireland or Wales. And I am a young Australian with an American accent? Why, I am one of the members of the Yale-Harvard track team—McGrath, the high jumper—on my way to the Queen's Club grounds for the games with Oxford and Cambridge this afternoon. And this ancient colored gentleman is one of us, a mascot, a 'heeler,' an 'heirloom,' all the way from New Haven, United States of

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America. Call him what you like, but for Heaven's sake, drop this Akmet of Tongaloo foolishness and permit us to go on our way."

"Very cleverly put," crisply commented the elderly solicitor with a sagacious nod. "The American athletes arrived in a special train an hour ago. You saw them file out of the station, Inspector Briggs. Come, come, let us have no more of this impertinence. It will be possible to settle matters without criminal proceedings if we can persuade the Akmet to accompany us to our chambers in a four-wheeler. Delay is dangerous. At any moment he may become unruly."

Inspector Briggs replied reassuringly:

"Oh, there is no doubt that he is the Akmet of Tongaloo. The station master at Brighton telegraphed most accurate descriptions of both to Scotland Yard when they bought tickets for this train."

Hector recalled the newspaper article which had amused him at the breakfast table, and realized with consternation that the coincidence was positively uncanny. According to the published description, the high-tempered potentate from the Gold Coast must bear a striking resemblance to Julius Cæsar Jones, whose holiday raiment and regalia had wrought his undoing. Nor could these stubborn, unreasonable captors be expected to believe that two aged colored gentlemen of aspect so strikingly alike could be roaming at large in Brighton at the same time. Hector gulped, savagely eyed the curious crowd which was pressing closer, and whispered to Julius:

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"Keep your nerve and do as they tell you. I will straighten it all out in a few minutes. All right, Inspector Briggs, we are at your service."

"Th' Ak-Ak-met o' Kan-Kangaroo?" chokingly sputtered Julius Cæsar Jones, as he was escorted toward a line of waiting cabs. "For Gawd sake, Mistah McGrath—what these gen'lemen call me? What I done to 'em? Is we bein' toted to th' lock-up? Where is Mike Morrison and our boys? Mebbe they is goin' to put our heads on a choppin' block at th' Tower o' London same as Mistah Oliver Crumwell an' Conquerin' Willyum an' John th' Baptist, uh?"

"They have mistaken you for a real king from Africa, the Akmet of Tongaloo," was Hector's soothing response. "He is visiting England with all his spangles on and he was expected on this train for luncheon with the Prince of Wales. We are being escorted to Buckingham Palace in proper style."

Flattered by this version of the episode, but still dubious and agitated, Julius Cæsar muttered brokenly to himself while the starched gentlemen helped him to enter a four-wheeler and Inspector Briggs took his seat facing the captives twain. The elderly solicitor joined them and, accustomed to the clean-cut Anglo-Saxon speech of the educated negro of the West Indies, he was unable to follow the fevered soliloquy of Julius Cæsar who had lapsed into the plantation dialect of his distant youth.

"The Akmet speaks English very imperfectly, doesn't he?" remarked this polite gentleman to Hector

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who was staring out of the cab window and biting his nails.

"I understand him well enough," retorted the athlete. "He is truthfully asserting that you are a lot of silly asses. My dear sir, the matter of identification is the simplest thing in the world. If you will not accept my card and any letters I happen to have in my clothes as proof that I have never set eyes on this infernal Akmet of Tongaloo, then won't you be rational enough to telephone to the Queen's Club and get hold of Mr. Morrison, the American trainer, who must be on his way there by this time? The games will begin in less than two hours. And I must be there to win the high jump. This is a matter of life and death to me. If you have one drop of sporting blood in your veins, you do not want to spoil our chances by making a gift of my event to the English team."

"We will discuss the affair in detail in my chambers," stiffly returned the unshaken Briton. "As for making use of the telephone, my firm will have nothing to do with so undignified a method of communication. It is too American! Perhaps we may consent, after consultation, to send a messenger to the Queen's Club with a letter to this Mr. Morrison. The diamond merchant, whom the Akmet of Tongaloo assaulted and technically robbed, is waiting at my chambers to identify His Majesty, the Akmet. We hope to make a settlement, and if you can persuade the Akmet to take a reasonable and just view of the situation, you will be free to go to the Queen's Club or wherever you like by nightfall."

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It seemed to Hector as if he were butting his head against a stone wall. Send a messenger to find Mike Morrison? Why, this delay might spell utter ruin! Fate had dastardly tricked his athletic hopes at every turn. The odds were all against his reaching the Queen's Club grounds in time to play the most splendid part of his whole life. He consigned the Akmet of Tongaloo to perdition under his breath, and then moved to pity by the lugubrious aspect of Julius Cæsar Jones who was evidently very sceptical about meeting the Prince of Wales, he murmured to this faithful servitor and comrade in misfortune:

"Don't forget you are the only genuine, warranted Yale mascot, and root for good luck as you never rooted before. You are my only hope. Keep your right hand tight hold of that rabbit's foot in your inside pocket and say your prayers."

"These proceedin's has got me plumb twistified," returned the old man in tremulous accents. "But it suttinly appears to me that this yere Akmet o' Tongaloo is th' original hoodoo man."

After what seemed an interminable journey the prisoners alighted in front of a gray pile of masonry and were escorted up rambling stairways and along gloomy halls to the chambers of the legal firm which had undertaken to handle the case of the offending potentate with tact and discretion.

No sooner had Hector set foot beyond the threshold than he delivered himself of an impassioned harangue, which was punctuated by fervent "Amens" and "Bless

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th' Lawd, it's Gospel truth," from Julius Cæsar Jones. Inspector Briggs warily hovered near the alleged Akmet, and presently summoning from an inner room a morose looking person whose head was swathed in bandages, asked him abruptly:

"Mr. Isaacs, is this the Akmet of Tongaloo who committed the assault in your shop at Brighton last evening?"

Mr. Morris Isaacs glared angrily at Julius, moved nearer and replied:

"Yes, he was dressed like this, silk topper, frock coat, medals and ribbons pinned on him, little bunch of woolly whiskers under his chin, white head, same age, same wrinkles, but somehow he looked fiercer to me. And the young man with him had a squint in his right eye and was a little heavier built. There couldn't be another pair like 'em in England, could there, Mister Inspector?"

The perceptible shade of doubt in Mr. Isaac's summary offered Hector a fighting chance, and he appealed to the inspector to send a messenger to the Queen's Club. Inspector Briggs had in his veins that drop of sporting blood lacking in the congealed anatomy of the solicitor and he made answer:

"If by any chance this young man is one of the American team, it would be a sad affair to keep him out of the competition. I will send one of my men to the grounds at once, and meanwhile I suggest ordering in some food and making them as comfortable as possible."

In sulky silence Hector waited through what he reckoned to be days and weeks and months and years

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for tidings of salvation from Mike Morrison. Inexorably the hands of the clock on the wall travelled to one, passed the half hour, and crept around to mark two, the time set for beginning the games. The field events were to be contested while the track program was run off. The high jumpers would be summoned before three o'clock. In a harrowing panorama the four years of his life at Yale flitted past Hector's mental vision; his unavailing struggles to become a university athlete; his dismissal from one squad after another; the jests of his classmates; the disappointments and heart-burning, and then as a climax, unforeseen, incredible, his swift elevation to the pinnacle of his desire. Then had come the bitter misfortune which had barred him from the intercollegiates, and now, when a greater opportunity was offered, this hideous mishap had befallen to blight him.

Julius Cæsar Jones was sitting with bowed head, his silk hat between his knees, and into its depths trickled one slow tear after another. The stolid Britons gazed at the woe-begone potentate with respectful solicitude, their inborn worship of rank making them oblivious of the color of the skin of this sable Akmet of Tongaloo. Never had royalty sunk to so low an estate as was manifested in the abyssmal dejection of this aged visitor from a tropic realm. At length a spruce young "bobby" strode into the room and, saluting Inspector Briggs, gave him a letter and announced:

"It is all right, sir. One of the American athletes is missing, McGrath, the high jumper, and an old

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darkey they call their mascot, whatever that is. The trainer was wild with rage and his language was frightful, sir, when he read your letter. And what he said about His Majesty, the Akmet of Tongaloo, was shockin'ly disrespectful." The inspector read the incandescent epistle of Mike Morrison while the members of the legal firm peered over his shoulder. One of them hemmed and hawed and began to say:

"I am satisfied that a mistake has been made. If an apology is in order——"

Hector Alonzo McGrath had heard enough. Whooping like a wild man he seized Julius Cæsar by the coat-tails, dragged him from the place, and clattered down the stairways to freedom. Into a passing hansom they dived, Hector shouting insanely to the driver to kill his horse in making for the nearest underground station. When at length they emerged in sight of the Queen's Club grounds they caught a glimpse of long grand-stands massed with thousands of spectators, of a flag-staff from which the Union Jack flew above the Stars and Stripes, and they heard the sound of British cheers.

"We have lost that event, whatever it was," groaned Hector. "It may have been the running high jump. Root hard, Julius, we shall know the worst in a few minutes."

Charging pell-mell past the gate-keepers, Hector bolted for the dressing-rooms of the American team, not daring to look toward the field. He tore off his coat as he ran, threw collar and tie aside as he vaulted the railing, and leaped for his locker. Mike Morrison was

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there before him, and without wasting words the trainer fairly ripped the lad's clothing off, pulled a jersey down over his head, helped him into his brief and fluttering breeches, and thrust his feet into a pair of spiked shoes. Then slapping him on the back the trainer yelled in his ear:

"The high jumpers went on the field ten minutes ago. Get to it, my boy. We have lost two events straight off the reel, the half-mile and the quarter. You have *got* to win."

Aquiver with excitement, Hector bounded across the track and trotted toward the athletes clustered near the jumping bar, their white costumes picked out in the several shades of blue of Oxford, Cambridge and Yale, and the deep crimson of Harvard. One of the judges called out to him:

"McGrath, is it? You have forfeited the first trial by coming too late, I am sorry to say. It will be your next jump on the second round."

His nerves as taut as those of a frightened colt, his heart thumping from the ordeals of the day, the Yale jumper drew a long breath and tried to steady himself. For a moment he gazed around him at the multitude of English onlookers and then at the handful of American visitors who were grouped in a small stand abreast of him. Among them he recognized the face of a classmate, he saw him jump to his feet, wave his arms, and then heard him shout:

"Now Yale all together. Three times three for Hector McGrath."

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The familiar battle cry of the distant campus as defiantly chanted by this little company of his own countrymen thrilled Hector through and through. In this moment of rare exaltation he would gladly have given his life for Yale—here on this foreign soil, among an unfriendly people. By Jove, he would show them what high jumping was! His jaw was set and his fists clenched as he walked slowly back, carefully scrutinized the turf, and made ready to canter up to the bar. He was over it before there was time to think of stage fright, and then Mike Morrison came running across the field and, flinging a bath-robe over the boy's shoulders, he whispered:

"Keep cool and take plenty of time. Remember the brindle bull, and when the bar gets up around six feet, just make yourself believe he is two yards behind you, and you'll pop over it like a humming-bird."

Up, up, the bar crept until only two competitors were left, Hector McGrath of Yale, and the lanky British champion, Howell of Oxford, who was jumping in more formidable style than he had ever before displayed. At six feet one inch the Englishman's trial was successful, but Hector slipping at the "take-off," dislodged the wand at his first attempt. This mishap made him conscious of a fluttering uncertainty of himself. The strain and tension of his unlucky adventure in London was beginning to tell. Pulling himself together, however, he cleared the height at the second trial and became somewhat calmer.

HOW HECTOR WON HIS "Y"

The attention of the crowds had become focussed upon this spectacle. They perceived it to be a duel of superb quality and British reserve thawed into tumultuous hurrahs when Howell soared over the bar at six feet two inches. By this time Hector had found himself. He was filled with a sense of supreme confidence in his ability to beat this splendid foeman. With less apparent effort than had been needed to achieve a much lower height, he propelled himself over this six feet two inches. Finally at six feet three the Englishman faltered, showed signs of nervousness, and blundered badly. He had done as well as he knew how, and, after a plucky series of attempts, he was compelled to surrender to the impossible. Hector walked rather than ran up to the bar, and an instant before he rose in air a well-known voice came booming through a megaphone:

"Look out for the brindle bull."

As if he were shot upward by steel springs, the Yale jumper made his leap, threw himself sidewise, and fell sprawling to earth. The delicately poised bar still rested upon its lofty pegs and the event was won for Yale and Uncle Sam. But Hector was not done with the Queen's Club grounds, and calling the judges to remeasure the height, he told them to set the bar at six feet four inches.

"Now for an exhibition jump that will make these British Johnnies sit up and blink," muttered Mike Morrison from the piazza of the training house. "And the lad will do it, you mark my word."

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Five minutes later Hector Alonzo McGrath had broken all intercollegiate records for England and America, and was walking from the field, while the band of the Seaforth Highlanders played "The Stars and Stripes Forever." Throwing himself upon the couch in the dressing-room, the victor was too weary and unnerved to realize how happy he was. He lay there for some time until Mike Morrison, who had tactfully let him rest, hurried in and roared at him:

"All over and we won by one event. And we came mighty near being licked by the Akmet of Tongaloo, whatever he is. Julius Cæsar Jones has been trying to tell me about it, but the old man only makes it foggier than ever. Here he comes now. Shall I let him in to see you?"

"Of course," Hector feebly returned with a radiant smile. "When it comes to a real grand-stand finish and the art of turning hard luck into a blaze of glory, there is no getting along without His Majesty, Julius Cæsar Jones."

The old negro ambled in with a dancing, rocking shuffle, his high hat jammed on the back of his white head, and exclaimed with a mellow, unctuous laugh that shook him clear down to the heels:

"What about this yere British lion, uh? What become of *him*? Crawled in a hole an' drug it after him? We done it, didn't we, Mistah McGrath. Was it wuth totin' Julius Cæsar Jones 'leven thousan' miles to put Good-Old-Yale-Drink-Her-Down up on top once mo'? Say, Mistah McGrath, now that it

HOW HECTOR WON HIS "Y"

is all over, who *is* this yere Akmet o' Tongaloo? They had me scared to death with their policemen an' their confabulations. What I done to be mixtified up with him?"

"It is better that you never know, Julius," grinned Hector. "He is a spook, a phantom, a hoodoo, but you were too strong for him. I have won my 'Y' at last, Julius, and when I am gone from college you can tell the Freshmen for years and years to come that the career of the champion high jumper of your time began with a brindled bull and wound up with the Akmet of Tongaloo."

THE PRETENDERS

I

PERRY ROBINSON got into bad company early in Freshman year. He started wrong at Yale and no one made it his business to set the boy on the right track. College sentiment frowned on the "sporty crowd" of which he tried to be a leader, but he could not see his own folly, and continued to make a noisy nuisance of himself. From his addled viewpoint, "college life" meant wearing conspicuous raiment, drinking and smoking much more than was good for him, and keeping late hours with other unlicked cubs. A good-looking, attractive lad was Perry Robinson, with no great strength of character, inclined to drift in whatever current he happened to find himself. He needed restraint, guidance, sympathetic understanding, to save him from going to pieces upon the threshold of manhood.

The boy was very much alone in the world, however, for his father had been living abroad several years without coming home, and Perry had been in private schools since he was a shaver in knee breeches. His father's letters were filled with good counsel and high ambitions, but their intense anxiety for his success made Perry so afraid of disappointing this distant

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mentor that he confided no word of his temptations and failures. He was expected to make a shining mark at Yale as a scholar, athlete, and gentleman, and his father seemed to take it for granted that such achievement was Perry's for the seeking. Without realizing it, they were utter strangers to each other.

It befell, one day of late October, that Perry was reading one of these admonitory letters postmarked "Cairo," the stationary stamped with the lines, "*Edward Sanford Robinson—International Law. 14 Rue de Paix, Paris.*" The son was in low spirits. He had squandered his quarterly allowance in the first month of the term, and had been "warned for low stand" in his classes and absences from recitations, and on top of these troubles the captain of the Freshman eleven had dropped him from the squad for flagrantly breaking training. It was, therefore, with a gloomy countenance that he read in his father's precise handwriting:

"Your letter just received telling me that you were playing football with your class team. I am greatly pleased, but I expect to hear of your playing on the 'varsity field before the end of the season. Keep a good standing in your studies (I take it for granted that you will be well toward the top of your class), but don't grind too hard. I see by *The Yale News*, to which I have subscribed, that your class numbers three hundred men. It means a good deal to forge to the front against such competition, but you can do it. I expect you to do it.

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"I am in Cairo on business and shall remain here for two or three months before returning to Paris. Address me in care of my bankers, as usual. I have been hoping to run over to see you year after year, but always, at the last moment, some important matter or other has turned up to spoil my vacation plans. However, I am still looking forward to the reunion so long deferred."

Perry let the letter drop to the floor while he stared out at the street and turned over in his mind the same old riddle which had for so long hurt and puzzled him:

"If he has no time to come over here and see me, why has he never asked me to cross the water and visit him? It isn't for lack of money. He is always busy and must be making a barrel of it. I don't understand, I never could. He doesn't care enough about me to want to see me, I guess, and I am all he has in the world to tie to. Expects me to be a 'varsity football player and a valedictorian, does he? A lot he cares what becomes of me. His letters might be copied out of a book, for all the real father there is in them."

Perry Robinson had not yet found a room-mate, and when overtaken by unhappiness he had to wander out of his gaudily decorated quarters to seek cheering companionship elsewhere. He was about to sally forth to get away from himself when a tall, sallow Freshman clumped in, emitting cigarette smoke and loud conversation, the burden of which was to this effect:

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"Greatest game on for to-night you ever heard in your life, Perry. Supper at Bill Hamlin's road-house out at Brant Cove—ten of us are going—'bus all chartered, keg of beer on the driver's seat—you are one of the crowd—we won't go home until morning. Hooray, get into your coat."

Perry stopped to pick up his father's letter and his eye caught the words, "expect to hear of your playing on the 'varsity field before the end of the season." Only three days ago he had been dismissed in disgrace from the Freshman team for joining one of these "keg parties" and raising riot on the campus after midnight. Well, it made no difference now, he would go the pace and try to forget some things that made him ashamed and uneasy. So he made ready response:

"Sure, old man. Are you sure one keg is enough? My thirst is something awful."

"Plenty of hard liquor at Bill Hamlin's. Cocktails and champagne ordered for supper," cried the other. "I picked up a nigger with a guitar and we'll have a song-fest all the way. Eat, drink and be merry, eh, Perry? We are young only once."

Late in the afternoon "the sporty Freshman crowd" rode down Chapel Street. Jim Stearns, captain of the 'varsity eleven, who was crossing the Town Green on his way to the campus in company with Peter Burnham, the crack pitcher of the college, halted to gaze after the noisy omnibus with an expression of great displeasure.

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"The faculty may be wise in trying to stamp out hazing," said he, "but I wish the Sophomores would take that gang in hand and club some sense into them. I never saw such a half-baked lot of imitation sports. Their class must be awfully soured on them, Peter. What makes me tired is to see that young Robinson travelling in such cheap company. He was playing on the Freshman field and I kept an eye on him for some time. He was green, of course, but so plucky and fast on his feet that I had a notion of trying him out behind the line. Too bad he went to smash—couldn't be trusted to keep training. I think I will look him up to-morrow. Some straight talk from me may make him see what a fool he is."

"I know him by sight. He played some baseball in his 'prep' school, so I was told," growled Peter Burnham, "but at this rate he will never be of any use to me. Talk to him like a Dutch uncle, Jim. I haven't enough tact and patience to do missionary work. Spanking is what he needs. What are mothers and fathers thinking of to turn boys loose to shift for themselves without any ballast?"

"Oh, you can't expect a Freshman to have much ballast, Peter, but it's pretty bad when they think it is manly and grown-up to hit the booze. Come on, you solemn old preacher. I am due at the training table."

Unwitting that he had attracted even the passing notice of two of the "biggest men" in college, Perry Robinson, gayest and loudest of the "keg party," soon after struck up the chorus:

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My comrades, when I'm no more drinking,
But sick with gout or palsy lie,
Exhausted on my sick-bed sinking,
Believe me, then my end is nigh. . . .
And when me to my grave you're bringing,
Then follow after, man by man;
Let no sad funeral bells be ringing,
But tinkling glasses be your plan. . . .

Tunefully proclaiming this and like sentiments as their philosophy of life, the Freshmen rattled along to the road-house at Brant Cove, with frequent halts to tap the keg enthroned beside the thirsty driver. The stars were shining when they came to their destination and greeted the waiting landlord with exuberant harmony which assured him that:

We meet again to-night, boys, with mirth and song;
Let melody flow, wherever we go;
We dwell in friendship ever, so true and strong,
And sorrow never know.

They had no need of alcohol, these happy, careless Freshmen. The heady joy of being alive and out for a frolic together was intoxicating in itself. They were too young to think of yesterdays and to-morrows, too irresponsible to concern themselves with consequences. Perry Robinson, for one, had thrown away all regrets, and, as the company danced into "Bill" Hamlin's low-raftered dining-room, he was convinced that such occasions as this made going to college worth while.

Standing upon his chair at one end of the long table

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he began to sing, and his flushed face and shining eyes told that he was not quite sober:

Let every good fellow now fill up his glass,
Vive la compagnie,
And drink to the health of his favorite lass,
Vive la compagnie.

Loud cheering, more toasts and clamorous demand that Perry preside over this jovial feast followed his musical outburst. An hour later ten Freshmen were trying to make speeches at the same instant, and stout "Bill" Hamlin was grinning in the doorway while he watched a wholesale wreckage of his china and glassware which would figure in the bill at double their cost. The colored virtuoso plunked away at his guitar and no one paid the least attention to his honeyed chords, but he beamed ecstatically, for he had a bottle at his elbow, and crooned rag-time choruses for his own delectation. Later in the evening the party came to that state of vinous exhilaration wherein each was absorbed in doing a particular "stunt" of his own, whether or not he had an audience. Perry Robinson persisted in making impassioned speeches as toast-master until all his comrades had vanished to hold an "athletic carnival" on the lawn, whereupon he felt himself grossly slighted, and, to his own surprise, began to weep bitter tears. From sadness unutterable his mood shifted to a grim determination to do some desperate deed, and he passed out into the darkness to think it over. His head was spinning like a top and he found it oddly

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difficult to lay hold of an idea long enough to see what it looked like, but he managed to cling to the conviction that Yale College had used him basely, and he must be revenged. After strenuous effort he gained a hearing between heats of a three-legged race and declared in broken accents:

"What has our glorious class done to let the college know we are alive? Nothing—nit—not a thing. We haven't the spirit of a—of a woolly sheep. Here we are, yes, here we are—right here—the only thorough-bred sports among three hundred Freshmen. 'Rah for us! Now what we want to do is go back to town and tear the campus wide open. Let's make 'em date their letters from to-night, eh? I have the scheme right under my hat. Get busy and gather empty bottles. There must be millions of them in the cellar. Bill Hamlin will be glad to sell 'em to us and give us some baskets."

The flagging energies of the Freshmen needed such a fresh impetus as this proposition offered, and, with yells of approval, they cleaned the disordered dining-room and the cellar of bottles and fled to the omnibus. It was after midnight when they disembarked near the campus and lugged their laden baskets through the nearest gateway. The rows of dormitories were darkened, the walks and grass plots deserted, and the time and place ripe for shattering the peace that brooded beneath the shadowy elms of the quadrangle. Perry Robinson, a trifle unsteady on his feet but glib of tongue, leaned against the nearest fence post and

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beckoned his allies around him, while he hoarsely croaked:

"Two men to a basket, understand? When I give the word we divide forces and run straight down the walk all the way to the chapel. Half of us bombard the Old Brick Row, the rest smash windows in Welch and Farnam and Lawrence. Throw bottles as hard as you can. Won't it be a gorgeous racket? We'll treat them all alike, tutors, Seniors, everybody. Biff-bang! Here we go."

Instantly the destroyers swept full tilt over the campus, while from one side and the other there arose an infernal din of shattered windows as the bottles were hurled as fast as they could be handled. An earthquake could have spread no more consternation among the virtuous undergraduates awakened by this prodigious din. Gasping with laughter, as if this were the most side-splitting jest ever devised, the inebriated Freshmen continued to smash windows at short range until their ammunition was spent and the chapel loomed just ahead of them. Then, instead of bolting through into Elm Street and cannily dispersing, they delayed to cheer for their class and otherwise voice hilarious defiance. Presently outraged occupants of rooms which had suffered bombardment began to dash out of the hallways, taking three stairs at a leap. The night air had begun to sober most of the rioters and they straightway took to their heels, but Perry Robinson, as if determined to make as many kinds of an ass of himself as possible, stood his ground and defied all comers.

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It was burly Joe Hoster, the lone campus policeman, who snatched Perry from off the chapel steps, led him into Elm Street by one ear and held off the angry crowd of windowless students who were for spanking the Freshman and riding him on a rail.

"I know your name," said the pillar of law and order as he took a fresh grip on his captive. "I have been watchin' you for some time, my bold, bad Freshie. You were about due to blow up in some fool fracas like this. I am going to take you to your room and put you to bed, Mr. Perry Robinson, and report you to the Dean in the mornin', when you'll be trying to scrape the fur off your tongue with a curry-comb and wonderin' if you can get your head through the door."

This judicial address was roundly applauded by the spectators who perceived that the fates were dealing retribution in full measure. Jim Stearns had been routed out of bed by a crash of glass in his sitting-room, and, jumping into trousers, shoes, and sweater, set out in chase. He was in no pleasant temper as he joined the group around the Freshman and the policeman, but he felt a twinge of conscience as he recognized Perry Robinson, and he said to himself:

"It may be partly my fault. I knew I ought to get hold of that poor kid and try to make him travel with a different crowd. But I put it off too long. He will get fired from college for this night's work. I wonder if he is going to give his pals away or fight it out by himself. I think I'll go around to see him in the morning, even though his goose is cooked."

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Late next morning Perry Robinson awoke from heavy sleep and tried painfully to piece together the events of the night before. His head throbbed as if hammers were beating inside his skull, his hands were hot and tremulous, and when he tried to rise a deathly nausea gripped him. Pulling himself together with heroic effort he tottered to the bathroom and endured a cold plunge, which enabled him to bring his disordered wits to bear on the situation. His recollections of the night's entertainment were considerably blurred, but the fact that he had laid himself open to summary expulsion from college was not in the least obscured. After a rueful survey of his haggard countenance and reddened eyes he glanced at his watch and discovered that he had missed two morning recitations. He would be due at a third at eleven o'clock, and, resolving to "bluff it out," he found the Greek text-book and tore out of his Bohn's translation, or "trot," the pages covering the day's lesson.

Some one knocked on the outer door, and, expecting to see one of the other malefactors, he yelled "Come in." Very much to his surprise in walked that demigod in the eyes of all Freshmen, Mr. James Montgomery Stearns, captain of the university eleven. Perry stammered, apologized, and was so evidently confused that Jim said heartily:

"Sorry you quit playing football, Robinson. I meant to look you up before. No use beating around the bush, is there? My windows were busted last night and I saw Joe Hoster collar you red-handed. You

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are up against it good and hard. I am afraid you will be fired without any ceremony. Too bad, but I think you are man enough to stand punishment. That is how I sized you up on the Freshman field. How about the rest of your crowd? What are you going to say about them?"

Perry Robinson stared at the floor, stirred to emotion he did not want to reveal by the frank friendliness of this famous college leader. At length he said with a shy smile:

"Of course I shall say nothing about the other fellows. I may have been a rotten, drunken little fool, but I'm not a tell-tale, Mr. Stearns. They can look out for themselves, but don't you think they ought to chip in to pay for the windows?"

"Sure thing," and Stearns smiled. "And it is mighty square of you to look at it as you do. Some fellows would be tempted to divide the blame. What are you going to do if you have to quit Yale?" The tall football captain hesitated, appeared ill at ease, and went on more slowly: "I don't mean to lecture a man when he is down, Robinson. Perhaps I ought not to have butted in at all. But you don't seem to have the right kind of friends, and—and—really there isn't anything in this raising the devil and playing the sport. I'm not one of the Senior class deacons, understand, but I hate to see a good man go wrong. If you enter some other college, I wish you'd let me keep in touch with you. I'd like to help you if I can. I am no model youth. I came pretty near being fired from the

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crew last season for insubordination and making a blithering fool of myself. You may have heard about it, and I was stroking the boat at that. So you see I am not very much better than you, but perhaps I have learned more sense, because I have been at Yale longer and know the ropes. How is your father going to take the bad news?"

The Freshman's nerves were unstrung, and his lip quivered as he made answer:

"It is b-bully of you to take an interest in me, Mr. Stearns. I don't deserve it. I wish I c-could have known you before. M-my father will want to kill me, I suppose. I haven't seen him in years. He lives abroad and writes me lectures instead of letters. I haven't got round to thinking about him. I have been knocked about in school, and camping with a tutor summers, and left to grow up any old way for all he cares."

"Better dig up the price and take a steamer and walk in on him and have it out as man to man," advised Jim. "It is high time you and your dad got acquainted, I think. He is a good deal more to blame for this scrape than you are. After you have seen the Dean, look me up, won't you? I want to hear the verdict."

With a hearty hand-clasp Jim Stearns left the unfortunate Freshman alone with his problem. Absent-mindedly he tucked the leaves of the translation between the pages of his Iliad and plodded to the campus for what might be his last recitation as a Yale man. There was a flicker of bravado in this act and he carried himself with as much assurance as he could muster.

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His Freshman Greek division had assembled when he entered the room and there was an excited buzz of sympathetic curiosity while the hero of the window-smashing carnival sought his seat in front of kindly old Professor Seaforth, who peered over his spectacles more in sorrow than in anger. Perry opened his *Iliad*, cautiously concealed the two torn pages of translation, and with this specious help, awaited in fear and trembling to hear his name spoken. As if anxious to give this disgraced Freshman one last chance to redeem himself in scholarship, Professor Seaforth promptly asked him to read and translate ten lines of the lesson.

Holding his book very carefully, Perry looked first at the Greek text, then at his ambushed translation, and began to read in stumbling fashion as if he were digging it out for himself:

"Why, Patroclus, art thus weeping as a little girl, who runs along at her mother's side, bidding her to take her up, clinging to her hand, detaining her in her haste, and looks up at her with tears until she takes her in her arms?"

Perry paused, for the class was snickering to a man, and in sudden alarm he looked up at Professor Seaforth, who ran his fingers through his gray hair as he said with gentle sarcasm:

"Very well translated, Mr. Robinson, but, unfortunately, the passage you have chosen to read in English is not at all what you had just given us in Greek. They are two pages apart in the *Iliad*. That will do. Please stop and see me after class."

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Blushing to his ears, Perry sat down and longed to flee the hateful place. He had ripped the wrong pages from his "pony" and was exposed as a ridiculous, blundering cheat. It was the last straw, and he felt that it made a fitting finish of his blasted career at Yale. When the class was dismissed he waited sullenly until the professor laid a hand on his shoulder and said with a note of real tenderness in the voice which was wont so sonorously to roll forth the stately lines of his beloved Homer:

"I was in the office of the Dean this morning, Mr. Robinson, and learned that you are about to sever your connection with the college. I am very sorry. I had hoped a bright four years at Yale for you. You have not been a studious Greek scholar, but I shall not reproach you. It is more important, after all, that you become a good man. God bless you. I was becoming fond of you."

Perry left the venerable professor with shame-faced acknowledgment of his kindness and reflected as he crossed the campus:

"And he talked like that to me after I had fairly insulted him by an idiotic bluff at making a recitation. And Mr. Jim Stearns treated me the same way after I smashed his windows. Oh, I wish they had come to me sooner instead of heaping coals of fire on my head."

An alert-looking young man, whom Perry recognized as secretary to the Dean, overtook him and asked him to be kind enough to go to the office at once. Perry knew it for his death warrant, and followed with-

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out remark. Again he found genuine regret and disappointment where he expected harshness. The Dean, low-voiced, keen-eyed, and very wise in handling the difficult problems of undergraduate life, sighed as he asked Perry to be seated while he read aloud a letter which was to be sent to his father:

DEAR SIR:—It is my painful duty, which I perform with exceeding reluctance, to have to inform you that your son has been this day summarily expelled from Yale College for drunkenness and wanton destruction of property. His previous conduct as a student was so unsatisfactory, both in scholarship and attendance, that in the opinion of the faculty of this institution there are no grounds for leniency or a reconsideration of the case. It should be stated, also, that he has impressed me as a young man of so much natural promise that I sincerely hope he may take this act of discipline to heart as a lesson to help him in whatever you shall decide it best for him to do. In my opinion, he has suffered for lack of home associations and parental control and deserves from you as much forbearance as censure. I subscribe myself,

Very regretfully yours,

HENRY S. WHITE.

Perry Robinson sat with bowed head while the Dean slipped the letter into an envelope and laid it on the table with other mail matter ready for the postman. The disgraced Freshman could think of nothing to say, and he dumbly awaited a word of dismissal, while his heart fluttered with dread at thought of such tidings being sent to his father. The Dean looked at him with scrutinizing gaze and said at length:

"I am not going to ask you who your companions were. I have learned that you were one of a party

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which drove to Brant Cove for supper last night. The names will be reported to me through my own sources of information. The punishment will be impartially distributed. But of you I expected better things, Mr. Robinson. Mr. James Stearns was in my office less than an hour ago. He came to talk to me about you. It means something when a man of his stamp comes to intercede for a Freshman. Professor Seaforth happened to be here this morning when Officer Hoster reported your case. He seemed grieved and disturbed, as if you had already won his affection during your few recitations in his classroom. I am compelled to make an example of you for the good of the college. I am afraid this is all I have to say to you, except to wish you better fortune."

Perry nodded and tried to smile, but there was no holding back the tears, and, with uncertain step, he went out of the room and down the stairway to the campus. Hardly knowing what to do next, he stood in the doorway of the entry afraid to meet any of his classmates, afraid of the world in which he was a derelict. Presently the campus postman brushed past him and hurried up to the Dean's office. With sickening alarm Perry thought of that letter which was about to go to his father. Such a father as he pictured his to be would disown a boy involved in such dishonorable calamity as this. His mind miserably distraught, Perry was about to wander back to his rooms when the postman came down the stairs and missed his footing. As he clutched at the rail to avert a tumble, the leather

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bag slipped from his shoulder and a shower of letters was spilled on the floor.

Perry was helping pick them up when, in a corner of the hall, he spied the envelope addressed to his father in the crabbed handwriting of the Dean. The postman's back was turned. Swiftly stooping, the Freshman furtively snatched up the letter and slipped it in a pocket of his overcoat. It was done on the impulse of the instant, an act of instinctive self-preservation, born of fear. His father must not know of his disgrace, this was all he had in mind. He had formed no plan, but this fortuitous temptation and his ready surrender could lead him only into a bog of deception and folly.

It was inevitable that in the seclusion of his rooms Perry Robinson should soon discover the feasibility, not only of keeping from his father the news of his expulsion, but also of making believe that he was a student in good standing, striving for the honors demanded of him by those cold-blooded, goading letters from Paris and Cairo. The boy fished out a bundle of them from his desk. Had they anywhere breathed of love and longing, of eagerness to strengthen and console him in time of failure and discouragement, Perry might have mustered courage to go to his father and ask his forgiveness. But nothing he read in the letters intervened to save him from himself in this hour of weakness. If he could carry the deception through Freshman year, he reflected, things might somehow right themselves. Anyhow, he was safe for the present, and this sufficed.

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As if to make this wayward path smoother a paragraph in the *Yale Daily News* chanced to catch his notice as he absently stared at his desk. It was part of a detailed criticism of the university eleven, and read as follows:

P. Robinson, a Freshman who was recently recruited from his class team, and has been playing a strong game at right half-back on the second eleven, was put in for the last five minutes of the game with Amherst yesterday. He hits the line hard, is heady and sure on his feet, and will be taken to the training-table as a substitute.

Perry knew there were other Robinsons in college, but this "P. Robinson" in his own class was a stranger. He must have entered since the beginning of the term. What colossal luck! The die was cast. After marking the paragraph, Perry wrapped the copy of *The Yale News*, addressed it to his father, and promptly mailed it in the nearest street box.

"I don't know how long the bluff is going to work," he sighed, "but this other P. Robinson has saved my life until I get my next lot of money, and I suppose I will have to write a letter every week to keep the game going, if I am going to be a real liar and pretender."

One and two at a time, Perry met the companions of his ill-fated "keg party." Because of better college records than his own, some of them were only suspended, while the four who suffered expulsion packed up their belongings and went home to face their angry parents and be sent off to other seats of academic learning. Perry shifted his living quarters to a region of

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New Haven remote from the campus and its populace and shunned his former friends. The sallow youth of the incessant cigarette who had beguiled him to join the road-house expedition endured a punitive exile of three weeks and met Perry on the street shortly after returning to college.

"What's doing? I thought you had flown the coop long ago?" said the other Freshman. "Waiting to hear from the dad across the briny?"

"Yes, I guess that is it," glumly replied Perry.

"Come around to my rooms to-night. We'll try to cheer you up. There will be some poker doings and nobody need go dry. You may be gone, but you're not forgotten, old man."

"Not for me," said Perry, and he was conscious of disliking the Freshman who had been a boon companion of his. "The burnt child dreads the fire. You needn't tell the crowd that you met me, either. It's none of their business if I choose to tarry in New Haven."

With which Perry stalked away and betook himself to his lonely boarding-house. He had made sundry good resolutions. He would study so many hours a day, steer clear of dissipation, be careful of his money, and try to atone for his blighted career, while he waited for he knew not what. Punctually every Friday he wrote to his father, brief, perfunctory letters, telling of his work on the 'varsity football field, referring to his excellent standing in his classes, and carefully inclosing such clippings as referred to the genuine player as "P. Robinson," or plain "Robinson." His father re-

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plied in terms of pride and satisfaction and inclosed a gift in the form of a one hundred dollar draft, which enabled Perry to take his wardrobe out of pawn, pending the arrival of his next quarterly allowance.

He was wretchedly unhappy and a prey to worry, ignorant of what the future might hold, dreading exposure, yet lacking courage to confess to his father and have done with it. As the fall term drew near the Christmas vacation, he began to lose his grip of himself, and in sheer hunger for companionship, became a frequenter of a homely little German saloon at a nearby corner, in the back room of which honest pin-ochle players squabbled harmlessly.

Among the patrons was a ruddy gardener whom Perry grew to like, and the twain had many a chat of an evening. It befell one night, when a cold rain was storming outside and the back room was almost empty, that Perry's tongue was loosened by several mugs of Munich brew, and he told the gardener much more than he meant to reveal. Putting two and two together the sturdy confidant surmised that the melancholy boy was not only an outcast undergraduate, but also a masquerader who ought to be rescued by his kinsfolk from this sorry existence.

Next day the gardener told his employer, who chanced to be that benignant Greek scholar, Professor Seaforth. Putting aside the manuscript to which he had hoped to devote a precious hour in further tracing the history of the lost digamma, the gray-bearded professor told the gardener:

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"You were quite right to come and tell me, James. The young man as you describe him is much like poor Robinson, and I am sure it is he. Bless my soul, did you gather that he had not gone home at all since he left college?"

"He is scared to death of his old man, sir," replied James. "He hasn't even let him know that he got the sack from Yale. He is just loafin' around here, goin' to seed, and God knows what'll become of him. He's drinkin' more'n he ought to at the Dutchman's place, and eatin' his heart out with misery and idleness. I took the liberty of botherin' you because I know you take a human interest in all the boys, no matter how much devilment they get themselves into."

"And he is living in a boarding-house near here? Give me the address, James, and I will go to see him at once. This is the most extraordinary case I have heard of in my thirty years connection with the college. The Dean must have notified his parents. I am greatly puzzled."

Perry Robinson was gazing from a window of his room when he saw a gray-bearded, stooping figure crossing the street toward the boarding-house. The flapping cloak and shapeless soft hat had been campus landmarks to many college generations. Perry dodged from view and waited in confused surprise until he heard the door-bell jangle. Professor Seaforth must be coming to see him. No, he could not bring himself to face this gentle old man who had been so good to him in the hour of his open disgrace. Stealthily bolt-

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ing the door, the boy sat breathless, while a servant knocked in vain and trudged below to report that Mr. Robinson was not in the house. From behind the curtain Perry watched the professor recross the street and vanish toward his home.

"I can't stand it much longer." groaned the lonely lad. "This having to act like a shyster to a man like that is about the limit. Oh, what am I going to do? There doesn't seem to be any way out of it. I simply can't tell father now, after fooling him all these weeks. Being a rank pretender is purgatory and no mistake."

That afternoon Perry packed his trunk and sought lodgings in another quarter of the town, even more remote from the campus and all who knew it.

II

Early in the winter Professor Seaforth was granted a three months leave of absence, to his surprise and delight. He had been in fragile health for some time, but the Greek department was short-handed, and he would rather have died at his post than leave his classes uncared for. The college arranged for a capable substitute, and with the history of the lost digamma tucked under his arm, he promptly took passage for the Mediterranean to "loaf and invite his soul" among the isles of Greece. A fortnight later he trans-shipped on board of a much smaller steamer bound out of Piræus. Those of the tourist passengers who had genuine interest in the storied islands which jewelled those azure seas were drawn to listen to the talk of the gray old

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scholar with the twinkling eyes and the beaming smile. Under the spell of his unconscious eloquence, as he told them in intimate, vivid detail what manner of men lived, and fought and loved along these shores in the golden age when the world was young, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* became incarnated and thrilled with vitality.

One soft-breathing night, when the sky was wonderful with stars and the calm Ionian sea shimmered duskily to the dim coast-line, Professor Seaforth, wrapped in his old cloak, was sitting on deck in company with a taciturn voyager whom the others called "the Judge." The conversation was really a monologue, for the loquacious scholar addressed the other with animated gestures somewhat in this fashion:

"So you have been spending some time in Egypt, my dear sir. How very interesting. Egypt appears in the *Iliad* only once, where Egyptian Thebes is named as famed for its wealth and power. In the *Odyssey* it appears more frequently. Thither Menelaus was driven by a storm on his way home from Troy; there he and Helen were entertained and received gifts—including silver bath-tubs—at the palace of the king of Thebes; and near Egypt he was detained, on the island of Pharos, because of his failure to offer proper sacrifice to the gods. The disguised Odysseus tells a fictitious story of leading a marauding expedition to Egypt, of wasting the fields, and being worsted by the inhabitants. The wealth of Egypt is noted in the *Odyssey*, too, and it is stated that this land bears many

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medicinal herbs, and here every man is a physician. I regret that I have not with me a copy of my monograph on this subject. It is used for required reading by my classes in Yale."

The "Judge" sat up in his deck-chair and eyed the professor with keen interest, as if this last remark were more enlivening than the dissertation on the Homeric Age. "So you are a professor at Yale," said he. "Pardon my stupidity for not knowing it sooner, but I have been rather flocking by myself on board ship. Do you happen to know a boy named Robinson, in the Freshman class?"

The speaker bit off the end of a cigar and lighted a match, the flare revealing to the professor a rugged, unsmiling face, heavily lined for a man of middle age. The harsh voice had a note of earnest entreaty, as if the question were one of considerable moment. The professor replied with a perceptible shade of hesitancy:

"There happened to be two Robinsons in the present Freshman class. Oddly enough they had the same first initial, which was somewhat confusing. I presume you refer to Philip Robinson, the football player, who entered after the beginning of the term. The other, I regret to say, was expelled from college about two months ago."

"What was the name of the other?" asked the "Judge," leaning forward in his chair.

"Perry Robinson, a young man of the most lovable qualities," answered the professor. "I have been and am still very anxious about him. Do you know him?"

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"I know his father. Tell me all you can about him. Isn't there some mistake? The Robinson I mean is in college now and is playing football. I saw his name in the last newspapers sent me from the other side. Yet his name is Perry, not Philip. I can't believe it—that is—you must be mistaken. Tell me, quick. Why are you so anxious about him?"

The professor, surprised at the other's eagerness, replied:

"I am sure of the name and of the facts. Perry was in my Freshman Greek division. If you are a friend of his father, my dear sir, I beg of you to urge him to go to New Haven and take the boy home. I have had some very unhappy moments on shipboard because I did not find him and look after him myself. It is a peculiarly sad story and you shall hear it, if you wish."

The "Judge" arose, walked to the rail, stared over-side, and returned to his chair. The small red glow of his cigar oscillated in the darkness as if the hand that held it was unsteady. The professor began to surmise the truth, but made no sign, while he awaited the response of this clouded stranger.

"Yes, tell me everything, all you know about this wretched boy," said the "Judge," after a considerable silence. "I am a close friend of his father."

"I have several hundred young men in my classes, and much of my teaching falls on stony ground," began the professor with deliberation, as if carefully choosing his words. "I come into personal touch with very

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few of them. This boy attracted me, not because he was a good student, but he had a certain winning aspect and manner that carried an unusual appeal. His eyes were troubled and his smile was wistful, I fancied, as if things were going wrong, and he had no one to help him right them. More than once I caught myself thinking of him outside the classroom. Strange as it may sound, when I heard, by chance, of his downfall, I was not only shocked and sad, but I felt self-reproach, as if I should have intervened in some way to safeguard him."

His heavy shoulders slouched, his eyes fixed on the deck at his feet, the "Judge" seemed to be in gloomy, unheeding absorption. Suddenly his thoughts flared into vehement speech, while he dealt the arm of his chair a crashing blow with a clenched fist:

"Stop a minute. He was expelled from Yale two months ago? Then he could not have been playing football for his college, he could not have been making a fine record in his studies, he could not be—good God, man, do you know what you are saying? Do you know that the boy has been pretending to be in college all this time? Do you realize that he is making a fool of his father? This other Robinson—why, the contemptible little blackguard has been using his classmate's name to help him turn liar and cheat. What did they kick him out of college for?"

The question was spoken so savagely that the professor was startled, and honest indignation disturbed his placid demeanor as he responded:

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"I have found it wiser to beware of hasty condemnation. Who are you to sit in judgment upon this homeless, frightened, impressionable boy, not yet out of his teens? He drank too much in company that did him no good and he was guilty of serious disorder on the campus. But he never would have become a liar and a cheat if his father had not neglected him and refused him the confidence and affection that were his right."

The other tried to interrupt, but the professor silenced him with a gesture of so much dignity that he held his tongue. Bit by bit the story was told as the professor knew or suspected it, until he had pictured Perry Robinson, alone, friendless, adrift, haunting the little German saloon to find some one to talk to, driven at length to tell his fears and sorrows to the honest gardener with the sympathetic heart. The professor felt no pricks of conscience because he had tried to soften the boy's offences, to make him seem not wholly blameworthy. He was familiar with the parable of the Prodigal Son, in the English as well as in the Greek text, and his old-fashioned belief could see no blind chance in this strange meeting on shipboard.

With a curt word or two the "Judge" ended the interview by rising abruptly, jamming his hands in his pockets, and walking toward the bow of the ship, where he stood gazing out to sea, a dark, bulky figure posed in an attitude of profound dejection. He was still standing there when the professor went below for the night. The deck became deserted except for the officers and seamen on watch. Midnight was sounded

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on the ship's bell and the father of Perry Robinson still paced the deck. His bitter anger was slowly burning itself out in a sullen smoulder of melancholy resentment and chagrin. He was still far from the spirit of forgiveness, but in his heart he had begun to think upon the things told him by the old professor with the Jove-like front and the persuasive voice.

It was bad enough that his boy had been disgraced, it was beyond all extenuation that he should have sought to shelter himself behind a flimsy wall of false pretences. But as soon as he had ceased to rage, the inexorable logic of fact began to obtrude itself. It would not be denied, and more and more it clamored in his ears. He could not justly judge this errant son of his because he, too, was a pretender.

No sleep came to him that night. His mind was a turmoil of long-forgotten things. Toward dawn he found himself listening to the monotonous beat of the steamer's engines, and cursing them because he could not help repeating in time to their pulsation, "Like father, like son—Like father, like son." His vocation of "International law" was a fraud, his enforced residence abroad a cheat, as he had represented it to his son. He was an unhappy idler, a wanderer upon the face of the earth, who dared not go home because he had forfeited the respect of those who knew him best. This was his cankerous secret, and at one blow the elaborate structure of pretence whereby he strove to retain the respect of his boy was demolished and made a mockery of.

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His recent years had been focussed in the one great desire to see his son succeed where he had failed, to spur him, to drive him to clean achievement and high ambitions. The Greek professor, unworldly, archaic, dwelling in a vanished past among myths and shadows, had forced him to his knees, and made him grope toward the desire to seek forgiveness for himself and to share the guilt of the lonely boy waiting in far-away New Haven for he knew not what.

Next day Judge Robinson sought Professor Seaforth and made the apology which decency demanded of him.

"I left you last night without thanking you for your interest in my son. Yes, I am his father, and you were right in blaming me for the disaster. Expulsion from college is not a capital offence. Many good men have lived down such boyish follies. It was the deception that broke my heart. But you tell me that he is afraid of me. I cannot understand it." There was unwonted humility in his demeanor and his troubled eyes recalled to Professor Seaforth the aspect of the son as he had last seen him.

"You do not understand the boy," he told the father, "and perhaps he has never understood you. Have you been as frank with him as you would have him be with you? Are you asking him to live up to what you have not achieved for yourself? I am old enough to be your father, sir, and something in your manner leads me to plain speaking."

"I do not resent it," said the other man with a sigh.

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"I do not feel as I did last night. I confess that I am all at sea. I do not know what——"

"Of course you will send him a message, and I take it for granted that you will see him as soon as possible," broke in the professor, and his gaze was searching.

They had walked aft and were alone. "Yes, as soon as—as soon as—" lamely began the other. With a smile he veered to say:

"My boy must have been very fond of you, Professor Seaforth. I fancy I feel toward you somewhat as he did. What shall I say to him?"

"Forgive him," answered the professor. "It is not for me to advise you beyond that."

These two parted company next day. The passenger list of a mail steamer soon after sailing from a Mediterranean port to New York contained the name of Judge Edward Sanford Robinson. No longer had Perry aught to fear, rather was his father brooding how he might regain the right to demand his son's respect for him. The issue could not be avoided. He could not try to redeem his boy until he first tried to redeem himself. No matter how great the sacrifice required they could then fight it out together, shoulder to shoulder, unashamed and unafraid. They must make the new beginning in mutual trust and faith, and the future could take care of itself so long as it was builded upon this safe foundation.

When Judge Robinson reached New Haven he could not find Perry, and, after a tormenting search, he went to the office of the Dean, a prey to miserable fears

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and misgivings. The Dean welcomed him with an air of surprised gratification and had no more than let him tell his mission than he exclaimed:

"I want you to know Mr. Stearns. He is the captain of the university eleven. Mr. Stearns, this is the father of Perry Robinson."

A tall, robust young man with a resolute face and a frank smile rose from his chair at the door of the inner office and gave his hand to the seeker as he said:

"It is the greatest kind of luck that I happened to drop up here this morning. I saw your son only yesterday, sir. I ran across him by accident and was quite flabbergasted, for I thought he had left New Haven weeks and weeks ago."

"Is he well? Can you take me to him?" asked the father, finding it difficult to keep his voice under control.

"I think so, unless he has taken to cover again. I was out for a run with the crew squad, just for fun, as I am not rowing this year, and they trailed out Whitney Avenue, and I saw Perry bob out of a boarding-house in a little side street. I chased over and nabbed him before he could dodge, and he was so frightened that he almost dropped in his tracks. He rather looks up to me, as Freshmen will, you know, if a fellow is a Senior and a university captain, and I had the truth out of him in no time. He squirmed a good deal, but his bluffs were very flimsy. He needs you, sir, and I am glad you have come to the rescue. He has gone to pieces, and I think he will surrender on any sort of

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terms. I beg your pardon, but he has got it into his head that you are a holy terror, and he may take to his heels if he sees you first. I'll be glad to corner him and hold him for you and kind of break it to him gently, if you like."

Jim Stearns fetched up in some confusion at his "nervy" speech, but there was no resentment in Judge Robinson's face as he mildly responded:

"He will not find me a holy terror, Mr. Stearns. There has been much misunderstanding on both sides. Professor Seaforth has told me of your interest in Perry. Will it be convenient for you to meet me at the New Haven house after fifteen minutes or so?"

Jim tactfully withdrew and the Judge drew his chair closer to the Dean before he said:

"The boy is not to blame. I am the chief culprit. If I can convince you that mine is the greater fault, and that hereafter I shall try to atone for the years in which I let him go adrift, will you consider giving him another chance? It is what I wish more than anything else in the world."

The Dean looked up at the Judge with an expression of shrewd, friendly tolerance, as if his ripened years had taught him to look for the good in men. "I have suspected all along that you should have shared his punishment," he said slowly. "Yes, I am willing to hear anything you have to say in your own behalf, or his."

"There was a man who held an honorable place as a member of the judiciary of a New England State,"

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confessed the Judge, and he spoke with difficulty. "He was ambitious for wealth and a great corporation tempted him, not by direct bribery, but by means of opportunities for speculation. A reform crusade brought the facts to light. He had done nothing for which he could be held in law, but popular outcry made him a target, and he could not bear to stay in his own community. He went abroad to live, taking with him the wealth acquired in this way. His only son grew up in the belief that his father was an expert practitioner of international law, who had chosen to employ himself in Paris. Of the two pretenders, which has been the greater sinner, Perry Robinson or his father?

"I am ready to make restitution for my own surrender to temptation, and to return to my old home and make a fresh start. This is what my boy's expulsion from college has made me do. Ought it not to count in his favor?"

The Judge strained forward in his chair, scowling at the Dean, his grim face paler than was its wont,

"It has cost you much suffering to tell me this," was the reply. "And you have earned another chance for him. Bring him to see me to-morrow." The Dean wiped his glasses, gazed out at the campus for some time, and then shook hands with the Judge.

Of the meeting between Perry Robinson, derelict, and his father, there was only one witness, Jim Stearns, who later described it as follows to Peter Burnham, the black-browed, solemn-visaged university pitcher.

"I did not stay very long. It was no game for

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spectators. I laid for the youngster and caught him when he was sneaking out to mail a letter to his father. He hadn't received any cablegram to warn him. So when I broke the news that his daddy was coming along only a few lengths behind me, he was knocked all in a heap. He tried to bolt but I collared him and led him to his room and put my back against the door. Then he began to cry, his nerve was all gone, anyhow, and I got busy and swore that so far as I could size it up, his father had no intention of eating him alive, but was ready to serve up the fatted calf in any style desired. The kid wouldn't listen to me, Peter. He was scared out of his wits, and more too.

"Pretty soon I looked out of a window and saw the old man coming along the sidewalk, walking slower and slower as if he were none too easy in his own mind and wanted a little more time to figure it out. Then he looked up, waved his hand at me, put steam on, and trotted up the front steps with a smile that just lighted him up. I tell you it was better than all the plays that you ever paid two dollars a seat for. 'Is he coming?' croaked young Perry in a die-away voice, and looking as if he wanted to crawl under the bed. He was as white as chalk and shaking all over. 'Sure, and he's coming with the glad hand if I know the signs,' said I, and with that I opened the door and the old man came pounding into the room and never saw me at all.

"He grabbed the boy, and they shook hands like a pair of pump-handles hitched to a motor, until I thought they'd wear each other to a stand-still. The Judge



“ ‘Is he coming?’ croaked young Perry in a die-away voice.”

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looked—well, Peter, he has one of those naturally grouchy faces, something like yours, though you can't help it, and it takes a good deal to loosen it up. But if you knew how you looked after you won that twelve-inning Princeton game, and then multiplied the happiness in it about three times, you might guess how the old man appeared. The boy was happy, too, but still half-scared and on his guard, and he could only gulp and stammer and wipe his eyes and wonder what was coming next. The first words he could muster up were, 'but you don't know it all.'

"'Every bit of it,' shouted his daddy, 'and I've wiped it all off the slate. Here is where you and I make a new start, and I am going to fight it out with you. The past is dead and done for. Now, sit down and tell me what you want to do with yourself. I have come home to stay.'

"Perry blinked and looked as if he couldn't stand up under so much good news hurled at him all at once, and then he lit up with a trembly smile that made me feel like pawing for my handkerchief.

"It was time for me to come away, Peter. So I made a quiet sneak, but bless your soul, they wouldn't have heard me if I had fallen down-stairs and kicked the door off its hinges. I left them sitting side by side on a sofa, and Perry didn't look a bit afraid of being chewed up by his parent."

"Good work, Jim," said taciturn Peter Burnham. "Glad you had a hand in it. I liked the boy from the start. So old 'Digamma' Seaforth was the god from

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the machine. Taming the lad's father and chasing him home was a good deal bigger work than rummaging after Homer's musty heroes, though I suppose you could not make old 'Digamma' see it that way."

"You are wrong, Peter. He would go from here to Jericho to help any one of us fellows."

"Well, anyhow," and Peter's tone was final, "I am willing to bet that Yale will be proud of that Robinson kid yet. It is a wise father that knows his own son, and from what you tell me they are doing to do some team work that will be hard to beat. It strikes me that being expelled from college has done them both a whole lot of good."

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